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Booth

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THE SHAKESPEAREAN PLAYS OF EDWIN BOOTH

Edited by

WILLIAM WINTER

VOLUME I

PHILADELPHIA
THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY
1899

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VOL. I

Preface.

IN 1877, in a conversation with Edwin Booth, I expressed to him a regret,—which, doubtless, is felt by many votaries of the drama,—that little of the stage business of the famous old actors, such as Burbage, Betterton, Quin, Wilks, Garrick, Barry, Henderson, Kemble, Edmund Kean, Macready, etc., has been recorded, and that it should be difficult for a student of acting to ascertain the exact manner in which those actors played the parts with which, historically, their names are associated; and I suggested that the time would come when students of acting might find it as hard to learn material facts about his Hamlet and Richelieu, as we had found it to learn material facts about Burbage in Shylock, or Henderson in Iago. We talked long and earnestly on this subject, and the result of our colloquy was a resolve to print the EDWIN BOOTH PROMPT BOOK, to comprise the sixteen plays which were included in Booth's regular and customary repertory. That collection of plays, with all the original prefaces and notes, and with additional embellishments,—the whole material revised and corrected,—is now presented in a Library Edition.

Edwin Booth said that twenty years earlier, in 1857, he had begun to make stage versions of some of the stock plays then in use by him, and he referred to books of several of them which he had caused to be printed, in the time of his management of the Winter Garden Theatre, 1863 to 1867, under the supervision of a member of his theatrical company: those books, being dissatisfied with them, he said that he had discarded. It was planned that the new Prompt Book should give the text of the several plays only as actually used in his

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representations of them, and should preserve as much as possible of his stage business. A few days later he sent to me the tragedy of "Richard III," cut and arranged for the stage, and the book of that tragedy was the first of the series that went to the press. Booth had previously, in 1876, reverted to the original text of that play, discarding Cibber and restoring Shakespeare. We had many discussions about the text, not only of "Richard III," but of the other Shakespearean dramas, and I found my belief amply confirmed, that, in every case, he had studied his subject with scrupulous attention and deep insight, and was thoroughly and minutely acquainted with every part of it.

The series was completed and published within the years 1877 and 1878. It included "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Othello," "King Lear," "Richard II," "Richard III," "Henry VIII," "The Merchant of Venice," "Much Ado About Nothing," "Katharine and Petruchio," "Richelieu," "The Fool's Revenge," "Brutus," "Ruy Blas," and "Don Cæsar de Bazan." The last play published was "Henry VIII." The tragedy of "Julius Cæsar" was cut and arranged for publication, but it was not printed until after the formation of the Booth and Barrett alliance, in 1886–87, and it was then hurriedly sent to press, without either preface or notes, That lack I have supplied in the present edition. Booth's stage version of "The Merchant of Venice," as originally made, did not include the fifth act, but after Booth and Lawrence Barrett joined their dramatic forces they thought it wise to follow the example of Henry Irving (that great actor having, in the meantime, 1883, come to America and presented "The Merchant of Venice" in a magnificent manner, with the full text of Shakespeare, and with the incomparable Ellen Terry as Portia), and so the last act of the comedy was restored to its rightful place. Booth's prompt-copy originally ended with Shylock's exit, after the Trial.

Booth did not write into the plays as much of his stage business as I wished him to give, for the capricious reason that he fancied it would be tedious, but he furnished many directions, and he approved of many that were supplied by me from recollection of his performances: it was in consequence of a comment of mine upon Hamlet's demeanor in the rehearsal scene that he discontinued the use of that singular phrase, "the mobléd queen," and put the folio reading, "innobled queen," meaning degraded queen, in its place; that reading he ever afterwards retained and used. The plays were printed in the regular prompt-book form, with a blank page facing each page of the text. The intention was to include, within a brief compass, all the information absolutely essential for actors, as to each play, and to make every detail of the representation clear, so that the stage mechanics could set each play by merely following the directions in each book. It was Booth's desire, furthermore, that the Prompt Book should, ultimately, be extended, so as to comprise not only the plays included in his personal repertory, but many others,—in short, that it should be made a compendium of the Standard Acting Drama. This work and also a History of the Rise and Progress of the Theatre in America were literary projects that we had planned to fulfill in collaboration. Various obstacles, however, delayed the accomplishment of our plans, and Booth's untimely death put an end to them.

WILLIAM WINTER.

New York, February 9, 1899.

test against even the slightest alteration of the original Shakespearean structure, seem to suppose that earlier times displayed a greater reverence in this matter; but that is a mistake.

The truth is that no one of Shakespeare's plays can be presented and spoken exactly as it is fashioned and written, and that, in the regular theatre, no one of them ever has been performed, since Shakespeare's time, without some curtailment. In the Universities and on scholastic occasions the literal original has, now and then, been given. At Stratford-upon-Avon, for example, during the Shakespeare Festival, in April, 1899, the whole of "Hamlet" was represented, some of it in the afternoon and the rest of it in the evening. In Shakespeare's period, when theatrical performances occurred in the day, and when but little use was made of scenery, the whole of such a piece as "Richard III" might have been given, but no audience would endure it now. Every actor who, achieving distinction, has attained power, uses his own stage-versions of Shakespeare, and if all those versions had been preserved we should possess, in writing, the stage-traditions which now, for the most part, are preserved only in memory, of a rapidly vanishing race of players. A considerable number of the MS. prompt-books used in Drury Lane Theatre, in the Garrick period and later, do, indeed, exist, in the rich and very remarkable collection made by Augustin Daly; but these are inaccessible to the public.

As an example of the utility of good stage-business, and of the importance of preserving the expedients that are devised in this line of art by the best actors, reference may be made to Edwin Booth's treatment of the scene with the sexton at Ophelia's grave. The sexton, as he digs and sings, throws out bones and skulls, and, in the course of his ensuing colloquy with Hamlet, he designates one of those relics as "Yorick's skull, the King's jester." In the old custom of the stage

no token was provided by which the skull of Yorick could be identified. In Edwin Booth's ordainment of the stage-business this omission was, for the first time, remedied, by the simple provision that one of the skulls thus cast out by the grave-digger should have a tattered rag of a fool's-cap adherent to it, and that the sexton should recognize it, with a half jocular and half affectionate greeting, as he laid it aside, to be presently taken up and shown to the Prince as the sad and ghastly remnant of an old friend. There were many delicate pieces of stage-business similar to this in Edwin Booth's production of "Hamlet," and, indeed, all his productions evinced the instructive results of close study, deep meditation, poetic apprehension, and practical experiment. It must ever be my regret that I did not succeed in preserving all of them. Those of them that were preserved are shown in these volumes, now finally dedicated to the service of the American stage and to the memory of its greatest tragedian in the latter half of the nineteenth century, EDWIN BOOTH. *"Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum."*

WILLIAM WINTER.

New York, June 3d, 1899.

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HAMLET

VOL. I

Preface.

✠

THIS version of "Hamlet," which, in its construction and embellishment, is unlike all others, has been made for practical use on the stage. It is shorter than the original by about one thousand lines. The passages excluded are those which, it is thought, might prove tedious in the representation, and which, therefore, may well be spared. Among them are the episode of Fortinbras, the colloquy between Polonius and Reynaldo, and the interview between Hamlet and the Norwegian soldiers. Certain speeches which momentarily arrest the action of the piece—such as that of Horatio on the preparations for war, and that of Hamlet on the custom of revelry in Denmark—have been rejected, as impediments to directness of dramatic effect. The excisions also include dialogues, such as those at the beginning of the fourth act, which are but the descriptive repetition of action that has already been shown, or the narration of incident that has been distinctly implied. Passages which do but amplify and reiterate ideas that have previously been made sufficiently clear for the practical purposes of the stage have likewise been discarded. The servility of Rosencrantz and

Guildenstern, for example, is known well enough without their candied and fawning speeches to the king, after the play-scene; and both Hamlet's mental vacillation and the springs of it are plainly evident long before he reaches his monologue on the expedition of Fortinbras. In a few instances lines of the original have been transposed: in a very few instances words have been altered—but never to the perversion of the meaning. Coarse phrases have been cast aside, or modified, wherever they occur. In the fourth act, Marcellus, instead of Horatio, has been made to announce the madness of Ophelia, and to attend upon her—for the reason that had Horatio been aware of her calamity he must have communicated it to Hamlet prior to their encounter with the funeral procession in the church-yard. Care has been particularly taken to omit nothing that is essential to the exposition of Hamlet's madness, and of the mental condition that leads him to assume it. "Hamlet's wildness," says Coleridge, "is but half false: he plays that subtle trick of pretending to act, only when he is very near really being what he acts." The point is a subtle one, and of immense importance to the comprehension of the character. It has been steadily kept in view; and the clearness and fullness of all the characters implicated have been studiously sought, in the necessary condensation of the piece. In brief, a conscientious effort has here been made to construct an acting version of "Hamlet" which yet should escape the reproach of having garbled the original. "The theatrical copies of Shakespeare's plays," says Charles Cowden Clarke, "are so notoriously abridged that it is impossible, by them, to judge fairly of the poet's delineation of character, who never wrote a line that did not harmonize with, and tend to define, the portrait he was limning."— To meet the exigencies of the stage without

sacrificing the beauties of the author, and to present Hamlet clearly without keeping him too long in the public eye, will not, at least, be thought an injudicious endeavor. The tragedy is here set forth precisely as it is presented by Edwin Booth: that is to say, with the arrangement of scenes and the stage-directions made and used by him. The Appendix, for which, of course, the Editor is alone responsible to critical judgment, contains remarks upon the character and information respecting the tragedy of "Hamlet," which it is hoped may prove useful—at least by way of suggestion—to theatrical students.

W. W.

New-York, Feb. 7th, 1878.

✠

"Shakespeare is a being of a higher nature, to whom I do but look up, and whom it is my part to worship and to honour."—GOETHE.

" Once more assay
The bitter-sweet of this Shakespearean fruit."—KEATS.

" Gervinus remarks that whenever the name of Shakespeare is mentioned, the play of 'Hamlet' first comes to remembrance: and John Kemble observed that in every copy of Shakespeare's works it appeared that 'Hamlet' had been the play most read."—DR. CONOLLY.

" Flame trembles most when it doth highest rise."—DAVENANT.

" We have here an oak planted in a costly vase, fit only to receive lovely flowers within its bosom: the roots spread, and burst the vase."—GOETHE.

" Self-disgust
Gnaws at the roots of being, and doth hang
A heavy sickness on the beams of day.
Curs'd! accurs'd be the freaks of nature,
That mar us from ourselves."—HORNE.

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*" He has the desire and the power to accomplish great things, but it must be in obedience to the dictates of his own thoughts, and by his own independent, original, and creative energy. * * * The poor plans and intentions of man do not miscarry through the weakness of their authors, but their baseless projects are also, by an intrinsic necessity, as frequently crossed and frustrated by the equally baseless empire of chance."*—ULRICI.

" Wide yawns the grave; dull tolls the solemn bell;
Dark lie the dead; and long the last farewell."—WILSON.

✠

Persons Represented.

✠

CLAUDIUS, KING OF DENMARK.

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK, NEPHEW TO CLAUDIUS.

GHOST OF KING HAMLET, FATHER TO THE PRINCE.

POLONIUS, THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

LAERTES, SON TO POLONIUS.

HORATIO, FRIEND TO HAMLET.

ROSENCRANTZ,
GUILDENSTERN, } COURTIERS.
OSRIC,

MARCELLUS,
BERNARDO, } OFFICERS.

FRANCISCO, A SOLDIER.

SEVERAL PLAYERS.

FIRST AND SECOND GRAVE-DIGGERS.

A PRIEST.

GERTRUDE, QUEEN OF DENMARK, MOTHER TO HAMLET.

OPHELIA, DAUGHTER TO POLONIUS.

LORDS, LADIES, OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, PAGES, etc.

Place and Time.

✠

SCENE.—*Elsinore, in Denmark.*

PERIOD.—*The Eleventh Century.*

TIME OF ACTION.—*Between Two and Three Months.*

HAMLET.

Act First.

Scene First. { ELSINORE. A PLATFORM BEFORE THE CASTLE. FULL STAGE. MOONLIGHT.

[*Francisco, as sentinel on guard, discovered at his post. Enter to him Bernardo.*

Ber.

Who 's there?

Fran.

Nay, answer me; stand, and unfold yourself.

Ber.

Long live the king!

Fran.

Bernardo?

Ber.

He.

Fran.

You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber.

'T is now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.

Fran.

For this relief much thanks: 't is bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.

Ber.

Have you had quiet guard?

Fran.

Not a mouse stirring.

Ber.

Well, good night.
If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Fran.

I think I hear them.—Stand, ho! Who's there?
[*Exit Francisco.*

Horatio.

Friends to this ground.

Mar.

And liegemen to the Dane.

Fran.

Give you good night.

Mar.

O, farewell, honest soldier:
Who hath relieved you?

Fran.

Bernardo hath my place.
Give you good night.

Mar.

Holla! Bernardo!

Spoken within.

[*Enter Horatio and Marcellus.*

Ber.

Say.
What! is Horatio there?

Horatio.

A piece of him.

Ber.

Welcome, Horatio:—welcome, good Marcellus.

Mar.

What! has this thing appeared again to-night?

Ber.

I have seen nothing.

Mar.

Horatio says 't is but our fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us:
Therefore I have entreated him along
With us to watch the minutes of this night;
That, if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.

Horatio.

Tush, tush, 't will not appear.

Ber.

Come, let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen.

Horatio.

Well, let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

Ber.

Last night of all,
When yond' same star that 's westward from the pole
Had made his course to illume that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
The bell then beating one,—

Mar.

Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again!

[*Enter Ghost from Castle* C.

Ber.

In the same figure, like the king that 's dead.
Looks it not like the king?

Horatio.

Most like:—it harrows me with fear and wonder.

Ber.

It would be spoke to.

Mar.

Speak to it, Horatio.

Horatio.

What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee, speak!

Mar.

It is offended.

Ber.

See, it stalks away!

Horatio.

Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee, speak!
[*Exit Ghost* R. 1. E.

Mar.

'T is gone, and will not answer.

Ber.

How now, Horatio! you tremble, and look pale:
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you on 't?

Horatio.

Before my God, I might not this believe
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Mar.

Is it not like the king?

Horatio.

As thou art to thyself:
Such was the very armour he had on
When he the ambitious Norway combated;
So frowned he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sledded Polack on the ice.
'T is strange.

Mar.

Thus, twice before, and just at this dead hour,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

Horatio.

In what particular thought to work I know not;
But, in the gross and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.
But, soft, behold! lo where it comes again!
[*Re-enter Ghost* R. 2 E
I 'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me:
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
Speak to me:
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,
O, speak!
Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
Speak of it:—stay, and speak!

Mar.

'T is gone.

[*Exit Ghost* L. 1. E.

Ber.

It was about to speak when the cock crew.

Horatio.

And then it started, like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine.
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike;
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm;
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.
But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.
Break we our watch up: and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.

[*Exeunt* C.

Scene Second. { ELSINORE. A ROOM OF STATE IN THE CASTLE.

[*Enter the King, Queen, Polonius, Laertes, Lords, and Attendants.*

King.

Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green; and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.

Therefore, our sometime sister, now our queen,
The imperial jointress of this warlike state,
Have we, as 't were with a defeated joy,—
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barred
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along:—for all, our thanks.
And now, Laertes, what 's the news with you?
[*Laertes kneels.*
You told us of some suit; what is 't, Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
And lose your voice: what wouldst thou beg, Laertes,
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

Laer.

Dread my lord,
Your leave and favor to return to France;
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
To show my duty in your coronation;
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King.

Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?

Pol.

He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave
By laboursome petition; and, at last,
Upon his will I sealed my hard consent:
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King.

Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will!—
[*Enter Hamlet* C.
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

Hamlet. [*Aside.*

A little more than kin and less than kind.

King.

How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Hamlet.

Not so, my lord; I am too much i' the sun.

[*The King, Polonius, and Laertes retire* R.

Queen.

Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not forever with thy vailèd lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
Thou know'st 't is common,— all that live must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

Hamlet.

Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen.

If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?

Hamlet.

Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems.
'T is not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly: these, indeed, seem,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within which passeth show;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

[*Exit Laertes, leaving the King and Polonius. The King advances.*

King.

'T is sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound,
In filial obligation, for some term
To do obsequious sorrow; but to perséver
In obstinate condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 't is unmanly grief:
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven.
We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe; and think of us
As of a father: for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne;
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen.

Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet:
I pray thee, stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.

Hamlet.

I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King.

Why, 't is a loving and a fair reply:
Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come.
[*Polonius advances to* R. 1. E.
This gentle and unforced accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof,
No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell;
And the king's rouse the heavens shall bruit again,
Re-speaking earthly thunder.
[*March. Exeunt all except Hamlet.*

Hamlet.

O, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on 't! O, fie! 't is an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not two:
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: and yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on 't;—Frailty, thy name is woman!—
A little month; or ere those shoes were old
With which she followed my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even she,—
O God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourned longer,—married with my uncle;
My father's brother; but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules.
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good:
But break, my heart,—for I must hold my tongue!

[*Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo &c.*

Horatio.

Hail to your lordship! I am glad to see you well:

Hamlet.

Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

Horatio.

The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

Hamlet.

Sir, my good friend; I 'll change that name with you:
And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?—
Marcellus?

Mar.

My good lord,—

Hamlet.

I am very glad to see you.—Good even, sir.—
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

Horatio.

A truant disposition, good my lord.

Hamlet.

I would not hear your enemy say so;
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence.
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself: I know you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elsinore?
We 'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

Horatio.

My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Hamlet.

I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

Horatio.

Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.

Hamlet.

Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!—
My father,—methinks I see my father.

[*All start.*

Horatio.

O, where, my lord?

Hamlet.

In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Horatio. [*Meditatively.*

I saw him once; he was a goodly king.

Hamlet.

He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Horatio. [*With hesitation.*

My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Hamlet.

Saw who?

Horatio.

My lord, the king your father.

Hamlet.

The king my father!

Horatio.

Season your admiration for a while
With an attent ear; till I may deliver
Upon the witness of these gentlemen
This marvel to you.

Hamlet.

For God's love, let me hear!

Horatio.

Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead vast and middle of the night,
Been thus encountered. A figure like your father,
Armed at all points exactly, cap-à-pie,
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walked
By their oppressed and fear-surprisèd eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distilled
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
And I with them the third night kept the watch:
Where, as they had delivered, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes.

Hamlet.

But where was this?

Mar.

My lord, upon the platform where we watched.

Hamlet.

Did you not speak to it?

Horatio.

My lord, I did;
But answer made it none: yet once methought
It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak:
But, even then, the morning cock crew loud;
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanished from our sight.

Hamlet.

'T is very strange.

Horatio.

As I do live, my honoured lord, 't is true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.

Hamlet.

Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?

Mar., Ber.

We do, my lord.

Hamlet.

Armed, say you?

Horatio.

Armed, my lord.

Hamlet.

From top to toe?

Horatio.

My lord, from head to foot.

Hamlet.

Then saw you not his face?

Horatio.

O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.

Hamlet.

What! looked he frowningly?

Horatio.

A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Hamlet.

Pale or red?

Horatio.

Nay, very pale.

Hamlet.

And fixed his eyes upon you?

Horatio.

Most constantly.

Hamlet.

I would I had been there.

Horatio.

It would have much amazed you.

Hamlet.

Very like, very like. Stayed it long?

Horatio.

While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

Mar., Ber.

Longer, longer.

Horatio.

Not when I saw it.

Hamlet.

His beard was grizzled,—no?

Horatio.

It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silvered.

Hamlet.

I will watch to-night;
Perchance 't will walk again.

Horatio.

I warrant 't will.

Hamlet.

If it assume my noble father's person,
I 'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto concealed this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue:
I will requite your loves. So, fare ye well:
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I 'll visit you.

Horatio.

Our duty to your honour.

Hamlet.

Your loves, as mine to you: farewell.
[*Exeunt Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo* c.
My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: would the night were come!
Till then sit still, my soul: foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.
[*Exit Hamlet* L.

[*Enter Laertes and Ophelia* &c.

Laer.

My necessaries are embarked: farewell:
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph.

Do you doubt that?

Laer.

For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;
No more.

Oph.

No more but so?

Laer.

Think it no more:
For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews and bulk: but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now;
And now no soil nor cautel does besmirch
The virtue of his will: but you must fear,
His greatness weighed, his will is not his own;
For he himself is subject to his birth:
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
The safety and the health of the whole state.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon.

Oph.

I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
Whilst, like a puffed and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read.

Laer.

O, fear me not.
I stay too long:—but here my father comes.
A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

[*Enter Polonius* R.

Pol. [*Laertes kneels.*

Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame!
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stayed for. There,—my blessing with you!
[*Laying his hand on Laertes' head.*
And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
Bear 't, that the opposèr may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are most select and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;

And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell: my blessing season this in thee!

Laer. [*Rises.*

Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.
Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well
What I have said to you.

Oph.

'T is in my memory locked,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer.

Farewell.

[*Exit Laertes.*

Pol.

What is 't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

Oph.

So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.

Pol.

Marry, well bethought:
'T is told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous:
If it be so (as so 't is put on me,
And that in way of caution), I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly
As it behoves my daughter and your honour.
What is between you? give me up the truth.

Oph.

He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol.

Affection! pooh! you speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph.

I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

Pol.

Marry, I 'll teach you; think yourself a baby;
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;
Or you 'll tender me a fool.

Oph.

My lord, he hath impòrtuned me with love
In honourable fashion.

Pol.

Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.

Oph.

And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol.

Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends tne tongue vows.
This is for all,—
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment's leisure,
As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.
Look to 't, I charge you: come your ways.

Oph.

I shall obey, my lord.

[*Exeunt Polonius and Ophelia* R.

Scene Third.—THE PLATFORM. DIM STARLIGHT.

[*Enter Hamlet and Horatio, to Marcellus, who is on guard.*

Hamlet.

The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

Horatio.

It is a nipping and an eager air.

Hamlet.

What hour now?

Horatio.

I think it lacks of twelve.

Mar.

No, it is struck.

Horatio.

Indeed? I heard it not: then it draws near the season
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.
[*A flourish of trumpets: ordnance shot off, within.*
What does this mean, my lord?

Hamlet.

The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse,
And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Horatio.

Is it a custom?

Hamlet.

Ay, marry, is 't:
But to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honoured in the breach than the observance.

Horatio.

Look, my lord, it comes!

[*Enter Ghost* R. 1. E.

Hamlet.

Angels and ministers of grace defend us!—
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damned,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou comest in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee: I 'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
Why thy canònised bones, hearsèd in death,
Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urned,
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again! What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in còmplete steel,
Re-visit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,
So horridly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

[*The Ghost beckons Hamlet.*

Horatio.

It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. [*Ghost beckons.*

Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removèd ground:
But do not go with it.

Horatio.

No, by no means.

Hamlet.

It will not speak; then will I follow it.

Horatio.

Do not, my lord.

Hamlet.

Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself? [*Ghost beckons.*
It waves me forth again;—I 'll follow it.

Horatio.

What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereigntv of reason,
And draw you into madness? [*Ghost beckons.*

Hamlet.

It waves me still.—
Go on; I 'll follow thee.

Mar.

You shall not go, my lord.

[*Horatio and Marcellus seize Hamlet and strive to hold him.*

Hamlet.

Hold off your hands.

Horatio.

Be ruled; you shall not go.

Hamlet.

My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Némean lion's nerve.
[*Ghost beckons.*
Still am I called:—unhand me, gentlemen;—
By heaven, I 'll make a ghost of him that lets me:—

I say, away!—

[*Breaking from them.*

Go on; I 'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet. Horatio and Marcellus follow slowly.*

Scene Fourth.—ANOTHER PART OF THE PLATFORM.

[*Enter Ghost and Hamlet.*

Hamlet.

Whither wilt thou lead me? Speak; I 'll go no further.

Ghost.

Mark me.

Hamlet.

I will.

Ghost.

My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Hamlet.

Alas! poor ghost!

Ghost.

Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Hamlet.

Speak; I am bound to hear.

Ghost.

So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Hamlet.

What?

Ghost.

I am thy father's spirit;
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotted and combinèd locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood.— List, list, O, list!—
If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—

Hamlet.

O Heaven!

Ghost.

Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Hamlet.

Murder!

Ghost.

Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Hamlet.

Haste me to know 't, that I, with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost.

I find thee apt;
Now, Hamlet, hear:
'T is given out that, sleeping in mine orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark

Is by a forgèd process of my death
Rankly abused: but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.

Hamlet.

O, my prophetic soul!
My uncle!

Ghost.

Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,
Won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen:
But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air;
Brief let me be.—Sleeping within mine orchard
My custom always in the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursèd hebenon, in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despatched:
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhouseled, disappointed, unaneled;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:

Hamlet.

O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!

Ghost.

If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damnèd incest.
But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive

Against thy mother aught: leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once:
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:
Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me.

[*Exit Ghost*

Hamlet.

O, all you host of heaven! O, earth! what else?
And shall I couple hell?—O, hold, my heart;
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up.—Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee!
Yea, from the table of my memory
I 'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmixed with baser matter: yes, by heaven.—
I have sworn 't.

Horatio. [*Within.*

My lord! my lord!—

Mar. [*Within.*

Lord Hamlet,—

Horatio. [*Within.*

Heaven secure him!

Hamlet.

So be it!

Horatio. [*Within.*

Illo, ho, ho, my lord!

Hamlet.

Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.

[*Enter Horatio and Marcellus.*

Mar.

How is 't, my noble lord?

Horatio.

What news, my lord?

Hamlet.

O, wonderful!

Horatio.

Good my lord, tell it.

Hamlet.

No; you 'll reveal it.

Horatio.

Not I, my lord, by heaven.

Mar.

Nor I, my lord.

Hamlet.

How say you, then; would heart of man once think it?—
But you 'll be secret?

Horatio, Mar.

Ay, by heaven, my lord.

Hamlet.

There 's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark—
But he 's an arrant knave.

Horatio.

There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave
To tell us this.

Hamlet.

Why, right; you are i' the right:
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part:

You, as your business and desire shall point you,—
For every man has business and desire,
Such as it is;—and for mine own poor part,
Look you, I 'll go pray. [*Retiring*

Horatio.

These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.
[*Crosses to* L.

Hamlet.

I 'm sorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes, faith, heartily.

Horatio.

There 's no offence, my lord.

Hamlet.

Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, my lord,
And much offence too. Touching this vision here,—
[*Marcellus advances quickly* R.
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'ermaster it as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

Horatio.

What is 't, my lord? we will.

Hamlet.

Never make known what you have seen to-night.

Horatio, Mar.

My lord, we will not.

Hamlet.

Nay, but swear 't.

Horatio. [*Swearing.*

In faith,
My lord, not I.

Mar. [*Swearing.*

Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Hamlet.

Upon my sword.

Mar.

We have sworn, my lord, already.

Hamlet.

Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost. [*Beneath.*

Swear.

Hamlet.

Ah, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, true-penny?
Come on:
Consent to swear.

Horatio.

Propose the oath, my lord.

Hamlet.

Never to speak of this that you have seen.
Swear, by my sword.

Ghost.

Swear.

Hamlet.

Hic et ubique? then we 'll shift our ground.—
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword:
Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [*Beneath.*

Swear.

Horatio.

O, day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

Hamlet.

And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.
But come;—
Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,—
As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on,—
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
With arms encumbered thus, or this head-shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As, "Well, well, we know;"—or, "We could, an if we would;"—
Or, "If we list to speak;"—or, "There be, an if they might;"—
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
That you know aught of me:—this not to do,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you.

Ghost. [*Beneath.*

Swear.

Hamlet.

Rest, rest, perturbèd spirit!—So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you:
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do, to express his love and friending to you,
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together:
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint:—O, cursèd spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!—
Nay, come, let 's go together.

[*Picture.*

CURTAIN.

Act Second.

Scene First. —A Room in the Palace.

[*Enter Ophelia and Polonius, meeting.*

Pol.

How now, Ophelia! what 's the matter?

Oph.

Alas! my lord, I have been so affrighted!

Pol.

With what, i' the name of heaven?

Oph.

My lord, as I was sewing in my chamber,
Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbraced;
No hat upon his head; he comes before me.

Pol.

What said he?

Oph.

He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face
As he would draw it. Long stayed he so;
At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—
He raised a sigh so piteous and profound,
That it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being: that done, he lets me go:
And, with his head over his shoulder turned,
He seemed to find his way without his eyes;
For out of doors he went without their help,
And to the last, bended their light on me.

Pol.

Mad for thy love?

Oph.

My lord, I do not know,
But I do fear it.

Pol.

Come, go with me:
This is the very ecstasy of love.
I am sorry,—
What! have you given him any hard words of late?

Oph.

No, my good lord; but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters, and denied
His access to me.

Pol.

That hath made him mad.
This must be known; which, being kept close, might move
More grief to hide than hate to utter love.

[*Exeunt Polonius and Ophelia* L. 1. E.

[*Enter King, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern* C.

King.

Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern!
Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,
Since nor the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,

[*Enter Queen and Attendants* L. U. E.

That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time: so by your companies

To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather,
So much as from occasion you may glean,
Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
That, opened, lies within our remedy.

Queen.

Good gentlemen, he hath much talked of you;
And sure I am two men there are not living
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To show us so much gentry and good will
As to expend your time with us awhile,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros.

Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil.

But we both obey,
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,
To lay our service freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

Queen.

Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.
We do beseech you instantly to visit
Our too much changèd son.—Go, you,
[*To the attendants.*
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.
[*Exeunt Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and all the attendants.*
[*Enter Polonius* L. U. E.

King.

Thou still hast been the father of good news.

Pol.

Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God, and to my gracious king;
And I do think (or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath used to do) that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King.

O, speak of that; that do I long to hear.

Pol.

My liege, and madam,— to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief:— your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,
What is 't, but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.

Queen.

More matter, with less art.

Pol.

Madam, I swear I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 't is true: 't is true 't is pity;
And pity 't is 't is true: a foolish figure;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him, then: and now remains
That we find out the cause of this effect,—
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
Perpend.
I have a daughter,— have, while she is mine,—

Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: now gather, and surmise.

[*Reads.*

To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia—

That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase,—"beautified" is a vile phrase; but you shall hear. Thus:

[*Reads.*

In her excellent white bosom, these, &c.

Queen.

Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol.

Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful.

[*Reads.*

Doubt thou the stars are fire;
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt I love.

O, dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have not art to reckon my groans: but that I love thee best, O, most best, believe it. Adieu.
Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him,
HAMLET.

This, in obedience, hath my daughter shown me:
And more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

King.

But how hath she
Received his love?

Pol.

What do you think of me?

King.

As of a man faithful and honourable.

Pol.

I would fain prove so. But what might you think,
When I had seen this hot love on the wing
(As I perceived it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me),—what might you,
Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,
If I had played the desk or table-book;
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb;
Or looked upon this love with idle sight;—
What might you think? No, I went round to work,
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak:
"Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star;
This must not be;" and then I precepts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;
And he, repulsèd (a short tale to make),
Fell into a sadness; then into a fast;
Thence to a watch; thence into a weakness;
Thence to a lightness; and, by this declension
Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we wail for.

King.

Do you think 't is this?

Queen.

It may be—very likely.

Pol.

Hath there been such a time (I 'd fain know that),
That I have positively said, "'T is so,"
When it proved otherwise?

King.

Not that I know.

Pol.

Take this from this, if this be otherwise:
[*Pointing to his head and shoulder.*

If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

King.

How may we try it further?

Pol.

You know, sometimes he walks for hours together
Here in the lobby.

Queen. [*Goes up* C.

So he does, indeed.

Pol.

At such a time I 'll loose my daughter to him:
Be you and I behind an arras then;
Mark the encounter: if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fallen thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm and carters.

King.

We will try it.

Queen.

But, look, where sadly the poor wretch comes, reading.

Pol.

Away, I do beseech you, both away:
I 'll board him presently.

[*Exeunt King and Queen.*

[*Enter Hamlet*, C., *reading.*

How does my good Lord Hamlet?

Hamlet.

Well, God-a-mercy.

Pol.

Do you know me, my lord?

Hamlet.

Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

Pol.

Not I, my lord.

Hamlet.

Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol.

Honest, my lord!

Hamlet.

Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

Pol.

That 's very true, my lord.

Hamlet.

For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god kissing carrion,—Have you a daughter?

Pol.

I have, my lord.

Hamlet.

Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing; but not as your daughter may conceive:—friend, look to 't.

Pol. [*Aside.*

Still harping on my daughter:—yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a fishmonger: he is far gone, far gone: and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this. I 'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my lord?

Hamlet.

Words, words, words.

Pol.

What is the matter, my lord?

Hamlet.

Between who?

Pol.

I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

Hamlet.

Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says here, that old men have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: all which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for you yourself, sir, should be old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol. [*Aside.*

Though this be madness, yet there is method in 't.— Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Hamlet.

Into my grave?

Pol.

Indeed, that is out o' the air.—[*Aside.*] How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.— My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Hamlet.

You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I will more willingly part withal,— except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol.

Fare you well, my lord.

[*Exit Polonius* L.

Hamlet.

These tedious old fools!

[*As Polonius retires, he meets, outside, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

Pol.

You go to seek the Lord Hamlet; there he is.

Ros. [*To Pol.* } *Within*

God save you, sir!

[*Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern* L.

Guil.

Mine honoured lord!

Ros.

My most dear lord!

Hamlet.

My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both? What news?

Ros.

None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest.

Hamlet.

Then is doomsday near: but your news is not true. In the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros.

To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Hamlet.

Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil.

What should we say, my lord?

Hamlet.

Why, anything—but to the purpose. You were sent for: and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros.

To what end, my lord?

Hamlet.

That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preservèd love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

Ros. [*Aside to Guildenstern.*

What say you?

Hamlet. [*Aside.*

Nay, then, I have an eye of you.—If you love me, hold not off.

Guil.

My lord, we were sent for.

Hamlet.

I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late (but wherefore I know not) lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire,—why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how

infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me; no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

Ros.

My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Hamlet.

Why did you laugh, then, when I said, man delights not me?

Ros.

To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted them on the way; and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

Hamlet.

He that plays the king shall be welcome: his majesty shall have tribute of me. — What players are they?

Ros.

Even those you were wont to take delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Hamlet.

How chances it they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? are they so followed?

Ros.

No, indeed, they are not.

Hamlet.

It is not strange; for my uncle is king of Denmark, and those that would make mows at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred ducats apiece for his picture in little. There is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[*Trumpet within.*

Guil.

There are the players.

Hamlet.

Gentlemen [*To Rosencrantz and Guildenstern*] you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands. You are welcome; but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

Guil.

In what, my dear lord?

Hamlet.

I am but mad north-north-west; when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw.

Pol. [*Within.*

Well be with you, gentlemen!

Hamlet.

Hark you, Guildenstern, that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swathing-clouts.

Ros.

Haply he is the second time come to them; for they say an old man is twice a child.

Hamlet.

I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the players; mark it.—You say right, sir; o' Monday morning; 't was so, indeed. [*Enter Polonius* L.

Pol.

My lord, I have news to tell you.

Hamlet.

My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,—

Pol.

The actors are come hither, my lord.

Hamlet.

Buz, buz!

Pol.

Upon mine honour,—

Hamlet.

Then came each actor on his ass,—

Pol.

The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ and the liberty, these are the only men.

Hamlet.

O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol.

What a treasure had he, my lord?

Hamlet.

Why,

> One fair daughter, and no more,
> The which he lovèd passing well.

Pol. [*Aside.*

Still on my daughter.

Hamlet.

Am I not in the right, old Jephthah?

Pol.

If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

Hamlet.

Nay, that follows not.

Pol.

What follows, then, my lord?

Hamlet.

Why

As by lot, God wot,

and then you know,

It came to pass, as most like it was,—

the first row of the pious chanson will show you more; for look, my abridgment comes.

[*Enter several Players* L.

You are welcome, masters; welcome all. Old friend! Thy face is valanced since I saw thee last; comest thou to beard me in Denmark? Masters, you are all welcome. We 'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see: we'll have a speech straight: come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

First Play.

What speech, my lord?

Hamlet.

I heard thee speak me a speech once,—but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 't was caviare to the general: but it was an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. One speech in it I chiefly loved: 't was Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it, especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter; if it live in your memory, begin at this line;—let me see, let me see;—

The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,

—'t is not so:—it begins with Pyrrhus:—

The rugged Pyrrhus,—he, whose sable arms
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble;
Old grandsire Priam seeks.—

Pol.

'Fore heaven, my lord, well spoken, with good accent and good discretion.

Hamlet.

So proceed you.

First Play.

Anon he finds him
Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command; unequal matched,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives: in rage strikes wide;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnervèd father falls. Then senseless Ilium,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base; and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear; for, lo! his sword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seemed i' the air to stick:
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood:
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.
But, as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death; anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region; so, after Pyrrhus' pause,
Arousèd vengeance sets him new a-work;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars's armour, forged for proof eterne,
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.—
Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods,
In general synod, take away her power;
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends!

Pol.

This is too long.

Hamlet.

It shall to the barber's, with your beard.—Pr'ythee, say on:—come to Hecuba.

First Play.

But who, O, who had seen the inobled queen—

Hamlet.

[*With momentary sad pre-occupation: his thought is of his mother.*

"The inobled queen."

Pol.

That 's good; "inobled queen" is good.

First Play.

Run barefoot up and down, threatening the flames
With bisson rheum; a clout upon that head
Where late the diadem stood; and for a robe,
About her lank and all o'er-teemèd loins,
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up;—
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steeped,
'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have pronounced:
But if the gods themselves did see her then
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,
The instant burst of clamour that she made
(Unless things mortal move them not at all),
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,
And passion in the gods.

Pol.

Look, whether he has not turned his colour, and has tears in 's eyes.—Pray you, no more.

Hamlet.

'T is well; I 'll have thee speak out the rest soon.—Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time; after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live.

Pol.

My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Hamlet.

Much better, sir; use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity: the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol.

Come, sirs.

Hamlet.

Follow him, friends: we 'll hear a play to-morrow.

[*Exit Polonius, with all the players except the first,* L.

Old friend.

[*The First Player pauses in the act of retiring. Hamlet then addresses Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

My good friends, I 'll leave you till night. You are welcome to Elsinore.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. Hamlet then speaks again to the player.*

Can you play the murder of Gonzago?

First Play.

Ay, my lord.

Hamlet.

We 'll have it to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down and insert in 't, could you not?

First Play.

Ay, my lord.

Hamlet.

Very well.—Follow that lord; and look you mock him not.

[*Exit First Player* L.

Now I am alone.
O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,

But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That, from her working, all his visage wanned;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspèct,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
What 's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears.
Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property and most dear life
A damned defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain?
Gives me the lie i' the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? who does me this?
Why, I should take it: for it cannot be
But I am pigeon-livered, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal: — bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,
That I, the son of a dear father murdered,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a bawd, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a-cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion!
Fie upon it! foh! — About, my brain! I have heard
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently

They have proclaimed their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I 'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father
Before mine uncle: I 'll observe his looks;
I 'll tent him to the quick: if he but blench,
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil: and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damn me: I 'll have grounds
More relative than this:—the play 's the thing
Wherein I 'll catch the conscience of the king.

[*Exit Hamlet* L.

CURTAIN.

Act Third.

Scene First. THE SAME AS IN ACT SECOND. THE KING AND QUEEN SEATED AT TABLE C., AND POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, AND GUILDENSTERN, STANDING NEAR, ARE DISCOVERED.

King.

And can you, by no drift of circumstance,
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Ros.

He does confess he feels himself distracted;
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guil.

Nor do we find him forward to be sounded;
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

Queen.

Did you assay him
To any pastime?

Ros.

Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way: of these we told him;
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: they are about the court;
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol.

'T is most true:
And he beseeched me to entreat your majesties
To hear and see the matter.

King.

With all my heart; and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclined.—
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Ros.

We shall, my lord.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern* R.

King.

Sweet Gertrude, leave us too;
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as 't were by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia:
Her father and myself,—lawful espials,—
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge;
And gather by him, as he is behaved,
If 't be the affliction of his love or no
That thus he suffers for.

[*King retires*

Queen.

I shall obey you:—
And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness: so shall I hope your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

Oph.

Madam, I wish it may.

[*Exit Queen* L.

Pol.

Ophelia, walk you here.—
Gracious, so please you,
We will bestow ourselves.— } *To the King.*
Read on this book; [*To Ophelia,—giving prayer-book.*
That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness.— We are oft to blame in this,—
'T is too much proved,—that, with devotion's visage
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

King. [*Aside.*

O, 't is too true!
How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my most painted word:
O, heavy burden!

Pol.

I hear him coming: let's withdraw, my lord.
[*Exeunt King and Polonius* C., *and Ophelia, slowly,* R.

[*Enter Hamlet.*

Hamlet.

To be, or not to be,—that is the question:—
Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them?—to die,—to sleep,—
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to —'t is a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die,—to sleep.—
To sleep! perchance to dream:—ay, there 's the rub,
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there 's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,

The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.—Soft you now!
[*Re-enter Ophelia, reading.*
The fair Ophelia.—Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remembered.

Oph. [*Coldly.*

Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

Hamlet. [*Going.*

I humbly thank you; well, well, well.

Oph.

My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longèd long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.

[*Hamlet here catches a glimpse of the King and Polonius, in their hiding-place at back of the scene.*

Hamlet.

No, not I;
I never gave you aught.

Oph.

My honoured lord, you know right well you did;
And, with them, words of so sweet breath composed
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind
There, my lord.

Hamlet.

Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph.

My lord?

Hamlet.

Are you fair?

Oph.

What means your lordship?

Hamlet.

That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.

Oph.

Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?

Hamlet.

Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness: this was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph.

Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Hamlet.

You should not have believed me; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.

Oph.

I was the more deceived.

Hamlet.

Get thee to a nunnery: why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in.

What should such fellows as I do crawling between heaven and earth? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where 's your father?

Oph. [*Hesitating.*

At home, my lord.

Hamlet.

Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool nowhere but in 's own house. Farewell.

Oph.

O, help him, you sweet heavens!

Hamlet.

If thou dost marry, I 'll give thee this plague for thy dowry,—be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, go: farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph.

O, heavenly powers, restore him!

Hamlet.

I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to, I 'll no more on 't; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [*Exit.*

Oph.

O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword:
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers,—quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That sucked the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatched form and feature of blown youth
Blasted with ecstasy; O, woe is me,
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

[*Exit Ophelia.*

[*Re-enter King and Polonius.*

King.

Love! his affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he spake, though it lacked form a little,
Was not like madness. There 's something in his soul,
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
And, I do doubt, the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger: which for to prevent,
I have in quick determination
Thus set it down:—he shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply, the seas, and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart;
Whereon his brain still beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on 't?

Pol.

It shall do well; but yet do I believe
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love.
My lord, do as you please;
But, if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To show his grief: let her be round with him;
And I 'll be placed, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference. If she find him not,
To England send him; or confine him where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King.

It shall be so:
Madness in great ones must not unwatched go.

[*Exeunt* C

Scene Second.—A HALL IN THE CASTLE [FIRST GROOVES].

[N. B.—*During this scene, set the Dais with chairs* R, *Platform* L, *chair and stool* C.

[*Enter Hamlet and First Player.*

Hamlet.

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious, periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant: it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it.

First Player.

I warrant your honour.

Hamlet.

Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature; to show, virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of the which one must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor *man*, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made them, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

First Player.

I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us, sir.

Hamlet.

O, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the meantime, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.

[*Exit Player.*

Horatio! [*Enter Horatio.*

Horatio.

Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Hamlet.

Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal.

Horatio.

O, my dear lord,—

Hamlet.

Nay, do not think I flatter;
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revènue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flattered?
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp;
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath sealed thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and blessed are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee. — Something too much of this.
There is a play to-night before the king;
One scene of it comes near the circumstance
Which I have told thee of my father's death:
I pr'ythee, when thou seest that act a-foot,
Even with the very comment of thy soul,
Observe mine uncle: if his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damnèd ghost that we have seen;
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note:
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
And, after, we will both our judgments join
In censure of his seeming.

Horatio.

Well, my lord. [*March, pp.*

Hamlet.

They are coming to the play. Get you a place.
I must be idle. [*Exeunt. Scene changes.*

Scene Third.—Same as Scene First.

[*Guards, lords, and ladies discovered. Danish march. Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Horatio, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and Hamlet*

King. [*Ascends throne* R.

How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Hamlet.

Excellent, i' faith; of the chameleon's dish: I eat the air, promise-crammed: you cannot feed capons so.

King.

I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these words are not mine.

Hamlet.

No, nor mine now. [*To Polonius.*] My lord, you played once in the university, you say?

Pol.

That did I, my lord; and was accounted a good actor.

Hamlet.

And what did you enact?

Pol.

I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was killed i' the Capitol: Brutus killed me.

Hamlet.

It was a brute part of him [*Aside*] to kill so capital a calf there.—Be the players ready?

Ros.

Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.

Queen.

Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

Hamlet.

No, good mother, here 's metal more attractive.

Pol. [*To the King.*

O, ho! do you mark that?

Hamlet.

Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[*Lying down at Ophelia's feet.*

Oph.

You are merry, my lord.

Hamlet.

O, your only jig-maker. What should a man do but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within these two hours.

Oph.

Nay, 't is quite two months, my lord.

Hamlet.

So long? Nay, then, let the devil wear black, for I 'll have a suit of sables. Two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there 's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year: but, by 'r lady, he must build churches, then.

Oph.

What means the play, my lord?

Hamlet.

Miching mallecho; it means mischief.

Oph.

But what is the argument of the play?

[*Enter Second Actor, as Prologue.*

Hamlet.

We shall know by this fellow.

Second Actor.

For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

Hamlet.

Is this a prologue or the posy of a ring?

Oph.

'T is brief, my lord.

Hamlet.

As woman's love.

[*This reference is to the Queen, and—mournfully—to the evanescence of all love.*

[*Enter a King and a Queen.*

P. King.

Full thirty times hath Phœbus' car gone round
Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orbèd ground,
And thirty dozen moons with borrowed sheen
About the world have times twelve thirties been,
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

P. Queen.

So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er ere love be done!
But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must:
For women's fear and love hold quantity;

In neither aught, or in extremity.
Now, what my love is proof hath made you know;
And as my love is sized, my fear is so:
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

P. King.

Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;
My operant powers their functions leave to do:
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honored, beloved; and haply, one as kind
For husband shalt thou ——

P. Queen.

O, confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:
In second husband let me be accurst!
None wed the second but who killed the first.

Hamlet. [*Aside.*

Wormwood, wormwood.

P. King.

I do believe you think what now you speak;
But what we do determine oft we break.
Purpose is but the slave to memory;
Of violent birth, but poor validity:
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree;
But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be.
Our wills and fates do so contrary run,
That our devices still are overthrown;
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:
So think thou wilt no second husband wed;
But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.

P. Queen.

Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light!
Sport and repose lock from me day and night!
To desperation turn my trust and hope!
An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope!
Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!
Both here and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
If once a widow, ever I be wife!

P. King.

'T is deeply sworn.

Hamlet.

If she should break it now!

P. King.

Sweet, leave me here awhile;
My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep. [*Sleeps.*

P. Queen.

Sleep rock thy brain;
And never come mischance between us twain! [*Exit.*

Hamlet. [*To the Queen.*

Madam, how like you this play?

Queen.

The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

Hamlet.

O, but she'll keep her word.

King.

Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in 't?

Hamlet.

No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i' the world.

King.

What do you call the play?

Hamlet.

The Mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista: you shall see anon; 't is a knavish piece of work: but what o' that? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not: let the galled jade wince! our withers are unwrung.

[*Enter Second Actor, as Lucianus.*

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

Oph.

You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

Hamlet.

I could interpret between you and your love—[*Aside*] if I could see the puppets dallying. Begin, murderer; leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come:—the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

Lucianus.

Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;
Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magic and dire property,
On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[*Pours the poison into the sleeper's ear.*

Hamlet.

He poisons him i' the garden for his estate. His name 's Gonzago: the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian. You shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

King.

Give o'er the play! Away!

[*General alarm and confusion. As the King rises, the players hurriedly quit the platform; Ophelia runs to Polonius; and the whole throng rushes out, after the King and Queen, leaving Hamlet and Horatio alone together.*

Hamlet.

Why, let the strucken deer go weep,
The hart ungallèd play;
For some must watch, while some must sleep:
So runs the world away.

O, good Horatio, I 'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Horatio.

Very well, my lord.

Hamlet.

Upon the talk of the poisoning,—

Horatio.

I did very well note him.

Hamlet.

Ah, ha!—Come, some music! come, the recorders! Come, some music!

[*Exit Horatio* R.

[*Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern*:.

Guil.

Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Hamlet.

Sir, a whole history.

Guil.

The king, sir,—

Hamlet.

Ay, sir, what of him?

Guil.

Is, in his retirement, marvellous distempered.

Hamlet.

With drink, sir?

Guil.

No, my lord, with choler.

Hamlet.

Your wisdom would show itself more richer to signify this to his doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation might perhaps plunge him into more choler.

Guil.

Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Hamlet.

I am tame, sir:—pronounce.

Guil.

The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Hamlet.

You are welcome.

Guil.

Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment: if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of my business.

Hamlet.

Sir, I cannot.

Guil.

What, my lord?

Hamlet.

Make you a wholesome answer; my wit 's diseased: but, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; therefore no more, but to the matter: my mother, you say,—

Ros.

Then thus she says; your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Hamlet.

O, wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother!—But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? Impart.

Ros.

She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Hamlet.

We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Ros.

My lord, you once did love me.

Hamlet.

So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Ros.

Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do, surely, bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Hamlet.

Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros.

How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Hamlet.

Ay, sir, but "While the grass grows,"—the proverb is something musty.

[*Enter Horatio with two musicians.*

O, the recorders:—let me see one.

[*Hamlet takes one of the flutes. Guildenstern passes to the* R. *of Hamlet, as if to overhear what may pass between him and Horatio.*

To withdraw with you.

[*Exeunt Horatio and the musicians* R.

Why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil.

O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Hamlet.

I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil.

My lord, I cannot.

Hamlet.

I pray you.

Guil.

Believe me, I cannot.

Hamlet.

I do beseech *you.*

Ros.

I know no touch of it, my lord.

Hamlet.

'T is as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil.

But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Hamlet.

Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sdeath, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you may fret me, you cannot play upon me.

[*Enter Polonius* L.

Pol.

My lord! my lord!

Hamlet.

God bless you, sir!

Pol.

My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Hamlet.

Do you see yonder cloud that 's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol.

By the mass, and 't is like a camel, indeed.

Hamlet.

Methinks it is like a weasel.

Pol.

It is backed like a weasel.

Hamlet.

Or like a whale?

Pol.

Very like a whale.

Hamlet.

Then will I come to my mother by-and-by.—They fool me to the top of my bent.—I will come by-and-by.

Pol.

I will say so.

Hamlet.

By-and-by is easily said, sir. [*Exit Polonius.*]—Leave me, friends.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

'T is now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mother.—
O, heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural;
I will speak daggers to her, but use none.

[*Exit Hamlet.*

Scene Fourth. { A Room in the Castle. [First Grooves.]

[*Enter*, L., *King, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

King.

I like him not; nor stands it safe with us
To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you;
I your commission will forthwith despatch,
And he to England shall along with you:
Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros., Guil.

We will haste us.

[*Exeunt*, R., *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

[*Enter Polonius* L.

Pol.

My lord, he 's going to his mother's closet:
Behind the arras I 'll convey myself,
To hear the process; I 'll warrant she 'll tax him home:
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'T is meet that some more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech of vantage. Fare you well, my liege:
I 'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King.

Thanks, dear my lord.

[*Exit Polonius* L.

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal, eldest curse upon 't,—
A brother's murder!—Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will:
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,

And both neglect. What if this cursèd hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,—
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer but this twofold force,—
To be forestallèd ere we come to fall,
Or pardoned being down? Then I 'll look up;
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!—
That cannot be; since I am still possessed
Of those effects for which I did the murder,—
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardoned, and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
And oft 't is seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law: but 't is not so above;
There is no shuffling,—there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves compelled,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can: what can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O, wretched state! O, bosom black as death!
O, limèd soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engaged! Help, angels! make assay:
Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart, with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
All may be well. [*Retires and kneels at Shrine* C.

[*The following speech is sometimes omitted.*]

[*Enter Hamlet.*

Hamlet.

Now might I do it pat, now he is praying;
And now I 'll do 't;—and so he goes to heaven—
And so am I revenged?—that would be scanned:
A villain kills my father; and, for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.

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Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly full of bread;
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;
And how his audit stands who knows save heaven?
But, in our circumstance and course of thought,
'T is heavy with him: and am I, then, revenged,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and seasoned for his passage?
No.
Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid hent:
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage;
At gaming, swearing; or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in 't;—
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven;
And that his soul may be as damned and black
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays:
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days.

[*Exit Hamlet.*

[*The King rises and advances.*

King.

My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words without thoughts never to heaven go.

[*Exit the King.*

Scene Fifth. { THE QUEEN'S PRIVATE APARTMENT IN THE CASTLE. DIM LIGHT. THE QUEEN, SEATED, AND POLONIUS, DISCOVERED.

Pol.

He will come straight. Look you lay home to him:
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with,
And that your grace hath screened and stood between
Much heat and him. I 'll sconce me e'en here.
Pray you, be round with him.

Hamlet. [*Within.*

Mother, mother, mother!

Queen.

I 'll warrant you;
Fear me not: — withdraw, I hear him coming.
[*Polonius conceals himself behind the arras.*

[*Enter Hamlet.*

Hamlet.

Now, mother, what 's the matter?

Queen.

Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Hamlet.

Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen.

Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Hamlet.

Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

Queen.

Why, how now, Hamlet!

Hamlet.

What 's the matter now?

Queen.

Have you forgot me?

Hamlet.

No, by the rood, not so:
You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;
And, — would it were not so! — you are my mother.

Queen.

Nay, then, I 'll set those to you that can speak.

Hamlet.

You shall not budge.
You go not till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen.

What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?—
Help, help, ho!

Pol. [*Within.*

What, ho! help, help, help!

Hamlet. [*Draws sword.*

How now! a rat? Dead, for a ducat, dead!
[*Makes a pass through the arras.*

Pol. [*Within.*

O, I am slain!

Queen.

O, me, what hast thou done?

Hamlet.

Nay, I know not:
Is it the king?

Queen.

O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Hamlet.

A bloody deed!—almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen.

As kill a king!

Hamlet.

Ay, lady, 't was my word.
[*Lifts up the arras, and sees Polonius.*
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!
I took thee for thy better.
[*Queen, in great agitation, seems about to speak.*
Leave wringing of your hands: peace! sit you down,
And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff;
If damnèd custom have not brazed it so,
That it is proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen.

What have I done, that thou darest wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?

Hamlet.

Such an act
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
Calls virtue hypocrite; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there; makes marriage-vows
As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul; and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words: heaven's face doth glow;
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen.

Ah me, what act?

Hamlet.

Look here, upon this picture, and on this,—
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See what a grace was seated on this brow;
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man:
This was your husband.—Look you now, what follows:
Here is your husband; like a mildewed ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love; for at your age
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it 's humble,
And waits upon the judgment: and what judgment

Would stoop from this to this?
O, shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire.

Queen.

O Hamlet, speak no more:
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grainèd spots
As will not leave their tinct.
No more, sweet Hamlet!

Hamlet.

A murderer and a villain;
A slave, that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precedent lord; a Vice of kings;
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole——

Queen.

No more!

Hamlet.

A king of shreds and patches,—

[*Enter Ghost* R.

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards!—What would your gracious figure?

Queen.

Alas! he 's mad!

Hamlet.

Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
O, say!

Ghost.

Do not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look, amazement on thy mother sits:
O, step between her and her fighting soul,—
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Hamlet.

How is it with you, lady?

Queen.

Alas! how is 't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
O, gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of your distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Hamlet.

On him, on him! Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoined, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable.—Do not look upon me;
Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects: then what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears perchance for blood.

Queen.

To whom do you speak this?

Hamlet.

Do you see nothing — there?

Queen.

Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.

Hamlet.

Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen.

No, nothing but ourselves.

Hamlet.

Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!
My father, in his habit as he lived!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!
[*Exit Ghost* L.

Queen. [*In extreme terror.*

This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

Hamlet.

Ecstasy!
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: it is not madness
That I have uttered: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what 's past; avoid what is to come;

Queen.

O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Hamlet.

O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night: but go not to my uncle's bed;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
Once more, good night:
[*The Queen raises her hands as if to bless her son. Hamlet checks the motion and recoils from her.*
And when you are desirous to be blessed,

I 'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord,
[*Pointing to Polonius.*
I do repent:
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good night—
I must be cruel, only to be kind:
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.

CURTAIN.

Act Fourth.

Scene First.—A Room in the Castle.

[*Enter King.*

King.

How dangerous is it that this man goes loose!
Yet must not we put the strong law on him:
He 's loved of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment but their eyes;
And where 't is so, the offender's scourge is weighed,
But never the offence.

[*Enter Rosencrantz.*

How now! what hath befallen?

Ros.

Where the dead body is bestowed, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

King.

But where is he?

Ros.

Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.

King.

Bring him before us.

Ros.

Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

[*Enter Hamlet, guarded, and Guildenstern.*

King.

Now, Hamlet, where 's Polonius?

Hamlet.

At supper.

King.

At supper! where?

Hamlet.

Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him.

King.

Where is Polonius?

Hamlet.

In heaven: send thither to see: if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King. [*To Guildenstern.*

Go seek him there.

Hamlet.

He will stay till you come.

[*Exit Guildenstern.*

King.

Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,—
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done,—must send thee hence
With fiery quickness: therefore prepare thyself;
The barque is ready, and the wind at help,
The associates tend, and everything is bent
For England.

Hamlet.

For England!

King.

Ay, Hamlet.

Hamlet.

Good.

King.

So is it, if thou knewest our purposes.

Hamlet.

I see a cherub that sees them.—But, come; for England!—Farewell, dear mother.

King.

Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Hamlet.

My mother: father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother.—Come, for England!

[*Exit Hamlet, with guards.*

King.

Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard;
Delay it not; I 'll have him hence to-night;
Away! for everything is sealed and done
That else leans on the affair: pray you, make haste.
[*Exit Rosencrantz.*
And, England, if my love thou holdest in prize,
Thou mayest not coldly estimate at naught
My sovereign process; which imports at full,
By letters cónjuring to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me: till I know 't is done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun.
[*Exit King. Scene changes.*

Scene Second.—A Room in the Castle.

[*Enter Queen and Marcellus* c.

Queen.

I will not speak with her.

Mar.

She is importunate; indeed, distract:
Her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen.

What would she have?

Mar.

'T were good she were spoken with; for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

Queen.

Let her come in.

[*Exit Marcellus.*

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

[*Enter Marcellus with Ophelia* c.

Oph.

Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

Queen.

How now, Ophelia!

Oph. [*Sings.*

How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff
And his sandle shoon.

Queen.

Alas! sweet lady, what imports this song?

Oph.

Say you? nay, pray you, mark. [*Sings.*

He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

Queen.

Nay, but, Ophelia,—

Oph.

Pray you, mark.

[*Enter King* L.

Queen.

Alas! look here, my lord.

Oph. [*Sings.*

White his shroud as the mountain snow,
Larded with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.

King.

How do you, pretty lady?

Oph.

Well, God 'ild you! They say the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord! we know what we are, but we know not what we may be.

King.

Conceit upon her father.

Oph.

Pray you, let 's have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say you this: [*Sings.*

To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.

King.

How long hath she been thus?

Oph.

I hope all will be well. We must be patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him i' the cold ground. My brother shall know of it: and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach!—Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good night, good night. [*Exit Ophelia* C.

King.

Follow her, close; give her good watch, I pray you.
[*Exit Marcellus.*
O, this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death. O, Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions. [*A noise within.*

Queen.

Alack, what noise is this?

King.

Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door.
[*Speaking off* C.
[*Enter Marcellus.*
What is the matter?

Mar.

Save yourself, my lord:
The young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your officers. The rabble call him lord;
They cry, "Choose we; Laertes shall be king!"
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
"Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!"
[*Exit Marcellus. Noise within. Enter Laertes, armed.*

Laer.

O, thou vile king,
Give me my father!

Queen.

Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer.

That drop of blood that 's calm proclaims me bastard;
Cries cuckold to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsmirchèd brows
Of my true mother.

King.

What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?—
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person:
There 's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would.—
Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incensed:—let him go, Gertrude:—
Speak, man.

Laer.

Where is my father?

King.

Dead.

Queen.

But not by him.

King.

Let him demand his fill.

Laer.

How came he dead? I 'll not be juggled with:
To hell, allegiance! to this point I stand,—
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I 'll be revenged
Most th'roughly for my father.

King.

Who shall stay you?

Laer.

My will, not all the world:
And for my means, I 'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King.

Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is 't writ in your revenge,
That, sweepstake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?

Laer.

None but his enemies.

King.

Will you know them, then?

Laer.

To his good friends thus wide I 'll ope my arms;
And, like the kind, life-rendering pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

King.

Why, now you speak
Like a good child and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensibly in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment 'pear
As day does to your eye.

VOICES OUTSIDE.

Let her come in!

Laer.

How now! what noise is that?

[*The Queen sits* L. *Re-enter Ophelia.*

O, heat, dry up my brains! tears seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eyes!—
By Heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight,
Till our scale turn the beam. O, rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!—
O, heavens! is't possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?

Oph. [*Sings.*

They bore him barefaced on the bier;
And on his grave rained many a tear,—

Fare you well, my dove!

Laer.

Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move thus.

Oph.

You must sing, "Down a-down, an you call him a down-a." O, how the wheel becomes it! 'Twas the false steward, that stole his master's daughter.

Laer.

This nothing 's more than matter.

Oph.

There 's rosemary, that 's for remembrance; pray, love, remember; and there is pansies, that 's for thoughts.

Laer.

A document in madness,—thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph.

There 's fennel for you, and columbines:—there 's rue for you; and here 's some for me:—we may call it herb of grace o' Sundays:—you may wear your rue with a difference.—There 's a daisy:—I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died:—they say he made a good end,—

[*Sings.*

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.—

Laer.

Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour and to prettiness.

Oph. [*Sings.*

And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
He never will come again.

His beard was white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll:
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan:
God ha' mercy on his soul!

And of all Christian souls, I pray God.—God be wi' you.

[*Exit Ophelia and Queen.*

Laer.

Do you see this, O Heaven?

King.

Laertes, I must cómmune with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me.
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touched, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.

Laer.

Let this be so;
His means of death, his obscure funeral,—
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite nor formal ostentation,—
Cry to be heard, as 't were from heaven to earth,
That I must call 't in question.

King.

So you shall;
And where th' offence is let the great axe fall.
Hamlet, who hath your noble father slain,
Pursues my life.— [*Enter Bernardo.*
How now! what news? [*To Bernardo.*

Ber.

Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:
This to your majesty; this to the queen.

King.

From Hamlet! who brought them?

Ber.

Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them not.

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King.

Laertes, you shall hear them.—
Leave us.

[*Exit Bernardo.*

[*Reads.*] High and mighty,—You shall know I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes: when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasion of my sudden and more strange return. HAMLET.

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer.

Know you the hand?

King.

'T is Hamlet's character: — "Naked," —
And in a postscript here, he says, "alone."
Can you advise me?

Laer.

I 'm lost in it, my lord. But let him come;
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
"Thus diddest thou."

King.

If it be so, Laertes,—
Will you be ruled by me?

Laer.

Ay, my lord;
So you will not o'errule me to a peace.

King.

To thine own peace. If he be now returned,—
As checking at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it,—I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device
Under the which he shall not choose but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe;
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident.

Laer.

My lord, I will be ruled;
The rather, if you could devise it so,
That I might be the organ.

King.

It falls right.
You have been talked of, since your travel, much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine.

Laer.

What part is that, my lord?

King.

A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too:
Here, two months since,
There came a gentleman of Normandy,—
Who gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especially,
That he cried out, 't would be a sight indeed,
If one could match you.
Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with you.
Now, out of this,—

Laer.

What out of this, my lord?

King.

Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer.

Why ask you this?

King.

Hamlet comes back: what would you undertake,
To show yourself your father's son in deed
More than in words?

Laer.

To cut his throat i' the church.

King.

No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize;
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,
Will you do this, keep close within your chamber.
Hamlet, returned, shall know you are come home:
We 'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you; bring you, in fine, together,
And wager on your heads: he, being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils; so that, with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated, and, in a pass of practice,
Requite him for your father.

Laer.

I will do 't:
And, for that purpose, I 'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death
That is but scratched withal: I 'll touch my point
With this contagion, that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

King.

Let 's further think of this;
We 'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings.
When in your motion you are hot and dry
(As make your bouts more violent to that end),

And that he calls for drink, I 'll have prepared him
A chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venomed stuck,
Our purpose may hold there.

[*Enter Queen* L.

Queen.

One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow:—your sister 's drowned, Laertes.

Laertes.

Drowned! O, where?

Queen.

There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There with fantastic garlands did she come
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples.
There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook.

Laer.

I forbid my tears: but yet
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will.
Adieu, my lord:
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it. [*Exit.*

CURTAIN.

Act Fifth.

Scene First. { A Churchyard. Two Grave-Diggers, with spades, etc., discovered.

First G. D.

Is she to be buried in Christian burial that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

Second G. D.

I tell thee she is; and therefore make her grave straight: the crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial.

First G. D.

How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

Second G. D.

Why, 't is found so.

First G. D.

It must be *se offendendo;* it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act: and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform: argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

Second G. D.

Nay, but hear you, goodman delver,—

First G. D.

Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes,—mark you that; but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

Second G. D.

But is this law?

First G. D.

Ay, marry, is 't; crowner's-quest law

Second G. D.

Will you ha' the truth on 't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of Christian burial.

First G. D.

Why, there thou sayst: and the more pity that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian.— Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers: they hold up Adam's profession.

Second G. D.

Was he a gentleman?

First G. D.

He was the first that ever bore arms.

Second G. D.

Why, he had none.

First G. D.

What! art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says, Adam digged: could he dig without arms? I 'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

Second G. D.

Go to.

First G. D.

What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

Second G. D.

The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

First G. D.

I like thy wit well, in good faith: the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now, thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church: argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To 't again, come.

Second G. D.

Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

First G. D.

Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

Second G. D.

Marry, now I can tell.

First G. D.

To 't.

Second G. D.

Mass, I cannot tell.

First G. D.

Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and, when you are asked this question next, say, a grave-maker;—the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan; fetch me a stoop of liquor.

[*Exit Second G. D.*

First G. D. [*Digging and singing.*

In youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet,
To contract, O, the time, for, ah! my behove,
O, methought there was nothing meet.

[*Enter Hamlet and Horatio.*

Hamlet.

Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

Horatio.

Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Hamlet.

'T is e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

First G. D. [*Sings.*

But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath clawed me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me intil the land,
As if I had never been such.

[*Throws up a skull.*

Hamlet.

That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches; one that would circumvent Heaven, might it not?

Horatio.

It might, my lord.

[*First G. D. throws bones from the grave, one by one, with his hands, tossing them.*

Hamlet.

Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with them? mine ache to think on 't.

First G. D. [*Sings and digs.*

A pick-axe and a spade, a spade,
For and a shrouding sheet:
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

[*Throws up another skull. The attention of the Grave-Digger is particularly drawn to this skull by the remnant of a leather fool's cap which adheres to it, and by which he recognizes the skull as that of Yorick. He sets this skull apart from the other.*

Hamlet.

There 's another: why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? I will speak to this fellow. Whose grave 's this, sirrah?

First G. D.

Mine, sir.— [*Sings.*

O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

Hamlet.

I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in 't.

First G. D.

You lie out on 't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in 't, and yet it is mine.

Hamlet.

Thou dost lie in 't, to be in 't, and say it is thine: 't is for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

First G. D.

'T is a quick lie, sir; 't will away again, from me to you.

Hamlet.

What man dost thou dig it for?

First G. D.

For no man, sir.

Hamlet.

What woman, then?

First G. D.

For none, neither.

Hamlet.

Who is to be buried in 't?

First G. D.

One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she 's dead.

Hamlet. [*To Horatio.*

How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. [*To First G. D.*] How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

First G. D.

Of all the days i' the year, I came to 't that day that our last King Hamlet o'ercame Fortinbras.

Hamlet.

How long is that since?

First G. D.

Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: it was the very day that young Hamlet was born,—he that is mad and sent into England.

Hamlet.

Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

First G. D.

Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, it 's no great matter there.

Hamlet.

Why?

First G. D.

'T will not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

Hamlet.

How came he mad?

First G. D.

Very strangely, they say.

Hamlet.

How strangely?

First G. D.

Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Hamlet.

Upon what ground?

First G. D.

Why, here in Denmark: I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Hamlet.

How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

First G. D.

Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, he will last you some eight year or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

Hamlet.

Why he more than another?

First G. D.

Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your dead body. Here 's a skull now; this skull hath lain you i' the earth three and twenty years.

[*Grave-digger takes up the skull with the leather remnant adhering to it.*

Hamlet.

Whose was it?

First G. D.

A mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was?

Hamlet.

Nay, I know not.

First G. D.

A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! 'a poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

Hamlet.

This?

First G. D.

E'en that.

Hamlet.

[*Takes the skull.*

Alas! poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that.— Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Horatio.

What 's that, my lord?

Hamlet.

Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

Horatio.

E'en so

Hamlet.

And smelt so? pah!

[*He gives the skull to the grave-digger.*

Horatio.

E'en so, my lord.

Hamlet.

To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Horatio.

'T were to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Hamlet.

No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: as thus; Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!

[*Dead March is heard.*

But soft! but soft! aside:—here comes the king—
The queen, the courtiers: who is that they follow?
And with such maimèd rites? This doth betoken,
The corse they follow did with desperate hand
Fordo its own life: 't was of some estate.
Couch we awhile, and mark.

[*Retiring with Horatio* R.

[*Enter Priest, &c., in procession, with Corse of Ophelia,—Laertes and Mourners following; King, Queen, their trains, &c. The Corse is borne upon a bier by four or six women, who stand in front of the grave until the coffin has been lowered by the grave-diggers to its place. Funeral music sounds till then, when it ceases, and the dialogue begins.*

Laer.

What ceremony else?

Hamlet.

That is Laertes,
A very noble youth: mark.

Laer.

What ceremony else?

Priest.

Her obsequies have been as far enlarged
As we have warranty: her death was doubtful;
And, but that great command o'ersways the order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodged
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her:
Yet here she is allowed her virgin crants,
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer.

Must there no more be done?

Priest.

No more be done!
We should profane the service of the dead
To sing a requiem, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.

Laer.

O, from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring!—I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Hamlet.

What! the fair Ophelia!

Queen.

[*Scattering flowers.*

Sweets to the sweet: farewell!
I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought thy bride-bed to have decked, sweet maid,
And not have strewed thy grave.

Laer.

O, treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that cursèd head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Deprived thee of!—Hold off the earth awhile,

Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:
[*Leaps into the grave.*
Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
To o'ertop old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

Hamlet.

What is he whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Cónjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet, the Dane.
[*Hamlet advances.*

Laer.

[*Leaps out of the grave and rushes upon Hamlet.*
The devil take thy soul!
[*Hamlet and Laertes struggle together for a moment.*

King.

Pluck them asunder.

Hamlet.

Thou prayest not well.
I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For, though I am not splenitive and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wiseness fear: hold off thy hand!
[*The attendants part them.*

Hamlet.

Why, I will fight with him upon this theme
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

Queen.

O, my son, what theme?

Hamlet.

I loved Ophelia: forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her?

Queen.

O, he is mad, Laertes.

Hamlet.

Come! show me what thou 'lt do:
Woul't weep? woul't fight? woul't fast? woul't tear thyself?
I 'll do 't.— Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I:
And if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, till our ground
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou 'lt mouth,
I 'll rant as well as thou.

Queen.

This is mere madness:
And thus awhile the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclosed,
His silence will sit drooping.

Hamlet.

Hear you, sir;
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I loved you ever: but it is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.
[*Exit Hamlet* R.

King.

I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon him.—
[*Exit Horatio* R.
[*To Laertes.*] Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;
We 'll put the matter to the present push,—
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.—
This grave shall have a living monument.
[*Picture. Dead March. Scene changes.*

Scene Second.— In Front of the Castle.

[*Enter Hamlet and Horatio.*

Hamlet.

But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For, by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his.

Horatio.

Who comes here?

[*Enter Osric* L.

Osr.

Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Hamlet.

I humbly thank you, sir.—
Dost know this water-fly? [*Aside to Horatio.*

Horatio. [*Aside to Hamlet.*

No, my good lord.

Hamlet. [*Aside to Horatio.*

Thy state is the more gracious; for 't is a vice to know him.

Osr.

Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Hamlet.

I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit. Put your bonnet to his right use; 't is for the head.

Osr.

I thank your lordship, 't is very hot.

Hamlet.

No, believe me, 't is very cold; the wind is northerly.

Osr.

It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Hamlet.

But yet, methinks it is very sultry and hot; or my complexion —

Osr.

Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry,— as 't were,— I cannot tell how.— But, my lord, his majesty bade me signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head: sir, this is the matter,—

Hamlet.

I beseech you, remember —

[*Hamlet moves him to put on his hat.*

Osr

Nay, in good faith; for mine ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great showing: indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Hamlet.

What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osr.

Of Laertes?

Hamlet.

Of him, sir.

Osr.

You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is —

Hamlet.

I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence.

Osr.

I mean, sir, for his weapon.

Hamlet.

What is his weapon?

Osr.

Rapier and dagger.

Hamlet.

That 's two of his weapons: but, well.

Osr.

The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses: against the which he has imponed, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so: three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Hamlet.

What call you the carriages?

Osr.

The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Hamlet.

The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our sides.

Osr.

The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits: he hath laid on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer?

Hamlet.

How if I answer no?

Osr.

I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Hamlet.

Sir, it is the breathing time of day with me; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits.

Osr.

Shall I deliver you so?

Hamlet.

To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

Osr.

I commend my duty to your lordship. [*Exit Osric.*

Horatio.

You will lose this wager, my lord.

Hamlet.

I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice. But thou wouldst not think how ill all 's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Horatio.

Nay, good my lord,—

Hamlet.

It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Horatio.

If your mind dislike anything, obey it: I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Hamlet.

Not a whit: we defy augury: there's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 't is not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: since no man, of aught he leaves, knows, what is 't to leave betimes? Let be.

[*Exeunt. Change.*

Scene Third. A HALL IN THE CASTLE. KING, QUEEN, LAERTES, BERNARDO, MARCELLUS, LORDS, OSRIC, AND ATTENDANTS, WITH FOILS, &c., ARE DISCOVERED. FLOURISH OF TRUMPETS.

[*Hamlet and Horatio enter.*

King.

Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

Hamlet.

Give me your pardon, sir; I 've done you wrong;
But pardon it, as you are a gentleman.
Let my disclaiming from a purposed evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

Laer.

I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge:
I do receive your offered love like love
And will not wrong it.

Hamlet.

I embrace it freely;
And will this brother's wager frankly play.—
Give us the foils.

Laer.

Come, one for me.

Hamlet.

I 'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer.

You mock me, sir.

Hamlet.

No, by this hand.

King.

Give them the foils, young Osric.

[*Osric gives a foil to each.*

Cousin Hamlet,
You know the wager?

Hamlet.

Very well, my lord;
Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.

King.

I do not fear it; I have seen you both:
But since he is bettered, we have therefore odds.

Laer.

This is too heavy, let me see another.

Hamlet.

This likes me well. These foils have all a length?

Osr.

Ay, my good lord.

King.

If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
[*Laertes, unseen by the others, poisons his weapon.*
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire,
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;
And in the cup a union shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cup;
[*Bernardo gives cup to the King.*
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth.
"Now the king drinks to Hamlet."—[*Flourish and cannon.*
[*Hamlet and Laertes take position to fence. Music.*
Come, begin;—
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

[*They play.*

. . .

Hamlet.

One.

Laer.

No.

Hamlet.

Judgment.

Osr.

A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer.

Well;—again.

King.

[*Drops poison in the cup.*

Stay. Hamlet, this pearl is thine;
Here 's to thy health.
[*Pretends to drink. Trumpets sound, and cannon are shot off within.*
Give him the cup.

Hamlet.

I 'll play this bout first; set it by awhile.—
Come. [*They play.*]—Another hit; what say you?

Laer.

A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King.

Our son shall win.

Queen.

The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

[*Takes the cup and drinks.*

Hamlet.

Good madam!
[*While the Queen drinks, Osric and others approach the King.*

King.

Gertrude, do not drink. [*Suddenly observing Queen.*

Queen.

I have, my lord; I pray you, pardon me.

King. [*Aside.*

It is the poisoned cup; it is too late.

Laer. [*Aside.*

I 'll hit him now,
And yet 't is almost 'gainst my conscience.

Hamlet.

Come, for the third, Laertes: you but dally;
I pray you, pass with your best violence;
I am afeard you make a wanton of me.

Laer.

Say you so? come on.

[*They play. Laertes wounds Hamlet; then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.*

King.

Part them; they are incensed.

Hamlet.

Nay, come again.

[*The Queen moans.*

Osr.

Look to the queen there, ho!

Horatio.

How is it, my lord?

Osr.

How is it, Laertes?

Laer.

Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osric;
I am justly killed with mine own treachery.

Hamlet.

How does the queen?

King.

She swoons to see them bleed.

Queen.

No, no, the drink, the drink,— O, my dear Hamlet,—
The drink, the drink!— I am poisoned.

[*The King and others assist the Queen—who is led out, followed by her ladies. The King returns and calls his lords around him on the throne.*

Hamlet.

O, villainy!—Ho! let the door be locked:
Treachery! seek it out.

[*Guards exeunt. Laertes falls into chair* R.

Laer.

It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art slain;
No medicine in the world can do thee good,
In thee there is not half an hour of life;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenomed; the foul practice
Hath turned itself on me; lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again: thy mother 's poisoned:—
I can no more:—the king, the king 's to blame.

Hamlet.

The point,—envenomed too!—
Then, venom, to thy work.

All.

Treason! treason!

[*Lords draw their swords to defend the King. Hamlet rushes through the crowd and stabs him.*

Hamlet.

Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damnèd Dane,
Follow my mother.

[*The King falls and dies.*

Laer.

He is justly served;
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:
Mine and my father's death come not on thee,
Nor thine on me!

[*Laertes dies.*

Hamlet.

Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.
Horatio, I am dead;
Thou liv'st; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.

Horatio.

Never believe it:
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane:
Here 's yet some liquor left.

[*Seizes the cup. Hamlet wrests it from him.*

Hamlet.

As thou 'rt a man,
Give me the cup: let go; by heaven, I 'll have it.—
O, good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story.
O, I die, Horatio;
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit.
The rest is silence.

[*Hamlet dies.*

Horatio.

Now cracks a noble heart:—good night, sweet prince;
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!—

[*March (of Fortinbras) is heard at distance.*
Picture.

SLOW CURTAIN.

HAMLET.

APPENDIX.

I.—The Character of Hamlet.

Hamlet is a poetic ideal. He is not an ancient Dane, fair, blue-eyed, yellow-haired, stout, and lymphatic; but he is the sombre, dreamy, mysterious hero of a melancholy poem. The actor who would represent him aright must not go behind the tragedy in which he occurs, in quest of historic realities, but, dealing with an ideal subject, must treat it in an ideal manner, as far removed as possible from the plane of actual life. Interest in the Prince of Denmark is not, to a very considerable extent, inspired by the circumstances that surround him, or by his proceedings: it depends upon the quality of the man,—the interior spirit and fragrance of his character,—and upon the words in which that spirit is expressed. There is an element in Hamlet, no less elusive than beautiful, which lifts the mind to a sublime height, fills the heart with a nameless grief, and haunts the soul as with remembered music of a gentle voice that will speak no more. It might be called sorrowful grandeur, sad majesty, ineffable mournfulness, grief-stricken isolation, or patient spiritual anguish. Whatever called, the name might prove inapt and inadequate; but the magical force of this attribute can never fail to be felt. Hamlet fascinates by his personality; and the actor can only succeed in presenting him, who possesses, in himself, this peculiar quality of fascination. It is something that cannot be drawn from the library, nor poured from the flagon, nor bought in the shops. Hamlet is, essentially, spiritual. It is not enough, therefore, in the presentation of this part, that the actor should make it known that Hamlet's soul is haunted by supernatural powers: he must also make it felt that Hamlet possesses a soul such as it is possible for supernatural powers to haunt. At the beginning, and before his mind has been shocked and unsettled by the awful apparition of his father's spirit in arms, he is found deeply prone to sombre thought upon the nothingness of this world and the solemn mystery of the world beyond the grave. This mental drift does not flow from his student fancy, but is the spontaneous, passionate tendency of his nature: for in the first self-commun-

ing monologue that he utters he is revealed as having brooded on the expediency of suicide; and not long afterward he avows belief that the powers of hell have great control over spirits, like his own, which are melancholy and weak. The soul of Hamlet, then, must be felt to have been—in its original essence and condition, before grief, shame and terror arrived to burden and distract it—intensely sensitive to the miseries that are in this world; to the fact that all the pomp of human life is nothing but an evanescent pageant, passing, on a thin tissue, over what Shakespeare himself has so finely called "the blind cave of eternal night"; and to all the strange, vague influences, sometimes beautiful, sometimes terrible, that seem wafted out of the great unknown. Out of this high sensibility, coupled with the conditions into which he is born and with the miserable state into which he is forced by the crimes of his mother and his uncle and the visitation of his father's ghost, the whole man may be deduced. He is a compound of spiritualized intellect, masculine strength, feminine softness, over-imaginative reason, lassitude of thought, autumnal gloom, lovable temperament, piteous, tear-freighted humor, princely grace of condition, brooding melancholy, the philosophic mind, and the deep heart. His nature is everything noble. He is placed upon a pinnacle of earthly greatness. He is afflicted with a grief that breaks his heart, and thereupon with a shock that disorders his mind. He is charged with a solemn and dreadful duty, to the fulfilment of which his will is wholly inadequate. He sees so widely and understands so dubiously the nature of things, in the universe of God, that his sense of moral responsibility is overwhelmed and his power of action completely arrested. He thinks greatly, but to no purpose. He wanders darkly in the border land betwixt reason and madness—haunted now with sweet strains and majestic images of heaven, and now with terrific, uncertain shapes of hell. And so he drifts aimlessly, on a sea of misery, into the oblivion of death. This man is a type of a class of beings upon the earth to whom life is a dream, all its surroundings too vast and awful for endurance, all its facts sad, action impossible or fitful and fruitless, and of whom it never can be said that they are happy till the grass is growing upon their graves. W. W.

II.—Facts about Hamlet.

The story upon which the tragedy of "Hamlet" is founded is, probably, fabulous. It first occurs in the History of Denmark ["Historica Danica"], written by Saxo Grammaticus, and first printed in 1514. It was retold about the middle of the sixteenth century [1570], under the name of the "Hystorie of Hamblet," in Belleforest's "Histoire Tra-

giques," a work that was translated from French into English, and became popular in England. A perfect copy of the translation exists in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge; is dated 1608; and is the earliest edition known to be extant. Shakespeare is supposed to have known this work; but, as his tragedy of "Hamlet" was first published in 1603, he must have known it either in the original French, or in an earlier translation. It is possible that he did not know it at all, but that he based his "Hamlet" on an old play on the same subject. Such a play — though, perhaps, he was himself the author of it — was in existence. It is referred to, in 1589, by Thomas Nash, and, in 1596, by Lodge — authors and actors contemporary with Shakespeare. The theory has been broached that Shakespeare wrote "Hamlet" early in his life, and, many years afterward, revised and perfected it. No one contends, though, that he invented the subject. His colossal genius was shown in his wonderful treatment of it. "Hamlet" was five times — if not oftener — published in quarto, at London, during its author's life. It had been acted, and by the company to which Shakespeare belonged, prior to the summer of 1602. There is a legend — dubious but grateful — that the poet himself was the representative of the Ghost. The first quarto [1603] is supposed to have been surreptitiously published, by an unscrupulous printer of the period, and it is not considered authentic. Much stress, in that version, is laid upon Hamlet's madness; the Queen is made distinctly to disclaim complicity with Claudius in her first husband's murder; direction is given that, in the Closet Scene, — Act Third, — the Ghost shall enter "in his nightgown;" and Polonius figures as Corambis, while his servant, Reynaldo, is called Montano. The second quarto, published in 1604, exhibits great improvements on the first. The subsequent quartos are dated 1605, 1607, — conjecturally, — and 1611. Then came the folio of 1623, in which "Hamlet" occupies 31 pages. The text of the tragedy has been much discussed; but a careful comparison of the old quartos with the first folio, made by many scholars, has finally settled it in a satisfactory manner. The substance of the tragedy, as Shakespeare wrote it, seems to have been obtained by taking the folio of 1623 as a basis, and amplifying it by large additions from the quarto of 1604. The reprint of "Hamlet" in the former is thought to have been made from a manuscript of the piece, that Heminge and Condell obtained from Shakespeare's theatre. The quarto version may have been authorized by Shakespeare himself. The poet's final draught of the tragedy was, doubtless, made in 1601. He had, four years previously, established his family in New Place, at Stratford-on-Avon; but it does not appear that he had relinquished the

residence he is known to have occupied in 1596, at Southwark. "Hamlet," therefore, probably, was written in the old Borough. The first representative of Hamlet is declared to have been Richard Burbage; chiefly on the authority of a manuscript Elegy upon that actor (1619), which mentions that he was "fat and scant of breath" in the fencing scene. The honor of having been the original Hamlet is also ascribed [Tallis's Dramatic Magazine, June, 1851] to John Lowin; and it is, furthermore, said that to him Shakespeare himself gave many suggestions: but this is doubtful. W. W.

III.—The Original Story of Hamlet.

"Fengon, having secretly assembled certain men, and perceiving himself strong enough to execute his enterprise,—Horvendile, his brother, being at a banquet with his friends,—suddenly set upon him, where he slew him as traitorously as cunningly he purged himself of so detestable a murder to his subjects; for that before he had any violent or bloody hands, or once committed parricide upon his brother, he had incestuously abused his wife, whose honour he ought to have sought and procured, as traitorously he pursued and effected his destruction. * * * * * * * * * * * *

"Boldened and encouraged by his impunity, Fengon ventured to couple himself in marriage with her * * * and the unfortunate and wicked woman, that had received the honour to be the wife of one of the valiantest and wisest princes of the North, imbased herself in such vile sort as to falsify her faith unto him, and, which is worse, to marry him that had been the tyrannous murderer of her lawful husband. * * *

"Geruth having so much forgotten herself, the prince Hamblet, perceiving himself to be in danger of his life, as being abandoned of his own mother, to beguile the tyrant into his subtleties, counterfeited the madman with such craft and subtle practices that he made show as if he had utterly lost his wits; and under that vail he covered his pretense, and defended his life from the treasons and practices of the tyrant, his uncle. For, every day being in the queen's palace (who as then was more careful to please her paramour, than ready to revenge the cruel death of her husband, or to restore her son to his inheritance), he rent and tore his clothes, wallowing and lying in the dirt and mire, running through the streets like a man distraught, not speaking one word but such as seemed to proceed of madness and mere frenzy; all his actions and gestures being no other than the right countenances of a man wholly deprived of all reason and understanding, in such sort, that as

then he seemed fit for nothing but to make sport to the pages and ruffling courtiers that attended in the court of his uncle and father-in-law. But many times he did divers actions of great and deep consideration, and often made such and so fit answers, that a wise man would soon have judged from what spirit so fine an invention might proceed. * * * * * * * * * * * *

"Hamblet likewise had intelligence in what danger he was like to fall, if by any means he seemed to obey, or once like the wanton toys and vicious provocations of the gentlewoman sent to him by his uncle; which much abashed the prince, as then wholly being in affection to the lady; but by her he was likewise informed of the treason, as being one that from her infancy loved and favored him, and would have been exceeding sorrowful for his misfortune. * * * * * *

"Among the friends of Fengon there was one that, above all the rest, doubted of Hamblet's practices in counterfeiting the madman. His device to entrap Hamblet in his subtleties was thus — that King Fengon should make as though he were to go some long voyage concerning affairs of great importance, and that in the meantime Hamblet should be shut up alone in a chamber with his mother, wherein some other should secretly be hidden behind the hangings, there to stand and hear their speeches, and the complots by them to be taken concerning the accomplishment of the dissembling fool's pretense; * * * and withal offered himself to be the man that should stand to hearken and bear witness of Hamblet's speeches with his mother. This invention pleased the king exceedingly well. * * * * * * *

"Meantime, the counselor entered secretly into the queen's chamber, and there hid himself behind the arras, not long before the queen and Hamblet came thither, who, being crafty and politic, as soon as he was within the chamber, doubting some treason, used his ordinary manner of dissimulation, and began to come like a cock, beating with his arms (in such manner as cocks use to strike with their wings) upon the hangings of the chamber; whereby, feeling something stirring under them, he cried, "A rat! a rat!" and presently drawing his sword, thrust it into the hangings, which done, he pulled the counselor, half dead, out by the heels, and made an end of killing him. * * * By which means having discovered the ambush, and given the inventor thereof his just reward, he came again to his mother, who in the meantime wept and tormented herself; and having once again searched every corner of the chamber, perceiving himself to be alone with her, he began in sober earnest and discreet manner to speak unto her, saying,

"'What treason is this, O most infamous woman, * * * who, under the vail of a dissembling creature, covereth the most wicked and detestable crime that man could ever imagine or was committed? Now may I be assured to trust you, that like a vile wanton adulteress, altogether impudent and given over to her pleasure, runs spreading forth her arms to embrace the traitorous villainous tyrant that murdered my father? * * * * O, Queen Geruth! it is licentiousness only that has made you deface out of your mind the memory of the valor and virtues of the good king, your husband and my father. * * * Be not offended, I pray you, madam, if, transported with dolor and grief, I speak so boldly unto you, and that I respect you less than duty requireth; for you, having forgotten me, and wholly rejected the memory of the deceased king, my father, must not be ashamed if I also surpass the bounds and limits of due consideration.' * * * *

"Although the Queen perceived herself nearly touched, and that Hamblet moved her to the quick, where she felt herself interested, nevertheless she forgot all disdain and wrath, which thereby she might as then have had, hearing herself so sharply chidden and reproved, to behold the gallant spirit of her son, and to think what she might hope, and the easier expect of his so great policy and wisdom. But on the one side, she durst not lift up her eyes to behold him, remembering her offense, and on the other side, she would gladly have embraced her son, in regard of the wise admonitions by him given unto her. * * * *

"After this, Fengon came to the court again, and determined that Hamblet should be sent into England. Now to bear him company were assigned two of Fengon's faithful ministers, bearing letters engraved in wood, that contained Hamblet's death, in such sort as he had advertised the King of England. But the subtle Danish prince, while his companions slept, having read the letters, and known his uncle's great treason, with the wicked and villainous minds of the two courtiers that led him to the slaughter, erased out the letters that concerned his death, and instead thereof graved others, with commission to the King of England to hang his two companions. * * * *

"Hamblet, while his father lived, had been instructed in that devilish art, whereby the wicked spirit abuseth mankind, and advertiseth him of things past. It toucheth not the matter herein to discover whether this prince, by reason of his over-great melancholy, had received those impressions, divining that which never any but himself had before declared."—Finally, Hamblet, after a complete revenge, becomes King of Denmark, marries two wives, and dies in battle.—See PAYNE COLLIER'S SHAKESPEARE LIBRARY, vol. i.

IV.—The Madness of Hamlet.

"Under Shakespeare's treatment Hamlet's madness becomes something altogether different from the obstinate premeditation or melancholy enthusiasm of a young prince of the Middle Ages, placed in a dangerous position, and engaged in a dark design: it is a grave moral condition, a great malady of soul, which, at certain epochs and in certain states of society and of manners, frequently attacks the most highly gifted and the noblest of our species, and afflicts them with a disturbance of mind which sometimes borders very closely upon madness. The world is full of evil, and of all kinds of evil. What sufferings, crimes, and fatal, although innocent errors! What general and private iniquities, both strikingly apparent and utterly unknown! What merits, either stifled or neglected, become lost to the public and a burden to their possessors! What falsehood, and coldness, and levity, and ingratitude, and forgetfulness, abound in the relations and feelings of men! Life is so short—and yet so agitated—sometimes so burdensome and sometimes so empty! The future is so obscure! So much darkness at the end of so many trials! In reference to those who only see this phase of the world and of human destiny, it is easy to understand why their mind becomes disturbed, why their heart fails them, and why a misanthropic melancholy becomes an habitual feeling, which plunges them by turns into irritation or doubt—into ironical contempt or utter prostration. * * * Read the four great monologues in which the Prince of Denmark abandons himself to the reflective expression of his inmost feelings; gather together from the whole play the passages in which he casually gives them utterance; seek out and sum up that which is manifest and that which is hidden in all that he thinks and says, and you will everywhere recognize the presence of the moral malady just described. Therein truly resides, much more than in his personal griefs and perils, the source of Hamlet's melancholy; in this consists his fixed idea and his madness. * * * In order to render the exhibition of so sombre a disease not only endurable but attractive, Shakespeare has endowed the sufferer himself with the gentlest and most alluring qualities. He has made Hamlet handsome, popular, generous, affectionate, and even tender."

Guizot.

V.—Incidents and Scheme of Hamlet.

"Hamlet is disqualified for action by his excess of the reflective tendencies, and by his unstable will, which alternates between complete inactivity and fits of excited energy. Naturally sensitive, he receives a

painful shock from the hasty second marriage of his mother; already the springs of faith and joy in his nature are embittered; then follows the terrible discovery of his father's murder, with the injunction laid upon him to revenge the crime; upon this, again, follow the repulses which he receives from Ophelia. A deep melancholy lays hold of his spirit, and all of life grows dark and sad to his vision. Although hating his father's murderer, he has little heart to push on his revenge. He is aware that he is suspected, and surrounded by spies. Partly to baffle them; partly to create a vail behind which to seclude his true self; partly because his whole moral nature is, indeed, deeply disordered, he assumes the part of one whose wits have gone astray. Except for one loyal friend, he is alone among enemies or supposed traitors. Ophelia he regards as no more loyal or honest to him than his mother had been to her dead husband. The ascertainment of Claudius's guilt by means of the play still leaves him incapable of the last decisive act of vengeance. Not so, however, with the king, who, now recognizing his foe in Hamlet, does not delay to despatch him to a bloody death in England. But there is in Hamlet a terrible power of sudden and desperate action. From the melancholy which broods over him after the death of Ophelia, he rouses himself to the play of swords with Laertes, and at the last, with strength which leaps up before its final extinction, he accomplishes the punishment of the malefactor." EDWARD DOWDEN.

VI.—THE KEY-NOTE OF HAMLET.

"In Hamlet, Shakespeare seems to have wished to exemplify the moral necessity of a due balance between our attention to the objects of our senses and our meditation on the workings of our mind—an equilibrium between the real and the imaginary worlds. In Hamlet this balance is disturbed; his thoughts and the images of his fancy are far more vivid than his actual perceptions; and his very perceptions, instantly passing through the medium of his contemplation, acquire, as they pass, a form and color not actually their own. Hence, we see a great, an almost enormous, intellectual activity, and a proportionate aversion to real action consequent upon it, with all its symptoms and accompanying qualities. This character Shakespeare places in circumstances under which it is obliged to act on the spur of the moment. Hamlet is brave, and careless of death; but he vacillates from sensibility, and procrastinates from thought, and loses the power of action in the energy of resolve." COLERIDGE.

"By an internal impulse, Hamlet is continually aiming at his own idea of man; whom he calls a work of wonder, 'noble in reason, infinite in faculties, in action like an angel, in apprehension like a god.' And, accordingly, because it is, on this account, repugnant to his nature to adopt any course of conduct upon external compulsion, there arises a conflict between the inward bias of his mind and the pressure of outward circumstances. He is unable to enter upon the enjoined work, not simply because it is too great and weighty for him, but because he cannot transmute it into an inward spontaneous impulse of his own. Hence come his vacillation, his hesitating and procrastinating, and his fluctuating purpose, now advancing and now falling back; hence, too, the vehemence of his self-accusation, with which he would goad himself into prompt measures, without, however, being able to control time and its flight; hence, too, the inconsistency and irresolution of his proceedings, and apparently also of his character." ULRICI.

VII.—TIME, AGE AND PERSONS OF HAMLET.

Queen Gertrude is married to King Claudius within a month after the death of King Hamlet. Within two months after that occurrence the spirit of the deceased monarch appears to the Prince. The first act opens at midnight, and covers about twenty-four hours. In the play-scene it is stated by Ophelia that King Hamlet has been dead four months. About two months, therefore, must be supposed to elapse between Hamlet's meeting with his father's ghost and the scene in which he catches the conscience of the King. On the night of the play he kills Polonius. The next day [see the beginning of Act IV.] he is embarked for England. He has been two days at sea when he escapes to the pirate galley. It may be assumed that his homeward journey occupies two days more,—perhaps longer. Polonius, meanwhile, has been hurriedly and privately buried, and Ophelia has gone mad and been accidentally drowned. Hamlet is in Elsinore on the day of Ophelia's burial, and he, by chance, meets the funeral train in the church-yard. The final catastrophe seems to occur immediately after the interment,—albeit, a bout with foils is an incident but harshly consorted with the day of such a solemnity. Altogether, the action of "Hamlet" is seen to be circumscribed, certainly, within ten weeks. The season of the year is indeterminate. "The air bites shrewdly" in the first act; but Ophelia gathers flowers in the fourth, and a military expedition is seen to be in progress. Late autumn is the season most consonant with the tone of the tragedy. The grave-digger's words show that Hamlet is thirty years

old; the Queen, accordingly, must be set down at about forty-eight. The King, it seems reasonable to think, is younger than his wife, or about her own age. Horatio should be older than Hamlet, and Laertes considerably younger. Polonius, whom Coleridge well denotes as "the personification of wisdom no longer possessed," should be deemed about sixty. Ophelia is "a young maid." The courtiers are, obviously, young men. It is Shakespeare's method, in displaying action long past, to display it as if proceeding in the present, and to surround and embellish it with illustrative accessories, often appertaining to a period long subsequent to its own. There was, for example, no University at Wittenberg in the period of "Hamlet," but there was a University there in the time of Shakespeare. King Claudius, like King John (1199), is furnished with cannon; but, in fact, cannon were not in use till the later period of the battle of Cressy (1346). In short, the civilization, the feelings, and the adjuncts of the tragedy [and this determines the character of the dresses and properties that may be used in representing it] are consonant, not with the period to which it relates, but to the period in which it was written. Mr. Booth, however, has been accustomed to dress this piece in conformity with the usages of an ancient period in the history of Denmark, in order to invest its scenes with something of the character of the age to which its story relates.

W. W.

156 (-157)

MACBETH

VOL. I

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Preface.

✣

"MACBETH" is remarkable, even among the works of Shakespeare, for sustained continuity of rapid movement, and for a uniform and abiding quality of high and weird poetic mood. In general, as may be gathered from Ben Jonson's famous commemorative lines, its author was a scrupulous and thorough reviser of his own writings. He did not scorn to reinforce his spontaneous creative power with laborious art, and thus he produced his "well-turned and true-filed lines" by striking "the second heat upon the Muses' anvil." But, in the writing of "Macbeth," he seems to have enjoyed supreme mental freedom. He possessed an hour of insight, and his art was merged in inspiration. The piece is breezy with power, and is totally free from the heaviness and difficulty of a constrained effort. Even the quality of the verse is invariable throughout this play. No feeble passages occur in it. The texture of the fifth act is as firm as the texture of the first. The rush of dramatic action enters into and vitalizes almost every part of the mechanism. A piece thus vigorously and happily created cannot lapse from movement into narrative. All stage versions of "Macbeth," accordingly, present, with but slight curtailment or other alteration, the original of Shakespeare. The version herewith printed gives the text as it is used by Edwin Booth, and illustrates it with the stage business—whether traditional or newly devised—which he employs. Excisions and changes of the original will be observed in it; but these—few in number, though important in character—are thought to be necessary

and justifiable. Lady Macbeth, for example, is not brought on amid the tumult of horror and consternation which ensues upon the discovery of the murder of Duncan, for the reason that, while the dramatic point here made is splendid and thrilling, it does not often happen that a representative of Lady Macbeth proves able to give it its proper effect. The slaughter of Banquo is omitted, as a needless exhibition of melodramatic violence. The killing of Lady Macduff — an incident usually discarded — is expunged for the same reason. This, indeed, is a superfluity of horror, much like the actual digging out of Gloster's eyes, in "King Lear." The spectre of Banquo is treated as the "bodiless creation" of Macbeth's haunted mind. "When all 's done," says the Queen, "you look but on a stool." This phantom, in accordance with the old stage direction, "Enter the Ghost of Banquo and sits in Macbeth's place," was always presented in material form and with gory visage, till John Philip Kemble, acting Macbeth, treated it as kindred with the illusion of "the air-drawn dagger," and assumed it to be invisible to all but the King. Amplifying lines have been excluded, at various points in the piece. The colloquy between Malcolm and Macduff in Act Fourth has been shortened, and the dubious and non-essential part of Hecate has been omitted. This part, there is reason to believe, was interpolated into Shakespeare's work, after his death, or after he had withdrawn from the theatre. This is the opinion of the Cambridge editors, Clark and Wright, who also think that the parts assigned to "the weird sisters" were expanded by a second author — not improbably Thomas Middleton. This writer was chronologer to the city of London in 1626, and died a little after that year. A play by him, called "The Witch," much resembling "Macbeth," was discovered, in manuscript, in 1779, and Steevens maintained that this was earlier than Shakespeare's "Macbeth," and that Shakespeare borrowed from it the incantations in his tragedy. The editors of the "Biographia Dramatica" follow this view; but the weight of opinion is opposed to it. Shakespeare, it is thought, left theatrical life about 1604; and he died in 1616. "Macbeth," which was never published during his life-time, might readily have been altered

in the theatre, before it came into the possession of Heminge and Condell, who first gave it to the world in their folio of 1623. Dr. Dowden, a sagacious authority, considers Middleton's "Witch" to be of later date than Shakespeare's "Macbeth." The text of the Folio of 1623 has been followed, except in a very few instances, in this reprint. Shakespeare found the materials for this tragedy in Holinshed's Chronicle. It is thought to have been written after 1603, because of its allusion to the union of the sovereignties of England and Scotland, under James I., who came to the throne in that year. This reference is to kings "that twofold balls and treble sceptres carry." Malone thought it was written about 1606. Dr. Forman saw "Macbeth" acted, on April 20th, 1610, at the Globe, in Southwark; so that the piece could not have been of later date than that. Shakespeare was, probably, at New Place, in Stratford, when he wrote it. The original representative of Macbeth was Burbage. The part has been acted by all the prominent English-speaking tragedians who have followed in his illustrious footsteps. Betterton, Garrick, Barry, Macklin, Young, Kemble, Kean, Vandenhoff, Forrest, Junius Booth, Davenport, and Brooke—all were famous in it. Garrick, notwithstanding that he dressed it in scarlet coat and white wig, is said to have uttered its deep and various meaning with wonderful power. Kemble's Macbeth was accounted prodigious. But, probably, this great character found its consummate interpreter in Macready. Gould, in his "Tragedian," gives this glimpse of the method of several of these renowned actors: "Vandenhoff played the imagery; Macready, the analysis; Kean, the passion of the scene; Booth, the character—which not only includes the other methods but supplies an element wanting in them."

W. W.

New-York, September 27th, 1878.

✠

"Old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago."—WORDSWORTH.

"Can nothing great, and at the height,
Remain so long? but its own weight
Will ruin it?"—BEN JONSON.

"Noctes atque dies patet atri Janua Ditis."—VIRGIL.

"Harke! the ravenne flappes hys wynge
In the briered delle belowe:
Harke! the deathe-owle loude dothe synge
To the nyghte mares as heie goe."—CHATTERTON.

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*"Ghosts are seen there at noon: the valley is silent, and the people shun the place of Lamor. * * * * Darkness rests on the steeps of Cromla. A distant wind roars in the woods. Silent and dark is the plain of death. * * * * They shall mark it like the haunt of ghosts, pleasant and dreadful to the soul."*—OSSIAN.

"He strives against the stream, nor can his power reverse the first decrees of fate."—CERVANTES.

"And sleep shall obey me,
And visit thee never,
And the curse shall be on thee
Forever and ever."—SOUTHEY.

"A burning cauldron stood in the midst,
The flame was fierce and high,
And all the cave, so wide and long,
*Was plainly seen thereby * * * **
The lights they fled, the cauldron sunk,
Deep thunders shook the dome,
And hollow peals of laughter came,
Resounding through the gloom."
HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

"With hopes that but allure to fly,
With joys that vanish while he sips,
Like Dead Sea fruits, that tempt the eye,
But turn to ashes on the lips."—MOORE.

"For all things born one gate
Opens, no gate of gold;
Opens—and no man sees
Beyond the gods and fate."—SWINBURNE.

✠

"Brave Macbeth (well he deserves that name),
Disdaining fortune, with his brandished steel."

"What are these,
So withered, and so wild in their attire,
That look not like th' inhabitants o' the earth?"

"Were such things here as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?"

"Look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it."

"Now, o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleep."

"Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building."

"Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie,
In restless ecstasy."

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain?"

"I am in blood
Stepped in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er."

"Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
Some say he's mad: others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury."

"This dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen—
Who, as 't is thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life."

Persons Represented.

✠

DUNCAN, *King of Scotland.*

MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, } *Sons to Duncan.*

MACBETH, BANQUO, } *Generals of Duncan's army.*

MACDUFF, LENNOX, ROSSE, } *Noblemen of Scotland.*

FLEANCE, *Son to Banquo.*

SEYTON, *an Officer attending on Macbeth.*

A DOCTOR.

A SOLDIER.

A PORTER.

A SERVANT.

LADY MACBETH.

GENTLEWOMAN, *attending on Lady Macbeth.*

THREE WITCHES.

LORDS, LADIES, GENTLEMEN, OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, MURDERERS, ATTENDANTS, and MESSENGERS.

SEVERAL APPARITIONS.

Place and Time.

✠

SCENE.—*Chiefly in Scotland: Macbeth's Castle, at Inverness; the Royal Palace, at Forres; Dunsinane; and other places. One scene passes in England.*

PERIOD.—*The Eleventh Century* [*1040–1056-7*].

TIME OF ACTION.—*Uncertain. The action proceeds in brief periods, scattered, at intervals, over seventeen years.*

MACBETH.

Act First.

Scene First. { A WILD OPEN PLACE. NIGHT. THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

[*Enter three Witches.*

First Witch.

When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

Second Witch.

When the hurlyburly 's done,
When the battle 's lost and won.

Third Witch.

That will be ere the set of sun.

First Witch.

Where the place?

Second Witch.

Upon the heath.

Third Witch.

There to meet with—Macbeth.

First Witch.

I come, Graymalkin!

All.

Paddock calls:—anon!—
Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

[*Witches vanish.—Scene changes.*

Scene Second.—A CAMP NEAR FORRES.

[*March.—Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Soldier.*

Dun.

What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal.

This is the sergeant,
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity.—Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil
As thou didst leave it.

Sold.

Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald
(Worthy to be a rebel,—for, to that,
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him) from the western isles
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;
And fortune, on his damnèd quarry smiling,
Showed like a rebel's drab: but all 's too weak:
For brave Macbeth (well he deserves that name),
Disdaining fortune, with his brandished steel,

Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion,
Carved out his passage till he faced the slave;
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseamed him from the nave to the chaps;
And fixed his head upon our battlements.

Dun.

O, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Sold.

Mark, King of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had, with valour armed,
Compelled these skipping kerns to trust their heels,
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbished arms and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

Dun.

Dismayed not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Sold.

Yes;
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.—
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

Dun.

So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;
They smack of honour both.
Go, get him surgeons. [*To Attendants.*
[*Exit Soldier, attended.*
Who comes here?

Mal.

The worthy thane of Fife.

Len.

What a haste looks through his eyes!
So should he look that seems to speak things strange.

[*Enter Macduff.*

Macduff.

God save the king!

Dun.

Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

Macduff.

From Fife, great king;
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold.
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,
The thane of Cawdor, 'gan a dismal conflict;
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapped in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point, rebellious arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us ——

Dun.

Great happiness!

Macduff.

That now
Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men
Till he disbursèd, at Saint Colmès-inch,
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun.

No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest:—go, pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Macduff.

I 'll see it done.

Dun.

What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won.

[*March.—Exeunt.—Scene changes.*

Scene Third. { A LONELY HEATH. NIGHT-FALL. LIGHTNING AND THUNDER.

[*Enter the three Witches.*

First Witch.

Where hast thou been, sister?

Second Witch.

Killing swine.

Third Witch.

Sister, where thou?

First Witch.

A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And mounched, and mounched, and mounched:—
"Give me," quoth I:
"Aroint thee, witch!" the rump-fed ronyon cries.—
Her husband 's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:
But in a sieve I 'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I 'll do, I 'll do, and I 'll do.

Second Witch.

I 'll give thee a wind.

First Witch.

Thou art kind.

Third Witch.

And I another.

First Witch.

I myself have all the other;
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.
I 'll drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid;

He shall live a man forbid:
Weary seven-nights nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.—
Look what I have.

Second Witch.

Show me, show me.

First Witch. [*Displaying this.*

Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wrecked as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*

Third Witch.

A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come.

All.

The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about;
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine:
Peace! the charm 's wound up.

Witches join hands, move round in circle, and bow thrice.

[*Enter Macbeth and Banquo.*

Macbeth.

So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban.

How far is 't called to Forres?—What are these
So withered, and so wild in their attire,
That look not like th' inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on 't?—Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips:—you should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macbeth.

Speak, if you can;—what are you?

First Witch.

All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

Second Witch.

All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

Third Witch.

All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter!

Ban.

Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair?—I' the name of truth,
[*To the witches.*
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal:—to me you speak not.
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow, and which will not,
Speak, then, to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.

First Witch.

Hail!

Second Witch.

Hail!

Third Witch.

Hail!

First Witch.

Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

Second Witch.

Not so happy, yet much happier.

Third Witch.

Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:
So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

First Witch.

Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

Macbeth.

Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you.
[*Witches vanish.*

Ban.

The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them:—whither are they vanished?

Macbeth.

Into the air; and what seemed corporal melted
As breath into the wind.—Would they had stayed!

Ban.

Were such things here as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macbeth.

Your children shall be kings.

Ban.

You shall be king.

Macbeth.

And thane of Cawdor, too,—went it not so?

Ban.

To the self-same tune and words.— [*Trumpet.*
Who 's here?

[*Enter Rosse and Macduff.*

Macduff.

The king hath happily received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success: and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine or his: silenced with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeared of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale,
Come post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And poured them down before him.

Rosse.

We are sent
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Macduff.

And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. [*Aside.*

What! can the devil speak true?

Macbeth.

The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me
In borrowed robes?

Macduff.

Who was the thane lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life

Which he deserves to lose.
For treasons capital, confessed and proved,
Have overthrown him.

Macbeth. [*Aside.*

Glamis, and thane of Cawdor;
The greatest is behind.—
Thanks for your pains.— [*To Macduff and Rosse.*
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
[*To Banquo.*
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me
Promised no less to them?

Ban.

That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 't is strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.—
Cousins, a word, I pray you. [*To Macduff and Rosse.*

Macbeth. [*Aside.*

Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—
I thank you, gentlemen.— [*To Macduff and Rosse.*
This supernatural soliciting [*Aside.*
Cannot be ill; cannot be good:—if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function

Is smothered in surmise; and nothing is
But what is not.

Ban.

Look, how our partner 's rapt.

Macbeth. [*Aside.*

If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.

Ban.

New honours come upon him
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould
But with the aid of use.

Macbeth. [*Aside.*

Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban.

Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macbeth.

Give me your favour: — my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are registered where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. — Let us toward the king:
[*Aside to Banquo.*
Think upon what hath chanced; and, at more time,
The interim having weighed it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban.

Very gladly.

Macbeth.

Till then, enough. — Come, friends.

[*Exeunt. — Scene changes.*

Scene Fourth.—FORRES. SAME AS SCENE SECOND.

[*Flourish. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, and Attendants.*

Dun.

Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet returned?

Mal.

My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die: who did report,
That very frankly he confessed his treasons;
Implored your highness' pardon; and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he owed,
As 't were a careless trifle.

Dun.

There 's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

[*Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Rosse, and Macduff.*

O, worthiest cousin! [*To Macbeth.*
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me; thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserved,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macbeth.

The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part

Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state children and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing everything
Safe toward your love and honour.

Dun.

Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.— Noble Banquo
That has no less deserved, nor must be known
No less to have done so: let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban.

There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Dun.

My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.— Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland: which honour must
Not unaccompanied invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.— From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you. [*To Macbeth.*

Macbeth.

The rest is labour which is not used for you:
I 'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So, humbly take my leave.

Dun.

My worthy Cawdor!

[*Exeunt all but Macbeth.*

Macbeth.

The Prince of Cumberland! that is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires;
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.

[*Exit.— Scene changes.*

Scene Fifth. { INVERNESS. A ROOM IN MACBETH'S CASTLE.

[*Enter Lady Macbeth, reading a letter.*

Lady M.

"They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me, 'Thane of Cawdor;' by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail king that shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promised: yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition—but without
The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly

That wouldst thou holily: wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win:
Thou 'dst have, great Glamis,
That which cries, "Thus thou must do, if thou have it;"
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crowned withal.

[*Enter an Attendant.*

What is your tidings?

Atten.

The king comes here to-night.

Lady M.

Thou art mad to say it: ——
Is not thy master with him? who, were 't so,
Would have informed for preparation.

Atten.

So please you, it is true: — our thane is coming:
One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady M.

Give him tending;
He brings great news.

[*Exit Attendant.*

The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;

[*Touching her heart.*

And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse;
That no compunctious visitings of nature

Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry "Hold, hold!" [*Enter Macbeth.*
Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macbeth.

My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M.

And when goes hence?

Macbeth.

To-morrow—as he purposes.

Lady M.

O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters:—to beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it. He that 's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my despatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macbeth.

We will speak further.

Lady M.

Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.— Scene changes.*

Scene Sixth. { INVERNESS. IN FRONT OF MACBETH'S CASTLE. MARCH. — DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENNOX, MACDUFF, ROSSE, AND ATTENDANTS ARE DISCOVERED.

Dun.

This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban.

This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,
The air is delicate.
[*Enter Lady Macbeth, attended.— She kneels.*

Dun.

See, see, our honoured hostess!—
The love that follows us sometimes is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you
How you shall bid God yield us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M.

All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,

Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,
And the late dignities heaped up to them,
We rest your hermits.

Dun.

Where 's the thane of Cawdor?
We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady M.

Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

Dun.

Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host; we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [*March.—Exeunt into Castle.*

Scene Seventh. { INVERNESS. A ROOM IN MACBETH'S CASTLE.

[*Enter Macbeth.*

Macbeth.

If it were *done* when 't is done, then 't were well
It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all *here*,

But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,—
We 'd jump the life to come. But, in these cases,
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
To our own lips. He 's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other —— [*Enter Lady Macbeth* R.
How now! what news? [*To Lady Macbeth.*

Lady M.

He has almost supped: why have you left the chamber?

Macbeth.

Hath he asked for me?

Lady M.

Know you not he has?

Macbeth.

We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honoured me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M.

Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dressed yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeared
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

Macbeth.

Pr'ythee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.

Lady M.

What beast was 't, then,
That made you break this enterprize to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 't is to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn
As you have done to this.

Macbeth.

If we should fail?

Lady M.

We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking-place
And we 'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep

(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him), his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep
Their drenchèd natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
Th' unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macbeth.

Bring forth men children only;
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,
When we have marked with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and used their very daggers,
That they have done 't?

Lady M.

Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Macbeth.

I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.
[*Exeunt.*

CURTAIN.

Act Second.

Scene First. { INVERNESS. COURT WITHIN MACBETH'S CASTLE.

[*Enter Banquo, preceded by Fleance with a torch.*

Ban.

How goes the night, boy?

Fle.

The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban.

And she goes down at twelve.

Fle.

I take 't, 't is later, sir.

Ban.

Hold, take my sword: [*Gives his sword to Fleance.*
There 's husbandry in heaven,
Their candles are all out:—take thee that too.

[*Gives his dagger to Fleance.—Banquo is here conscious of the latent power of temptation, and seems wishful to rid himself of all incentives to dangerous thoughts, and all the means of mischief.*

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep:—merciful powers,
Restrain in me the cursèd thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose! [*Noise without.*
Give me my sword:— [*Snatches sword from Fleance.*
Who 's there?

[*Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.*

Macbeth.

A friend.

Ban.

What! sir, not yet at rest? The king 's a-bed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices:
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
[*Gives a ring to Macbeth.*
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.

Macbeth.

Being unprepared,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban.

All 's well.— [*Starts to go* L. U. E.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have showed some truth.

Macbeth.

I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
Would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban.

At your kind'st leisure.

Macbeth.

If you shall cleave to my consent,— when 't is,
It shall make honour for you.

Ban.

So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchised, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counselled.

Macbeth.

Good repose the while!

Ban.

Thanks, sir: the like to you!

[*Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.*

Macbeth. [*To Servant.*

Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell.

[*Exit Servant.—Then, after a brief pause, re-enter Servant, who waits Macbeth's final commands.*

Get thee to bed. [*To Servant.—Exit Servant.*
Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand?
Come, let me clutch thee:—
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressèd brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.—There 's no such thing:
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and withered murder,
Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl 's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost.
Thou sure and firm-set earth,

Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. [*A bell rings.*
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

[*Exit Macbeth.—A low rumble of thunder is heard, as Macbeth goes out.—Then, after a pause, enter Lady Macbeth.*

Lady M.

That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;
What hath quenched them hath given me fire.—
Hark!—Peace!
It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman
Which gives the stern'st good-night.
He is about it:
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores:
I have drugged their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die. [*Distant Thunder.*

A Voice. [*Within.*

[*This line is spoken within, by one of the drunken chamberlains.*

Who 's there? what, ho!

Lady M.

Alack, I am afraid they have awaked,
And 't is not done:—the attempt and not the deed
Confounds us.—Hark! I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss them.—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done 't.

[*Re-enter Macbeth. In his fright and frenzy, he makes as if to stab her.*

My husband!

Macbeth.

I have done the deed.—Didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady M.

I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?

Macbeth.

When?

Lady M.

Now.

Macbeth.

As I descended?

Lady M.

Ay. [*Distant thunder.*

Macbeth.

Hark!—
Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady M.

Donalbain.

Macbeth.

[*Looking on his hands, which are blood-stained, and in one of which he grasps two blood-stained daggers.*

This is a sorry sight.

Lady M.

A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macbeth.

There 's one did laugh in 's sleep, and one cried "Murder!"
That they did wake each other; I stood and heard them:
But they did say their prayers, and addressed them
Again to sleep.

Lady M.

There are two lodged together.

Macbeth.

One cried, "God bless us!" and "Amen," the other;
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
Listening their fear, I could not say "Amen,"
When they did say, "God bless us."

Lady M.

Consider it not so deeply.

Macbeth.

But wherefore could not I pronounce "Amen"?
I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"
Stuck in my throat. [*Low thunder.*

Lady M.

These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macbeth.

Methought I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep,"—the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast ——

Lady M.

What do you mean?

Macbeth.

Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to all the house:
"Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more,—Macbeth shall sleep no more!"
[*Low thunder.*

Lady M.

Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things.—Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
[*Seeing the daggers.*

Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macbeth.

I 'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on 't again I dare not.

Lady M.

[*Snatching the daggers from his hand.*

Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures: 't is the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I 'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;
For it must seem their guilt.

[*Exit Lady Macbeth into Duncan's chamber.— Low thunder.— A long pause: then sharp and quick knocking is heard.*

Macbeth.

Whence is that knocking?
How is 't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green—one red.

[*Re-enter Lady Macbeth.*

Lady M.

My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking.*
I hear a knocking
At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it, then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended. [*Knocking.*
Hark! more knocking:

Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers:— [*Thunder.*
Be not lost so poorly in your thoughts!

Macbeth.

To know my deed, 't were best not know myself.
[*Knocking.*
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!

[*Exeunt Macbeth and Lady Macbeth.*

[*Enter a Porter, with lanthorn and keys.—Knocking heard.*

Port.

Here 's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key.—[*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who 's there, i' the name of Beelzebub? Here 's a farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins enow about you; here you 'll sweat for 't.—[*Knocking.*] Knock, knock! Who 's there, in the other devil's name? Faith, here 's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven; oh, come in, equivocator.—[*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who 's there? Faith, here 's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose.—[*Knocking.*] Knock, knock; never at quiet! What are you?—But this place is too cold for hell. I 'll devil-porter it no further. I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [*Knocking.*] Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter.

[*Porter opens the gate.*

[*Enter Macduff and Lennox* C.

Macduff.

Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?

Port.

Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock.

Macduff.

I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port.

That it did, sir, i' the very throat on me.

Macduff.

Is thy master stirring? — [*Looking off, he sees Macbeth.*
Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

[*Exit Porter. Enter Macbeth, hurriedly, and half dressed.*

Len.

Good-morrow, noble sir.

Macbeth.

Good-morrow, both.

Macduff.

Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macbeth.

Not yet.

Macduff.

He did command me to call timely on him:
I have almost slipped the hour.

Macbeth.

I 'll bring you to him.

Macduff.

I know this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet 't is one.

Macbeth.

The labour we delight in physics pain.
This is the door. [*Indicates the door by a gesture.*

Macduff.

I 'll make so bold to call,
For 't is my limited service. [*Exit.*

Len.

Goes the king hence to-day?

Macbeth.

He does:—he did appoint so.

Len.

The night has been unruly: where we lay
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death
And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion and confused events
New hatched to the woeful time: the obscure bird
Clamoured the livelong night: some say, the earth
Was feverous and did shake.

Macbeth.

'T was a rough night.

Len.

My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

[*Re-enter Macduff.*

Macduff.

O, horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee!

Macbeth and Len.

What 's the matter?

Macduff.

Confusion now hath made his master-piece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building!

Macbeth.

What is 't you say? the life?

Len.

Mean you his majesty?

Macduff.

Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon:—do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves.

[*Exeunt Macbeth and Lennox, and enter Seyton in disordered dress.*

Awake, awake!—
Ring the alarum-bell:—murder and treason!—[*Exit Seyton.*
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself! up, up, and see
The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
To countenance this horror! [*Alarm-bell rings.*

[*Enter Banquo and others, from all sides; all in disordered dress.*

O, Banquo, Banquo,
Our royal master 's murdered!

All.

Murdered!

[*Re-enter Macbeth and Lennox* R. I. E.

Macbeth.

Had I but died an hour before this chance
I had lived a blessèd time; for, from this instant,
There 's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

[*Enter Malcolm and Donalbain* R. 2. E.

Don.

What is amiss?

Macbeth.

You are, and do not know 't:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopped,—the very source of it is stopped ——

Macduff.

Your royal father 's murdered.

Mal.

O, by whom?

Len.

Those of his chamber, as it seemed, had done 't:

[*Exit Malcolm and Donalbain into Duncan's chamber.*

Their hands and faces were all badged with blood;
So were their daggers, which, unwiped, we found
Upon their pillows:
They stared, and were distracted; no man's life
Was to be trusted with them.

Macbeth.

O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macduff.

Wherefore did you so?

Macbeth.

Who can be wise, amazed, temperate, and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Outran the pauser, reason. Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood;
And his gashed stabs looked like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,

Steeped in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breeched with gore: who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make his love known?

Ban.

Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand; and thence
Against the undivulged pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Macduff.

And so do I.

All.

So all.

Macbeth.

Let 's meet i' the hall together,
To question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further.

All.

Well contented.

CURTAIN.

Act Third.

Scene First. { FORRES. A ROOM IN THE ROYAL PALACE. LENNOX, ROSSE, SEYTON, BANQUO, FLEANCE, LORDS, LADIES, AND ATTENDANTS, DISCOVERED.

[*Banquo advances.*

Ban. [*Aside, in soliloquy.*

Thou hast it now,—king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promised; and, I fear,
Thou playedst most foully for 't: yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity;
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine),
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? [*March.*
But, hush; no more.

[*Enter Macbeth, as King; Lady Macbeth, as Queen —with Attendants.*

Macbeth.

Here 's our chief guest. [*Indicating Banquo.*

Lady M.

If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing unbecoming.

Macbeth.

To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir, [*To Banquo.*
And I 'll request your presence.

Ban.

Let your highness
Command upon me; to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
Forever knit.

Macbeth.

Ride you this afternoon?

Ban.

Ay, my good lord.

Macbeth.

We should have else desired your good advice
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous)
In this day's council; but we 'll take to-morrow.
Is 't far you ride?

Ban.

As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper; go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.

Macbeth.

Fail not our feast.

Ban.

My lord, I will not.

Macbeth.

We hear our bloody cousins are bestowed
In England and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention, ——

[*Lady Macbeth, turning from her ladies, with whom, apparently, she has been engaged, takes his hand, to stop his further reference to this subject.*

But of that to-morrow;

When therewithal we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu,
[*Banquo and Fleance cross to* L.—*Fleance pauses, to kiss the hand which Macbeth extends to him.*
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban.

Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon us.

Macbeth.

I wish your horses swift and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell.— [*Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.*
Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night: to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you!
[*Exeunt Lady Macbeth, Lennox, Rosse, Lords, Ladies, etc., separately.—Seyton alone remains.*
Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men [*To Seyton.*
Our pleasure?

Sey.

They are, my lord, without the palace-gate.

Macbeth.

Bring them before us. [*Exit Seyton.*
To be thus is nothing;
But to be safely thus:—our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be feared: 't is much he dares.
He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hailed him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;

For them the gracious Duncan have I murdered;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance.—
Who 's there? [*Re-enter Seyton, with two Murderers.*
Now, go to the door, and stay there till we call.
[*To Seyton.—Exit Seyton.*
Was it not yesterday we spoke together?
[*To the Murderers.*

First Mur.

It was, so please your highness.

Macbeth.

Well then, now,
Have you considered of my speeches?
Are you so gospelled,
To pray for this good man and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bowed you to the grave,
And beggared yours for ever?

Second Mur.

I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed, that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.

First Mur.

And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugged with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on 't.

Macbeth.

Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.

Both Mur.

True, my lord.

Macbeth.

So is he mine; and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: and though I could
With barefaced power sweep him from my sight
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For sundry weighty reasons.

Second Mur.

We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

First Mur.

Though our lives ——

Macbeth.

Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at most,
I will advise you where to plant yourselves;
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on 't; for 't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always thought
That I require a clearness: and with him
(To leave no rubs nor botches in the work)
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour.
[*The Murderers glance at each other.*
Resolve yourselves apart:
I 'll come to you anon.

Both Mur.

We are resolved, my lord.

Macbeth.

I 'll call upon you straight: abide within.
[*Exeunt Murderers* L.
It is concluded:—Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.
[*Exit Macbeth.*

Scene Second. { FORRES. ANOTHER ROOM IN THE ROYAL PALACE.

[*Enter Lady Macbeth and Seyton.*

Lady M.

Is Banquo gone from court?

Sey.

Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady M.

Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

Sey.

Madam, I will. [*Exit Seyton* L.

Lady M.

Naught 's had, all 's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'T is safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.
[*Enter Macbeth* L.
How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making;
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without remedy
Should be without regard: what 's done is done.

Macbeth.

We have scotched the snake, not killed it:
She 'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint,
Both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,

[*The plural is here used in the personal and affectionate sense, and not in the royal manner: and this, among other kindred speeches, should indicate the love that Macbeth feels for his wife.*

Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.

Lady M.

Come on;
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial 'mong your guests to-night.

Macbeth.

O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance live.

Lady M.

But in them nature's copy 's not eterne.

Macbeth.

There 's comfort yet; they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown
His cloistered flight; ere, to black Hecate's summons,
The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M.

What 's to be done?

Macbeth.

Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed.— Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale!— Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rouse.—
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill:
So pr'ythee, go with me. [*Exeunt* R.—*Scene changes.*

Scene Third. { FORRES. A ROOM OF STATE IN THE ROYAL PALACE. A BANQUET DISPLAYED. MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSSE, LENNOX, LORDS, AND ATTENDANTS, DISCOVERED.

Macbeth.

You know your own degrees: sit down: at first
And last the hearty welcome.

Lords.

Thanks to your majesty. [*All sit.*

Macbeth.

Ourself will mingle with society, [*Descends from throne.*
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state; but, in best time,
We will require her welcome.

Lady M. [*On throne.*

Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks they are welcome.

[*All rise and bow.—Then, all re-seat themselves, except Rosse and Lennox, who go to Lady Macbeth.*

Macbeth.

See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.—
Both sides are even: here I 'll sit i' the midst:

[*Enter First Murderer* C. *with the Servants, who bring dishes.—First Murderer has a few drops of blood upon his cheek.—He brings a goblet of wine to Macbeth.*

Be large in mirth; anon we 'll drink a measure
The table round.—
There 's blood upon thy face. [*To Murderer.*

Mur.

'T is Banquo's, then. [*Kneels at* L. *of Macbeth.*

Macbeth.

Is he despatched?

Mur.

My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

Macbeth.

Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: yet he 's good
That did the like for Fleance.

Mur.

Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scaped.

Macbeth.

Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;
As broad and general as the casing air:
But now I am cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?

Mur.

Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenchèd gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.

Macbeth.

Thanks for that:
There the grown serpent lies; the worm, that 's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present.
[*Is about to drink; but the colour of the wine sickens him, and he gives the goblet back to the Murderer, who places it on the table, and, at Macbeth's next words, spoken simultaneously with this action, quietly slinks out of the room.*
Get thee gone: to-morrow
We 'll hear — ourselves again. [*Exit Murderer.*

Lady M.

My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold
That is not often vouched, while 't is a making,
'T is given with welcome: to feed were best at home;
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

Macbeth.

Sweet remembrancer! —
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both! [*To all.*

Len.

May 't please your highness sit.

Macbeth.

Here had we now our country's honour roofed,
Were the graced person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!

Rosse.

His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness
To grace us with your royal company.
[*Macbeth stares, in horror.*

Len.

What is 't that moves your highness?

Macbeth.

Which of you have done this?

Lords.

What, my good lord?

Macbeth.

Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

Rosse.

Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well. [*All rise.*

Lady M.

Sit, worthy friends:—my lord is often thus, [*All sit.*
And hath been from his youth; pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well: if much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion:
Feed, and regard him not.—
[*Guests endeavour not to notice what follows.*
Are you a man? [*To Macbeth.*

Macbeth.

Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

Lady M.

O, proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts

(Impostors to true fear) would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all 's done,
You look but on a stool.

Macbeth.

Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?—
[*Stares at imaginary spectre.*
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.—
If charnel-houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*Sinks on her bosom.*

Lady M.

What! quite unmanned in folly?

Macbeth.

If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M.

Fie, for shame!
[*Lady Macbeth goes among the guests, and presently ascends the throne.*

Macbeth. [*Aside.*

Blood hath been shed ere now; i' the olden time,
Ere human statute purged the gentle weal;
Ay, and since, too, murders have been performed,
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: this is more strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady M.

My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macbeth.

I do forget:—
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I 'll sit down.—Give me some wine; fill full:
I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all. [*Stares at chair.*
Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with! [*All rise.*

Lady M.

Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom; 't is no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macbeth.

What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger:
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! [*Spectre is supposed to vanish.*
Why, so;—being gone,
I am a man again.

Lady M. [*To Macbeth.*

You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admired disorder.

Macbeth.

Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,

Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanched with fear.

All.

What sights, my lord?

[*Macbeth sinks at the foot of the throne.*

Lady M. [*To the Guests.*

I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him: at once, good-night;
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.
A kind good-night to all!

[*Exeunt all except Macbeth and Lady Macbeth.*

[*After dismissing the guests, Lady Macbeth turns sternly and fiercely to Macbeth, but, seeing him so utterly crushed, she relents, and comes, lovingly and very gently, towards him.*

Macbeth.

It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood:
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
Augurs and understood relations have
By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks brought forth
The secret'st man of blood.

[*Lady Macbeth places her hand gently on his shoulder. At this he starts, and seeing her, changes in mood as he asks:*

What is the night?

Lady M.

Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macbeth.

How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person
At our great bidding?

Lady M.

Did you send to him, sir?

Macbeth.

I hear it by the way; but I will send;
There 's not a one of them but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow
(And betimes I will) to the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good
All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stepped in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.

Lady M.

You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macbeth.

Come, we 'll to sleep.

[*With a look and a tone of dreary and forlorn bitterness.*

My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:—
We are yet but young in deed.

[*As Macbeth lifts his hand to press his brow he touches the crown. He removes it, and gazes upon it with looks of loathing. As he does this, Lady Macbeth gradually sinks to the floor, on her knees.*

SLOW CURTAIN.

Act Fourth.

Scene First. A DARK CAVE. IN THE MIDDLE, A CAULDRON, BOILING. THUNDER. THE THREE WITCHES DISCOVERED.

First Witch.

Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed.

Second Witch.

Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whined.

Third Witch.

Harpier cries:—'t is time, 't is time.

First Witch.

Round about the cauldron go;
In the poisoned entrails throw.—
Toad, that under coldest stone
Days and nights hast thirty-one
Sweltered venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmèd pot.

[*She drops a substance into the cauldron.*

All.

[*The Witches walk around the cauldron, stirring its contents with their sticks.*

Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

Second Witch.

Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,

Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,—
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
[*Repeats action of First Witch.*

All.

Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble. [*Business as before.*

Third Witch.

Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravined salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digged i' the dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of yew
Slivered in the moon's eclipse;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-delivered by a drab—
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.
[*Repeats action of First Witch.*

All.

Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble. [*Business as before.*

Second Witch.

Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.
[*All crouch around cauldron.—A pause.*
By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes:— [*Noise outside.*
Open, locks,
Whoever knocks!

[*Enter Macbeth* C. *above.*

Macbeth.

How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!
What is 't you do?

The Three Witches.

A deed without a name.

Macbeth.

I cònjure you, by that which you profess
(Howe'er you come to know it), answer me
To what I ask you.

First Witch.

Speak.

Second Witch.

Demand.

Third Witch.

We 'll answer.

First Witch.

Say, if thou 'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters'?

Macbeth.

Call them, let me see them.

First Witch.

Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease, that 's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

The Three Witches.

Come, high or low;
Thyself and office deftly show!

[*Thunder. An apparition of an armèd head rises. This head is "made up" to resemble Macbeth.*

Macbeth.

Tell me, thou unknown power ——

First Witch.

He knows thy thought:
Hear his speech, but say thou naught.

App.

Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife.— Dismiss me: — enough.

Macbeth.

Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks:
Thou hast harped my fear aright: — but one word more ——

[*Apparition descends.— Thunder.*

First Witch.

He will not be commanded: here 's another,
More potent than the first.

[*Thunder.— An apparition of a blood-stained child rises.*

App.

Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! —

Macbeth.

Had I three ears, I 'd hear thee.

App.

Be bloody — bold — and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth.

[*Descends.— Thunder.*

Macbeth.

Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?
But yet I 'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.— What is this,

[*Thunder. An apparition of a child, crowned, with a tree in his hand, rises.*

That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty?

The Three Witches.

Listen, but speak not to 't.

App.

Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquished be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him.

[*Descends.— Thunder.*

Macbeth.

That will never be:
Who can impress the forest; bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!
Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: tell me (if your art
Can tell so much), shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

The Three Witches.

[*They rise and go to* R.

Seek to know no more.

Macbeth.

I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you!

[*Macbeth descends from rocks. The cauldron sinks. Thunder and discordant sounds, shrieks, etc., are heard.*

Let me know:—
Why sinks that cauldron, and what noise is this?

First Witch.

Show! [*Passing from* R. *to* L.

Second Witch.

Show! [*The same.*

Third Witch.

Show! [*The same.*

The Three Witches.

Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart!

[*Eight kings appear, and pass over in order, the last with a glass in his hand; Banquo following.*

Macbeth. [*As they pass.*

Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls:—and thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—
A third is like the former.—Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this?—A fourth?—Start, eyes!—
What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?—
Another yet?—A seventh?—I 'll see no more:—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more;
Horrible sight!—Now, I see, 't is true;

[*The Witches vanish as Banquo appears.*

For the blood-boltered Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.—What! is this so?
Where are they? Gone?—Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursèd in the calendar!—
Come in, without there! [*Enter Seyton, above.*

Sey.

What 's your grace's will?

Macbeth.

Saw you the weird sisters?

Sey.

No, my lord.

Macbeth.

Came they not by you?

Sey.

No, indeed, my lord.

Macbeth.

Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damned all those that trust them!—I did hear
The galloping of horse: who was 't came by?

Sey.

'T is two or three, my lord, that bring you word
Macduff is fled to England.

Macbeth.

Fled to England!

Sey.

Ay, my good lord.

Macbeth.

Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it: from this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I 'll do before this purpose cool:
But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Scene closes.*

Scene Second.—A Wood in England.

[*Enter Malcolm and Macduff.*

Mal.

Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macduff.

Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,
Bestride our down-fallen birthdom: each new morn
New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yelled out
Like syllable of dolour.

Mal.

What I believe, I 'll wail;
What know, believe; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have loved him well;
He hath not touched you yet.
I am young; but something
You may discern of him through me; and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb
To appease an angry god.

Macduff.

I am not treacherous.

Mal.

But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon;
That which you are my thoughts cannot transpose:
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.

Macduff.

I have lost my hopes.

Mal.

Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife and child
(Those precious motives, those strong knots of love),

Without leave-taking?—I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties:—You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macduff.

Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dare not check thee! wear thou thy wrongs,
The title is affeered.—Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that 's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal.

Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands: but, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before;
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macduff.

What should he be?

Mal.

It is myself I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be opened, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared
With my confineless harms.

Macduff.

Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damned
In evils to top Macbeth.

Mal.

I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name: but there 's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: and my desire
All continent impediments would o'erbear,
That did oppose my will: better Macbeth,
Than such a one to reign:
For had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macduff.

O, Scotland, Scotland!

Mal.

If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

Macduff.

Fit to govern!
No, not to live.—O, nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody sceptered,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accursed,
And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king: the queen that bore thee,
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banished me from Scotland.—O, my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

Mal.

Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature.
I scarcely yet have coveted mine own;
At no time broke my faith; would not betray
The devil to his fellow; and delight
No less in truth than life: my first false speaking
Was this upon myself:—what I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point, was setting forth:
Now we 'll together; and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

Macduff.

Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
'T is hard to reconcile.
See, who comes here?

Mal.

My countryman; but yet I know him not.

[*Enter Rosse.*

Macduff.

My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal.

I know him now:—good God, betimes remove
The means that make us strangers!

Rosse.

Sir, Amen.

Macduff.

Stands Scotland where it did?

Rosse.

Alas! poor country,—
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be called our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rend the air,
Are made, not marked: where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy: the dead man's knell
Is there scarce asked for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.

Macduff.

O, relation
Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal.

What 's the newest grief?

Rosse.

That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;
Each minute teems a new one.

Macduff.

How does my wife?

Rosse.

Why, well. [*Solemnly.*

Macduff.

And all my children?

Rosse.

Well, too.

Macduff.

The tyrant has not battered at their peace?

Rosse.

No; they were well at peace when I did leave them.

Macduff.

Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes it?

Rosse.

When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witnessed the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
[*To Malcolm.*
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal.

Be it their comfort
We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men;
An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.

Rosse.

Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words
That would be howled out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.

Macduff.

What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief
Due to some single breast?

Rosse.

No mind that 's honest
But in it shares some woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macduff.

If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse.

Let not your ears despise my tongue forever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

Macduff.

I guess at it.

Rosse.

Your castle is surprised; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughtered; to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murdered deer,
To add the death of you.

Mal.

Merciful Heaven!—
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Macduff.

My children too?

Rosse.

Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

Macduff.

And I must be from thence!—
My wife killed too?

Rosse.

I have said.

Mal.

Be comforted:
Let 's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macduff.

He has no children.—All my pretty ones?
Did you say all?—O, hell-kite!—All?
What! all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?

Mal.

Dispute it like a man.

Macduff.

I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am!
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls.

Mal.

Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macduff.

O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue!—But, gentle heavens,
Cut short all intermission; front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!

CURTAIN.

Act Fifth.

Scene First. { DUNSINANE. A ROOM IN MACBETH'S CASTLE.

[*Enter a Doctor and a Waiting Gentlewoman.*

Doct.

I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent.

Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct.

A great perturbation in nature,—to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching!—In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent.

That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct.

You may to me; and 't is most meet you should.

Gent.

Neither to you nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.—Lo you, here she comes!

[*Enter Lady Macbeth, with a light*, &c.

This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doct.

How came she by that light?

Gent.

Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 't is her command.

Doct.

You see, her eyes are open.

Gent.

Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct.

What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent.

It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M.

Yet here 's a spot.

Doct.

Hark! she speaks.

Lady M.

Out, damnèd spot! out, I say!—One, two; why, then 't is time to do 't.—Hell is murky!—Fie! my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeared? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct.

Do you mark that?

Lady M.

The thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now?— What! will these hands ne'er be clean? No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Doct.

Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent.

She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M.

Here 's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. O, O, O!

Doct.

What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent.

I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Lady M.

Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo 's buried; he can not come out on 's grave.

Doct.

Even so?

Lady M.

To bed, to bed; there 's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand: what 's done can not be undone: to bed, to bed, to bed.

[*Exit Lady Macbeth. Doctor and Gentlewoman stand apart, watching her.— Scene changes.*

Scene Second. { DUNSINANE. ANOTHER ROOM IN MACBETH'S CASTLE. [SECOND GROOVES.]

[*Enter Macbeth and Attendants.*

Macbeth.

Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What 's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus,—
"Fear not, Macbeth; no man that 's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee."—Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures;
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

[*Enter a Servant.*

The devil damn thee, black, thou cream-faced loon!
Where got'st thou that goose look?

Serv.

There is ten thousand ——

Macbeth.

Geese, villain?

Serv.

Soldiers, sir.

Macbeth.

Go prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-livered boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

Serv.

The English force, so please you.

Macbeth.

Take thy face hence. [*Exit Servant.*
Seyton!—I am sick at heart,

When I behold——Seyton, I say!—This push
Will chair me ever, or disseat me now.
I have lived long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.—
Seyton! [*Enter Seyton.*

Sey.

What is your gracious pleasure?

Macbeth.

What news more?

Sey.

All is confirmed, my lord, which was reported.

Macbeth.

I 'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hacked.
Give me my armour.

Sey.

'T is not needed yet.

Macbeth.

I 'll put it on.—
Send out more horses, skirr the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine armour.—
[*Exit Seyton* R.—*Enter Doctor* L.
How does your patient, doctor?

Doct.

Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macbeth.

Cure her of that:
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct.

Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

Macbeth.

Throw physic to the dogs,—I 'll none of it.—
[*Enter Seyton, with armour.*
Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff:—
Seyton, send out —— Doctor, the thanes fly from me.—
If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence?
Hear'st thou of them?

Doct.

Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something. [*Seyton offers armour.*

Macbeth.

Bring it after me.—
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

Scene Third. { FULL STAGE. COUNTRY NEAR DUNSINANE: A WOOD IN VIEW. FLOURISH. MALCOLM, MACDUFF, LENNOX, ROSSE, AND SOLDIERS DISCOVERED.

Mal.

Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.

Len.

We doubt it nothing.

Rosse.

What wood is this before us?

Len.

The wood of Birnam.

Mal.

Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear 't before him: thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Soldiers.

It shall be done.

[*A number of soldiers go out, at different sides, with axes, etc.*

Len.

We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before 't.

Mal.

'T is his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt;
And none serve with him but constrainèd things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macduff.

Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.
The time approaches
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:
Towards which advance the war.

[*Soldiers enter, from different sides, with boughs.—Scene closes in.*

Scene Fourth.—DUNSINANE. WITHIN THE CASTLE.

[*Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Officers.*

Macbeth.

Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, "They come:" our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up:
Were they not forced with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful beard to beard,
And beat them backward home.

[*A cry of women, within.*

What is that noise?

Sey.

It is the cry of women, my good lord.

[*Exit Seyton* L.

Macbeth.

I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been my senses would have cooled
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir

As life were in 't: I have supped full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me. [*Re-enter Seyton* L.
Wherefore was that cry?

Sey.

The queen, my lord, is dead. [*All show signs of sorrow.*

Macbeth.

She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.—
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life 's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing. [*Enter a Servant.*
Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

Serv.

Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.

Macbeth.

Well, say, sir.

Serv.

As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I looked toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macbeth.

Liar and slave!

Serv.

Let me endure your wrath, if 't be not so:
[*Servant kneels.*
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

Macbeth.

If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.
[*Servant rises and goes up* C.
I pull in resolution; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth: "Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane;"—and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out!
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is no flying hence nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish th' estate o' the world were now undone.—
Ring the alarum-bell!—Blow, wind! come wrack!
At least we 'll die with harness on our back.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene Fifth. { DUNSINANE. A PLAIN BEFORE THE CASTLE. MALCOLM, MACDUFF, AND THEIR ARMY, WITH BOUGHS, DISCOVERED.

Mal.

Now near enough; your leafy screens throw down,
And show like those you are.—You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff and we
Shall take upon us what else remains to do,
According to our order.
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macduff.

Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

[*Flourish.— Exeunt.— Alarums.—Enter Macbeth.*

Macbeth.

They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—What 's he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

[*Exit.—Alarums.—Enter Macduff.*

Macduff.

That way the noise is.—Tyrant, show thy face!
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms
Are hired to bear their staves: either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbattered edge,
I sheathe again undeeded.
Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not.

[*Exit.— Alarums.— Re-enter Macbeth.*

Macbeth.

Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them. [*Re-enter Macduff.*

Macduff.

Turn, hell-hound, turn!

Macbeth.

Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back; my soul is too much charged
With blood of thine already.

Macduff.

I have no words,—
My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*

Macbeth.

Thou losest labour:
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmèd life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macduff.

Despair thy charm;
And let the angel whom thou still hast served
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripped.

Macbeth.

Accursèd be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cowed my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I 'll not fight with thee.

Macduff.

Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time;
We 'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole and underwrit,
" Here may you see the tyrant."

Macbeth.

I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be bated with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last:
Lay on, Macduff;
And damned be him that first cries, "Hold, enough!"

[*They fight, and Macbeth is killed.—Flourish.—Enter, with drum and banners, Malcolm, Rosse, Lennox and Soldiers.*

All. [*To Malcolm.*

Hail, king of Scotland! [*Flourish.*

CURTAIN.

MACBETH.

APPENDIX.

I.—Historical Basis of Macbeth.

"THE interest of 'Macbeth' is not an historical interest. It matters not whether the action is true, or has been related as true: it belongs to the realms of poetry altogether. We might as well call 'Lear' or 'Hamlet' historical plays, because the outlines of the story of each are to be found in old records of the past. * * * * That Shakespeare found sufficient material for this great drama in Holinshed's 'History of Scotland' is a fact that renders it quite unnecessary for us to enter into any discussion as to the truth of this portion of the history. * * * * Better authorities than Holinshed had access to have shown that the contest for the crown of Scotland between Duncan and Macbeth was a contest of factions, and that Macbeth was raised to the throne by his Norwegian allies after a battle in which Duncan fell; in the same way, after a long rule, was he vanquished and killed by the son of Duncan, supported by his English allies." CHARLES KNIGHT.

The passages in Holinshed's history which Shakespeare has followed in the composition of this tragedy relate, with much particularity and in antiquated prose, the meeting of Macbeth and Banquo with the Witches; the accession of Macbeth to the throne of Scotland; the murder of Banquo and the escape of Fleance; the trial of Macduff's loyalty by Malcolm, and the defeat and death of Macbeth. The essential parts of this narrative have been, by Shakespeare, transfigured into noble poetry. The dry details of the history become, in the tragedy, fascinating incidents of a grim, weird, and terrible romance; while the royal monster of the chronicle is elevated, in the poem, into a grand and piteous image of natural heroism perverted and ruined by the potent and irresistible instruments of a malignant fate. Shakespeare did not hesitate to wander away from the historic original. The appearance of the ghost of Banquo to Macbeth and the sleep-walking of Lady Macbeth are inventions of the poet; and he has very artfully combined with Holinshed's account

of Macbeth the same writer's description of the murder of King Duffe by Donwald—more than sixty years before Macbeth's time. This description, when contrasted with the second act of the tragedy, illustrates, with brilliant effect, the wonderful poetic method of Shakespeare. It is also a useful specimen of the style of the old chronicler whom he so often read and followed. W. W.

"The King got him into his privy chamber, only with two of his chamberlains, who, having brought him to bed, came forth again, and then fell to banqueting with Donwald and his wife, who had prepared divers delicate dishes and sundry sorts of drinks for their rear-supper or collation, whereat they sat up so long, till they had charged their stomachs with such full gorges, that their heads were no sooner got to the pillow but asleep they were so fast that a man might have removed the chamber over them sooner than to have awaked them out of their drunken sleep.

"Then Donwald, though he abhorred the act greatly in heart, yet, through instigation of his wife, he called four of his servants unto him [whom he had made privy to his wicked intent before, and framed to his purpose with large gifts], and now, declaring unto them after what sort they should work the feat, they gladly obeyed his instructions, and, speedily going about the murder, they entered the chamber [in which the King lay] a little before cock's-crow, where they secretly cut his throat, as he lay sleeping, without any bustling at all; and immediately, by a postern gate, they carried forth the dead body into the fields. * * * * Donwald, about the time that the murder was in doing, got him amongst them that kept the watch, and so continued in company with them all the residue of the night. But in the morning, when the noise was raised in the King's chamber how the King was slain, his body conveyed away, and the bed all beraid with blood, he, with the watch, ran thither, as though he had known nothing of the matter, and, breaking into the chamber, and finding cakes of blood in the bed and on the floor about the sides of it, he forthwith slew the chamberlains as guilty of that heinous murder. * * * * For the space of six months together, after this heinous murder thus committed, there appeared no sun by day, nor moon by night, in any part of the realm; but still was the sky covered with continual clouds, and sometimes such outrageous winds arose, with lightnings and tempests, that the people were in great fear of present destruction."

HOLINSHED'S HISTORY OF SCOTLAND.

The contrast between the apocryphal and the real history of Macbeth is suggested in the subjoined summary of facts :

"Macbeth, or Macbeathad MacFinlegh, as he is called in contemporary chronicles, was a king of Scotland. From his father, Finlegh, the son of Ruadhri, he inherited the rule of the province of Moray, and he became allied with the royal line by his marriage with Gruoch MacBoedhe, the granddaughter of King Kenneth MacDuff. In the year 1039 he headed an attack upon King Duncan MacCrinan at a place called Bothgouanan (the Smith's Bothy), where the King was mortally wounded, but survived to be carried to Elgin, in Moray. Macbeth now ascended the throne, and his reign of seventeen years is commemorated in the chronicles as a time of plenty. He made grants to the Culdees of Loch Leven, and in the year 1050 went in pilgrimage to Rome. Malcolm MacDuncan, or Ceanmore, the eldest son of King Duncan MacCrinan, had fled to England on his father's death; and in the summer of 1054, his kinsman, Siward, Earl of Northumberland, led an English army into Scotland against Macbeth. That King was defeated with great slaughter, but escaped from the field, and still kept the throne. Four years afterwards he was again defeated by Malcolm MacDuncan, and, fleeing northwards across the mountain-range, since called the Grampians, he was slain at Lumphanan, in Aberdeenshire, on the 5th of December, 1056. His followers were able to place his nephew, or step-son, Lulach, on the throne; and his defeat and death at Essie, in Strathbogie, on the 3d of April, 1057, opened the succession to Malcolm, who, three weeks afterwards, was crowned at Scone. This is all that is certainly known of the history of Macbeth. The fables which gradually accumulated round his name were systematized in the beginning of the fifteenth century by the historian Hector Boece, from whose pages they were transferred to the chronicle of Holinshed, where they met the eye of Shakespeare. Nearly half a century before his great play was written, Buchanan had remarked how well the legend of Macbeth was fitted for the stage."—CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA, vol. vi., p. 237.

Duncan reigned over Scotland from 1034 till 1039–40; Macbeth from 1039–40 till 1056–57. Finlegh, Thane of Glamis, the father of Macbeth, is mentioned in the tragedy, as Sinel. Duncan was the son of Beatrice, eldest daughter of King Malcolm — whom he succeeded upon the throne. Macbeth was the son of Doada, the younger daughter of King Malcolm; so that Duncan and Macbeth were cousins. W. W

"The real wife of Macbeth — she who lives only in the obscure record of an obscure age — bore the very unmusical appellation of Gruoch, and was instigated to the murder of Duncan, not only by ambition, but by motives of vengeance. She was the granddaughter of Kenneth IV., killed in 1003, fighting against Malcolm II., the father of Duncan."

MRS. JAMESON.

"The royal widow [of Gryffyth, son of Llewellyn, the Welch King] had laid by the signs of mourning; she was dressed with the usual stately and loose-robed splendour of Saxon matrons, and all the proud beauty of her youth was restored to her cheek. At her feet was that daughter who afterwards married the Fleance so familiar to us in Shakespeare, and became the ancestral mother of those Scottish kings who had passed, in pale shadows, across the eyes of Macbeth." * * * * "And so, from Gryffyth, beheaded by his subjects, descended Charles Stuart."— BULWER'S "HAROLD." Book x, chapter 8.

II.—THEME AND SUBSTANCE OF MACBETH.

"The theme of the drama is the gradual ruin, through yielding to evil within and evil without, of a man, who, though from the first tainted by base and ambitious thoughts, yet possessed elements in his nature of possible honour and loyalty. The contrast between Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, united by their affections, their fortunes, and their crime, is made to illustrate the character of each. Macbeth has physical courage, but moral weakness, and is subject to excited, imaginative fears. His faint and intermittent loyalty embarrasses him—he would have the gain of crime without its pains. But when once his hands are dyed in blood, he hardly cares to withdraw them, and the same fears which had tended to hold him back from murder, now urge him on to double and treble murders, until slaughter, almost reckless, becomes the habit of his reign. At last, the gallant soldier of the opening of the play fights for his life with a wild and brute-like force. His whole existence has become joyless and loveless, and yet he clings to existence. Lady Macbeth is of a finer and more delicate nature. Having fixed her eyes upon an end,—the attainment for her husband of Duncan's crown,—she accepts the inevitable means; she nerves herself for the terrible night's work by artificial stimulants; yet she cannot strike the sleeping King, who resembles her father. Having sustained her weaker husband, her own strength gives way; and in sleep, when her will cannot controul her

thoughts, she is piteously afflicted by the memory of one stain of blood upon her little hand. At last her thread of life snaps suddenly. Macbeth, whose affection for her was real, has sunk too far into the apathy of joyless crime to feel deeply her loss. Banquo, the loyal soldier, praying for restraint of evil thoughts which enter his mind as they had entered that of Macbeth, but which work no evil there, is set over against Macbeth, as virtue is set over against disloyalty. The Witches are the supernatural beings of terror, in harmony with Shakespeare's tragic period, as the fairies of the 'Midsummer Night's Dream' are the supernatural beings of his days of fancy and frolic, and as Ariel is the supernatural genius of his latest period. There is at once a grossness, a horrible reality about the Witches, and a mystery and grandeur of evil influence." EDWARD DOWDEN.

"I take it, what Shakespeare meant to represent in Macbeth was the kind of character which is most liable to be influenced by a belief in supernatural agencies,—a man who is acutely sensitive to all impressions; who has a restless imagination, more powerful than his will; who sees daggers in the air and ghosts in the banquet-hall; who has moral weakness and physical courage, and who alternates perpetually between terror and daring,—a trembler when opposed by his conscience, and a warrior when defied by his foe."—BULWER. *Speech at the Farewell Banquet to Macready, London, March 1st, 1851.*

"Among those undefined influences which stream from the greater dramas of Shakespeare may be numbered the climate of the play; and this, while often eluding the observation, tells surely upon the feeling of the reader. * * * * We pass to the chill mists of Scotland. * * * * The supernatural element in 'Macbeth' is more pervading and various in its workings than in 'Hamlet.' The character is more closely knit; the action more peremptory and progressive. In his ambition, and in the ways of satisfying it, there are points of likeness to 'Richard.' But Richard moved toward his design 'without remorse or dread,' while Macbeth is a victim to both these conditions: not from a lack of courage, but by virtue of a morbid excess of imagination, which projects his thoughts into objects. So dominant is this quality that the weird sisters themselves seem like the outward shapes of his guilty purposes. They appear first upon the scene, then vanish, then re-appear,

as if they were the influences of his mind as well as the heralds of his approach. * * * * Macbeth's action is a succession of crimes, but the intervals are filled with thoughtful speech. The truth and beauty that slide into these musings show the native affinity of the imaginative faculty with what is best in man."—THOMAS R. GOULD. "THE TRAGEDIAN," pp. 118–119–128.

"The tragedy of 'Macbeth' is a moral tempest. Crimes and retributions come whirling past us like the rushing of a resistless hurricane. The very prologue of the play is spoken in thunder and lightning; the moral and material worlds seem shouting and responding to each other in convulsions and cataracts. * * * * Everywhere we have storms, physical and spiritual, treading on the heels of physical and spiritual calms. * * * * Slumber shuts up the senses of the body, to let out the secrets of the soul. Memory plies her spinning-wheel and shuttle, to weave the burning mantle of remorse. Imagination lends her plastic hand to body forth the apprehensions of guilty fear. * * * * In the exciting of terror, this play is truly without a parallel. Almost every scene is a masterpiece either of poetry or of philosophy, of description or character or action or passion. * * * * There is probably no other single work in the whole domain of art or nature that furnishes so many and so magnificent pictures for imagination, or so many and so magnificent subjects for reflection. It forms a sort of university, where poetry has long been wont to resort for its highest inspirations, and moral philosophy for its profoundest instructions and illustrations."—H. N. HUDSON.

"Macbeth's passions are imperious, but no series of reasonings and projects determines and governs them; they form a lofty tree, but one devoid of roots, which the least breeze may shake, and the fall of which is a disaster. Hence arises his tragic grandeur; it resides in his destiny more than in his character."—GUIZOT.

"In this and the like cases our interest fastens on what is not evil in the character. There is something kindling and ennobling in the consciousness, however awakened, of the energy which resides in mind; and many a virtuous man has borrowed new strength from the force, constancy, and dauntless courage of evil agents."—DR. CHANNING.

III.—The Characters in Macbeth.

"A strong and excitable imagination, set on fire of conscience, naturally fascinates and spell-binds the other faculties, and thus gives an objective force and effect to its own internal workings. Under this guilt-begotten hallucination, the subject loses present dangers in horrible imaginings, and comes to be tormented with his own involuntary creations. Thus conscience inflicts its retributions, not directly in the form of remorse, but indirectly through imaginary terrors which again react on the conscience, as fire is kept burning by the current of air which itself generates. In such a mind, the workings of conscience may be prospective and preventive; the very conception of crime starting up a swarm of terrific visions to withhold the subject from perpetration. Arrangement is thus made in our nature for a process of compensation, in that the same faculty which invests crime with unreal attractions also calls up unreal terrors to deter from its commission. A predominance of this faculty everywhere marks the character and conduct of Macbeth. * * * * He seems remorseless only because in his mind the agonies of remorse project and translate themselves into the spectres of a conscience-stricken imagination.

"In Lady Macbeth, on the contrary, the workings of conscience can only be retrospective and retributive; she is too unimaginative either to be allured to crime by imaginary splendours, or withheld from it by imaginary terrors. Without an organ to project and embody its workings in outward visions, her conscience can only prey upon itself in the tortures of remorse. Accordingly, she knows no compunctious visitings before the deed, nor any suspension or alleviation of them after it. Thus, from her want or weakness of imagination, she becomes the victim of a silent but most dreadful retribution. * * * * This is a form of anguish to which heaven has apparently denied the relief or the mitigation of utterance. The agonies of an embosomed hell cannot be told; they can only be felt. * * * * If there be one ingredient in the cup of retribution more unspeakably bitter than all the rest, it must be this consciousness of guilt united with the conscious impossibility of repentance. This, I take it, is the worm that never dies and the fire that is not to be quenched." H. N. Hudson.

"When Lady Macbeth's passion is satisfied and the action committed, then only will the other consequences be revealed to her as a novelty of which she previously had not the slightest anticipation. Those fears,

and that necessity for new crimes, which her husband had foreseen at the outset, she has never thought of. * * * * Macbeth has become hardened in crime, after having hesitated to commit it, because he knew its character; but we shall see his wife, succumbing beneath the knowledge which she has acquired too late, substitute one fixed idea for another, die to deliver herself from its influence, and punish by the madness of despair the crime which she was led to commit by the madness of ambition. The other personages, introduced merely to fill up this great picture of the progress and destiny of crime, have no other colour than that of the position given them by history." GUIZOT.

"The crime of Lady Macbeth terrifies us in proportion as we sympathize with her; and this sympathy is in proportion to the degree of pride, passion and intellect we may ourselves possess. It is good to behold and to tremble at the possible result of the noblest faculties uncontrolled or perverted.

"The obdurate inflexibility of purpose with which she drives on Macbeth to the execution of their project, and her masculine indifference to blood and death, would inspire unmitigated disgust and horror, but for the involuntary consciousness that it is produced rather by the exertion of a strong power over herself, than by absolute depravity of disposition and ferocity of temper.

"She is not a mere monster of depravity, with whom we have nothing in common. * * * * She is a terrible impersonation of evil passions and mighty powers, never so far removed from our own nature as to be cast beyond the pale of our sympathies; for the woman herself remains a woman to the last — still linked with her sex and with humanity."

MRS. JAMESON.

"Angels, once fallen, of course become the most incorrigible of devils. Hence it is that women generally are so much better or so much worse than the other sex. They seldom halt between two opinions; rarely linger at the half-way house of sin; hardly ever rest or rock in a state of moral betweenity; never stop to parley or play at hide-and-seek, or carry on a flirtation with the devil, but either embrace him or spurn him at once. Accordingly, it is a matter of common remark that a good head often saves a man from a bad heart, or a good heart from a bad head; but that in woman both head and heart generally are good or bad together, so that she can never fall back upon the one to save herself

from the tendencies of the other. This oneness and entireness of movement, this perfect freedom from the disharmony of conflicting impulses, makes Lady Macbeth as feminine as she is wicked, and even makes her appear more feminine the wickeder she becomes. But she stops as suddenly and entirely as she starts; her feelings and faculties have the same unanimity in retreating as in advancing. Fearful as she is in wickedness, she becomes equally pitiable in wretchedness, leaving pity and terror to contend for the writing of her epitaph. Her freedom, however, from nervous and intellectual irritability, secures her against spilling the secret of her guilt: subject to no fantastical terrors nor moral illusions, she never in the least loses her self-controul. The fearful ceaseless corrodings of her rooted sorrow may destroy, but cannot betray her, unless when the sense of her senses is shut in sleep. Her profound silence respecting 'the perilous stuff which weighs upon the heart,' makes an impression which all attempt at utterance would but weaken. We feel that beneath it lies a depth of woe and horror which can be disclosed only by drawing a veil over it. * * * * An awful mystery, too, hangs over the death of this woman, which no imagination can ever exhaust. We know not—the poet himself appears not to know—whether the eating back of her soul upon itself drives her to suicidal violence, or itself cuts asunder the cords of her life; whether the gnawings of the undying worm kill her, or she kills herself in order to escape them. All that we know is that the death of her body springs in some way from the inextinguishable life and the immedicable wound of her soul."

H. N. HUDSON.

"Mrs. Siddons, it is said, always maintained that her own person was unsuited to the part of Lady Macbeth, whom she regarded as of a rather slender, fragile make, full, indeed, of spirit and energy and fire, but withal exquisitely delicate and feminine in her composition. On this ground I can understand why Macbeth should regard and treat her as he does. Such, assuredly, is the woman for such a man to love and respect, and whose respect and love might be, and ought to be, dearer to him than life. Were she the fierce, scolding virago that she is generally considered to be, I cannot see how he could either wish to promote her honour or fear to incur her reproach. * * * * I can see nothing viraginous or Amazonian about her character. She has indeed the ambition to wish herself unsexed, but she has not the power to unsex herself except in words."

H. N. HUDSON.

IV.—Places of the Action of Macbeth.

The Heath.—A wild and dreary plain, called the Harmuir, on the borders of Elgin and Nairn, is assigned as the place of the meeting of Macbeth and the Weird Sisters. It is about six miles west of Forres, and is intersected by the high road between Forres and Nairn. The scene is made up of peat and bog-water, white stones and bushes of furze. It is, at all times, bleak and lonely; but, in storms, or when the fogs trail over its pathless waste, it must be unspeakably desolate.

Forres.—This is a royal burgh, in the county of Elgin, or Moray, and was such in the reign of King David I. [1124–1153], and, presumably, earlier. It lies at the foot of the Cluny Hills, on an old sea-terrace, not far from the mouth of the river Findhorn.

Inverness.—This also is a royal burgh, and is the capital of the Highlands of Scotland. Its surroundings are beautiful. Its first charter was granted by King William the Lion [1165–1214]. "Boece declares that Macbeth's castle, in which Duncan was murdered, was that which stood on an eminence to the south-west of the town." Duncan's son Malcolm razed that castle to the ground, and built another, on a different part of the hill. This also has disappeared. Knight says that the forts and castles of Macbeth's time were built of timber and sods—which crumbled away, ages ago.

Glamis and Cawdor.—Glamis Castle is about five miles from Forfar, within view of Birnam Hill. Cawdor Castle is about six miles from Nairn. Poetic superstition, of course, connects the name of Macbeth with both of them.

St. Colmes' Inch.—Meaning St. Columba's Island. It lies in the Firth of Forth, off the coast of Fife. A monastery was founded there by Alexander I.

Colmes' Kill.—Meaning Saint Columba's Cell. This is in the Island of Iona, off the west coast of Argyle. It was the burial-place of many ancient Scottish kings. A monastery was established there about 563, but was devastated in 1561. Tradition says that both Duncan and Macbeth were buried at Iona.

Scone.—This, from 973 to 1040, was a residence of the kings of Scotland, who, indeed, were crowned there, on a sacred stone—now in the seat of a chair, in Westminster Abbey, whither it was brought, by Edward I., in 1296—which is said to have been the pillow of Jacob, when he dreamed, and beheld the angels, on the plain of Luz. This

stone is still used in British coronation ceremonials. Scone was situated two miles north of Perth. Nothing remains of it but an aisle of its ruined abbey, founded in 838, and a few crumbling houses.

DUNSINANE.—One of the Sidlaw Hills, situated in the eastern part of Perthshire. It is 1114 feet high. On the top of it are the remains of an ancient fortification, popularly called Macbeth's Castle. Dunsinane is seven miles from Perth.

BIRNAM is another of the Sidlaws, and is twelve miles distant from Dunsinane. It is near Dunkeld, and it commands a fine view of the valley of the Tay. In former times it was covered by an ancient royal forest. W. W.

V.—THE WITCHES IN MACBETH.

"The Weird Sisters and all that belongs to them are but poetical impersonations of evil influences: they are the imaginative, irresponsible agents or instruments of the devil; capable of inspiring guilt, but not of incurring it; in and through whom all the powers of their chief seem bent up to the accomplishment of a given purpose. But with all their essential wickedness there is nothing gross or vulgar or sensual about them. They are the very purity of sin incarnate; the vestal virgins, so to speak, of hell; radiant with a sort of inverted holiness; fearful anomalies in body and soul, in whom everything seems reversed; whose elevation is downwards; whose duty is sin; whose religion is wickedness; and the law of whose being is violation of law! Unlike the furies of Eschylus, they are petrific, not to the senses, but to the thoughts. At first, indeed, on merely looking *at* them, we can hardly keep from laughing, so uncouth and grotesque is their appearance; but afterwards, on looking *into* them, we find them terrible beyond description; and the more we look into them, the more terrible do they become. * * * * We cannot act without motives, * * * * yet the cause of our acting lies in certain powers and principles within us. * * * * Motives can avail but little, without something to be moved. * * * * In Macbeth and Lady Macbeth the Weird Sisters find minds preconfigured and pre-attempered to their influences; and their success seems owing to the fact that the hearts of their victims were already open to welcome and entertain their suggestions. * * * * Macbeth, doubtless, had will enough before; but nothing short of supernatural agencies could furnish the motives to develop his will into act. * * * * Hence the necessity of the Weird Sisters to the rational accomplishment of the poet's design." H. N. HUDSON.

"In consequence of the Fall, and man's universal sinfulness, his power to will and to do is, by nature, tainted; it is powerless for good, and strong only for evil, so long as he refuses, not only to acknowledge or regret, but to atone for his otherwise incurable corruption, by becoming a partaker in the divine grace. And not only is the human mind thus given over to evil; but, inasmuch as man is the organic centre and culminating point of the whole earthly creation, even the powers of nature — between which and himself an intimate and essential connection subsists of action and re-action — must, of necessity, proceed with him in the same course. The evil which has struck so deep a root within himself meets him again from without, in the powers and elements of nature, with a tempting and seductive attraction. And again, the undeniable though dark and mysterious connection between this life and the next, constrains us to ascribe to the spiritual world a certain influence on the spirits as yet embodied on this earth. In this truth lies the profound meaning of the Christian doctrine of devils and evil spirits. * * * * Shakespeare's witches are a hybrid progeny: partly rulers of nature, and belonging to the nocturnal body of this earthly creation; partly human spirits, fallen from their original innocence, and deeply sunk in evil. They are the fearful echo which the natural and spiritual world gives back to the evil which sounds forth from the human breast itself — eliciting it, helping it to unfold and mature itself into the evil purpose and the wicked deed." DR. HERMANN ULRICI.

VI.—THE KNOCKING AT THE GATE IN MACBETH.

"Murder, in ordinary cases, where the sympathy is wholly directed to the case of the murdered person, is an incident of coarse and vulgar horror; and for this reason, that it flings the interest exclusively upon the natural, but ignoble, instinct by which we cleave to life; an instinct which, as being indispensable to the primal law of self-preservation, is the same in kind (though different in degree) amongst all living creatures: this instinct, therefore, because it annihilates all distinctions, and degrades the greatest of men to the level of 'the poor beetle that we tread on,' exhibits human nature in its most abject and humiliating attitude. Such an attitude would little suit the purposes of the poet. What then must he do? He must throw the interest on the murderer. Our sympathy must be with *him* (of course I mean a sympathy of comprehension, a sympathy by which we enter into his feelings, and are made to understand them,—not a sympathy of pity or approbation).

In the murdered person, all strife of thought, all flux and reflux of passion and of purpose, are crushed by one overwhelming panic; the fear of instant death smites him 'with its petrific mace.' But in the murderer, such a murderer as a poet will condescend to, there must be raging some great storm of passion—jealousy, ambition, vengeance, hatred—which will create a hell within him; and into this hell we are to look.

"In 'Macbeth,' for the sake of gratifying his own enormous and teeming faculty of creation, Shakespeare has introduced two murderers; and, as usual in his hands, they are remarkably discriminated; but, though in Macbeth the strife of mind is greater than in his wife, the tiger spirit not so awake, and his feelings caught chiefly by contagion from her,—yet, as both were finally involved in the guilt of murder, the murderous mind, of necessity, is finally to be presumed in both. This was to be expressed; and on its own account, as well as to make it a more proportionable antagonist to the unoffending nature of their victim, 'the gracious Duncan,' and adequately to expound 'the deep damnation of his taking off,' this was to be expressed with peculiar energy. We were to be made to feel that the human nature, *i. e.*, the divine nature of love and mercy, spread through the hearts of all creatures, and seldom utterly withdrawn from man—was gone, vanished, extinct; and that the fiendish nature had taken its place. * * * * The retiring of the human heart and the entrance of the fiendish heart was to be expressed and made sensible. Another world has stept in; and the murderers are taken out of the region of human things, human purposes, human desires. They are transfigured: Lady Macbeth is 'unsexed;' Macbeth has forgot that he was born of woman; both are conformed to the image of devils; and the world of devils is suddenly revealed. But how shall this be conveyed and made palpable? In order that a new world may step in, this world must for a time disappear. The murderers, and the murder must be insulated—cut off by an immeasurable gulf from the ordinary tide and succession of human affairs—locked up and sequestered in some deep recess; we must be made sensible that the world of ordinary life is suddenly arrested—laid asleep—tranced—racked into a dread armistice; time must be annihilated; relation to things without abolished; and all must pass self-withdrawn into a deep syncope and suspension of earthly passion. Hence it is that when the deed is done, when the work of darkness is perfect, then the world of darkness passes away like a pageantry in the clouds: the knocking at the gate is heard; and it makes known audibly that the reaction has commenced; the human has made its reflux upon the fiendish; the

pulses of life are beginning to beat again; and the re-establishment of the goings-on of the world in which we live first makes us profoundly sensible of the awful parenthesis that has suspended them."

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

VII.—COSTUME AND APPOINTMENTS FOR MACBETH.

The subjoined particulars are condensed from an article by Charles Knight, on the dresses and appointments proper to be used — of course, with due consideration of the privileges of poetry — in the representation of "Macbeth:"

The rudely sculptured monuments and crosses which time has spared upon the hills and heaths of Scotland afford but very slender and uncertain information respecting the dress and arms of the Scotch Highlanders of the eleventh century. The dress, as at present worn, is compounded of three varieties in the form of dress which were, separately, worn by the Highlanders in the seventeenth century; and each of these varieties may be traced back to the remotest antiquity. These are: 1st, The belted plaid; and, The short coat or jacket; 3rd, The truis. With each of these — or, at any rate, with the first and second — was worn, from the earliest periods to the seventeenth century, the long-sleeved, saffron-stained shirt, of Irish origin, called the Leni-croich — from the Irish words *leni*, shirt, and *crvich*, saffron. Knight quotes Piscottie [1573], and Nicolay d'Arfeville, cosmographer to the King of France [1583]. The Scotch Highlanders, says the former, "be cloathed with ane mantle, with ane schirt, saffroned, after the Irish manner, going bare-legged to the knee." "They wear," says the latter, "like the Irish, a large, full shirt, coloured with saffron, and over this a garment hanging to the knee, of thick wool, after the manner of a cassock. They go with bare heads, and allow their hair to grow very long, and they wear neither stockings nor shoes, except some who have buskins, made in a very old fashion, which come as high as the knees." Lesley [1578], also quoted by Knight, says: "Both nobles and common people wore mantles of one sort — except that the nobles preferred those of different colours. These were long and flowing, but capable of being gathered up at pleasure into folds. They had also shaggy rugs, such as the Irish use at the present day. The rest of their garments consisted of a short woolen jacket, with the sleeves open below, for the convenience of throwing their darts, and a covering for the thighs, of the simplest kind, more for decency than for show or defence against cold. They made also of linen very large shirts, with numerous folds and very large sleeves,

which flowed abroad loosely on their knees. These the rich coloured with saffron, and others smeared with some grease to preserve them longer clean among the toils and exercises of a camp." This confirms the identity of the ancient Scottish with the ancient Irish dress; as the Irish chieftains who appeared at court in the reign of Elizabeth were clad in these long shirts, short, open-sleeved jackets, and long, shaggy mantles. The truis, or trowse, is "the breeches and stockings of one piece." of the Irish in the time of Giraldus Cambrensis, and the bracchae of the Belgic Gauls and Southern Britons in that of Cæsar. It was an established Highland garment as far back as 1538, and therefore we may infer that it had long previously existed. A similar garment, it is certain, was worn by the chiefs of all the other tribes of the great Celtic or Gaelic family; and this fact gives probability to the belief that it was also worn by those of the ancient Scotch Highlanders. Skene, author of "The Highlanders of Scotland," says that the truis was from the very earliest period the dress of the gentry of Ireland, and that he is inclined to think it was introduced into Scotland from that country; and Knight thinks that this introduction may have taken place even centuries before the birth of Macbeth. The question whether the ancient Scottish Highlanders wore the many-coloured tartan, or plaid, is unsettled. The probability is that they did. Tartan was, originally, the name of a woolen stuff, and plaid was the name of the garment that was made of it. The Celtic Britons and the Belgic Gauls, according to Diodorus Siculus, wore a tunic, "flowered with various colours in divisions." The chequered cloth was termed in Celtic, *breacan*, and the Highlanders called it "cath-dath," meaning "the strife," or "war of colours." About the beginning of the sixteenth century, the plaids, or cloaks, of only the higher classes were variegated. The common people wore plaids of a brown colour—like that of the heather. Martin, in 1716, speaking of the female attire worn in the Western Isles, says that the ancient dress, which is still worn by some of the vulgar, called *arisad*, is a white plaid, having a few small stripes of black, blue, and red. The plain black and white stuff, commonly known as shepherd's plaid, is thought to be of great antiquity. It could easily have been manufactured. It is composed of the two natural colours of the fleece, and it required no process of dyeing. Defoe, in his "Memoirs of a Cavalier," describes the plaid worn in 1639 as "striped across red and yellow;" and the portrait of Lacy, the actor, painted in the time of Charles II., represents him dressed for Sawney the Scot, in a red, yellow, and black truis, and belted plaid, or, in stuff of the natural yellowish tint of the wool, striped across with black and red.

For the armour and weapons of the Scotch of the eleventh century there is more distinct authority. The sovereign and his Lowland chiefs appear early to have assumed the shirt of ring-mail of the Saxon; or, perhaps, the quilted *panzar* of their Norwegian and Danish invaders; but that some of the Highland chieftains disdained such defence must be admitted from the well-known boast of the Earl Strathearne, as late as 1138, at the Battle of the Standard: — "I wear no armour; yet those who do will not advance beyond me this day." It was indeed the old Celtic fashion for soldiers to divest themselves of almost every portion of covering, on the eve of combat, and to rush into battle nearly, if not entirely, naked.

The ancient Scottish weapons were the bow, the spear, the claymore, the battle-axe, and the dirk,— with round targets covered with bull's-hide and studded with nails and bosses of brass or iron. The Scottish female attire seems to have consisted, like that of the Saxon, Norman, and Danish women,— we may even add the ancient British,— of a long robe, girdled round the waist, and a full and flowing mantle, fastened on the breast by a large buckle or brooch of brass, silver, or gold, and set with common crystals, or precious gems, according to the rank of the wearer.

"Previously to this period, Macbeth used to be dressed in a suit of scarlet and gold, a tail wig, etc., in every respect like a modern military officer. Garrick always played it in this manner; and the fine picture of him and Mrs. Pritchard, in Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, after the murder, painted by Zoffani, exhibits him in this dress. Barry and Smith dressed it in a similar manner; and it long stood as the general costume of the stage. Macklin, however, whose eye and mind were ever intent on his profession, saw the absurdity of exhibiting a Scotch character, existing many years before the Norman conquest, in this manner, and, therefore, very properly abandoned it for the old Caledonian habit. He showed the same attention to the subordinate characters, as well as to the scenes, decorations, music and other incidental parts of the performance."—COOKE'S LIFE OF MACKLIN, pp. 283-4.

Macklin's appearance as Macbeth was made on October 23d, 1772, at Covent Garden, in London. His personation was not considered extraordinary. He was, however, the first to dress the part correctly. John Philip Kemble — who, as Othello, wore the uniform of a British gen-

eral — decorated the bonnet of Macbeth with a hearse-like plume — till Sir Walter Scott drew it out and substituted for it an eagle's feather.

W. W.

VIII.—Anecdotes of Macbeth.

"It is said that one night when he [Garrick] was performing Macbeth and the murderer entered the banquet scene, Garrick looked at him with such an expressive countenance, and uttered with such energy, 'There's blood upon thy face,' that the actor said, 'Is there, by —— ?' instead of, ''T is Banquo's, then'; thinking, as he afterwards acknowledged, that he had broken a blood-vessel."—John Taylor. "Records of My Life," p. 196.

Mrs. Siddons was of the opinion that the Ghost of Banquo is seen by Lady Macbeth as well as by Macbeth. There is, however, nothing in the text to warrant this view. It is related also that, in acting Lady Macbeth, she used to give a scream,—amounting to a perfect yell of horror,—by way of climax to the speech, which ends—

> "The raven himself is hoarse,
> That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
> Under my battlements."

IX.—The Drift of Macbeth.

The facts and thoughts which have been presented seem, so far as I can judge, to cover the whole field of inquiry which is opened by this great play. It remains only for the editor to state that he must not be supposed to concur in every word that he quotes. The object sought is the illumination of the piece for the benefit of actors. The material here collected and condensed will, perhaps, help them in their work. A point worthy to be urged upon their constant remembrance is the necessity of acting "Macbeth" in the purest *poetical* spirit and manner. It would be an error to go back of Shakespeare's conception, and strive to galvanize into life the Macbeth of the old chronicle history. The grandest interpretation that can be put upon Shakespeare is always nearest to the truth. The student discovers still increasing greatness in this marvellous poet's creations; he does not endow them with it. Macbeth is a man of noble mind, vast imagination, indomitable valour, and imperial individuality, and he does not lack tenderness of heart; but he is also prone to

evil; and, in a dark moment, he is seized, possessed, dragged down, and despoiled by those tremendous forces of sin which contend with goodness throughout the essence of universal life. The crimes that he then commits are not the crimes of a cruel ruffian, but of a great man whose nature has been inverted, polluted, and partly crazed. The tortures of remorse begin to tear his heart even before he smites the king; and, afterwards, his life is a horrible delirium, flecked here and there with clear moments of settled misery and pathetic dejection, upon a lonely and awful eminence of evil. The blood upon which he floats his kingdom is not exclusively of his own shedding. A hellish agency of the world of fiends enwraps his mind and impels his actions; and so the life which otherwise would be that of a ruthless, bloody-minded brute, becomes wild and awful with the frenzy of a haunted imagination, and infinitely pathetic with remorseful but useless struggles against the promptings of hell. To present this personality is to exalt the whole moral being of mankind, and to strike the soul with terror, pity and awe. In the fall of a star out of heaven there is a vast and nameless grandeur. A lower ideal would rob the play of all its investiture of sublimity. The character of Lady Macbeth impresses me as narrower and really weaker than that of her husband; certainly as less complex, less picturesque, less interesting, and less difficult both to grasp and convey. She has no prescience, and but little imagination; but she is woman-like and finely conscientious, so that she suffers terribly and is killed by remorse. Together,—as contemplated, for example, after the scene of the royal banquet,—they present a type, consummate and unrivalled in all literature, of the supreme sublimity and pathos of utter desolation. The meaning and drift of the whole work could not be better said than in the words of Ulrici: "The evil influence of crime, coiled within the fairest flowers, spreads over the whole circle of human existence, not only working the doom of the criminal himself, but scattering far and wide the seeds of destruction; but, nevertheless, the deadly might of evil is overcome by the love and justice of God, and good at last is enthroned as the conqueror of the world."

W. W.

NEW-YORK, October 8, 1878

KING LEAR

VOL. I

(266-210) 371

Preface.

*THE propriety of an effort to aid in restoring Shakespeare's "King Lear" to practical use upon the stage is not likely to be questioned. Persons who have thoughtfully studied the subject must, indeed, marvel that such an effort, long ago begun, was not long ago crowned with bounteous public acceptance. The distortion of Shakespeare's colossal tragedy, blandly perpetrated by Nahum Tate about two centuries ago, and, with some modifications, current in the theatre ever since, instantly discloses itself, upon a comparison of it with the original, as emasculate, squalid and commonplace —in contrast with the stalwart fibre, massive proportions, and stupendous altitude of Shakespeare's own work. Tate's version was published, in quarto, in 1681,—seventy-five years after the first performance of "King Lear," and in those frivolous days of British literature when Shakespeare's genius was in eclipse. The dedication of it, to "Tho. Boteler, Esq.," contains these words: "I found that the new-modelling of this story would force me sometimes on the difficult task of making the chiefest persons speak something like their character, or matter whereof I had no ground in my author. * * * I found the whole to answer your account of it, a heap of jewels unstrung and unpolished, yet so dazzling in their disorder that I soon perceived I had seized a treasure."*

The complacent Tate then felicitates himself that he has "had the good fortune to light on one expedient to rectify what was wanting in the regularity and probability of the tale,"—by which he means the omission of the Fool! It was easy for him, after that, to fabricate an under-plot respecting the loves of Edgar and Cordelia, and to save Cordelia and Lear alive at the end of the play, with a rainbow prospect of happiness and comfort. Nothing respecting this subject could be more remarkable than the mental attitude thus revealed; except it be the after-glow of prosperity which has so long attended this petty and finical display of a creation entirely gigantic. The best critical judgment long since protested against it. "King Lear," said Addison [Spectator, Number 40], "is an admirable tragedy, as Shakespeare wrote it; but as it is re-formed, according to the chimerical notions of poetical justice, it has lost half its beauty." "Tate put his hook in the nostrils of this leviathan," said Charles Lamb, "for Garrick and his followers, the showmen of the scene, to draw the mighty beast about more easily." Steevens and Johnson alone, of all the old critics, were content with what Charles Knight, with felicitous contempt, denominates the Tatefication of Shakespeare. All the same, the piece, thus garbled, kept its place. Tate was acted by Garrick, the great Lear of the last century, and Tate was acted by Forrest, the great Lear of the generation that has just ended. Several improvements, it should be said, have, from time to time, been grafted upon this basis. George Colman made an alteration of Tate's alteration, which was acted a few times, at Covent Garden, London, and was published in 1768; and John Philip Kemble made another, which was also acted at Covent Garden, and which was published in 1808. The latter, in one form or another, has served the art needs

of most of Kemble's successors. Dramatic custom of late years has exhibited a tendency towards the restoration of Shakespeare. Macready and Charles Kean acted Shakespeare's Lear, and more recently, Shakespeare's Lear has been acted by Barrett and McCullough. Macready's opinion of Tate's piece was expressed in the vigourous statement that it is a "miserable debilitation and disfigurement of Shakespeare's sublime tragedy." The present version,—which follows the plan and contains the stage directions of Edwin Booth,—if not literally the original, is a faithful condensation of it. Omissions and transpositions will be observed; but, to re-arrange, for a stage that is furnished with abundant scenes, a play which was written for a stage that had no scenes at all,—not to urge the expedient due of a public taste which craves directness, and is intolerant of even the semblance of prolixity,—is surely not to use it with unwarrantable freedom. The text of this version is entirely Shakespeare; the Fool occupies his rightful place in the action,—to which he supplies a most strange, wistful element of lamentable mirth; and the story is unmarred by change. "King Lear" was first acted, December 26th, 1606, at Whitehall, in London. The dramatic company of the Globe Theatre, Southwark, presented it, and King James I. was its predominant auditor. There can never come a time when it will cease to irradiate the imagination and melt the heart of the world.

W. W.

New-York, March 25th, 1878.

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"Once again the fierce dispute
Betwixt hell torment and impassioned clay
Must I burn through."—KEATS.

"The finest of Shakespeare's imaginary characters are essentially typical. While they embody truths the most subtle, delicate and refining in the life and organization of men, those truths are so assorted as to combine with the elements which humanity has most in common."—BULWER.

"But who forgets that white, discrowned head,
Those bursts of reason's half-extinguished glare,
Those tears upon Cordelia's bosom shed,
In doubt more touching than despair!"—CAMPBELL.

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*"My life is spent with grief, and my years with sighing. * * I am forgotten as a dead man out of mind. I am like a broken vessel. * * * Horror hath overwhelmed me. * * * * I wander far off, and remain in the wilderness.*—THE PSALMS OF DAVID.

"Crowned with wild flowers and with heather,
Like weak, despised old Lear—
A king! a king!"—LONGFELLOW.

"Let the doubly pointed wreath of his fire be hurled at me, and ether be torn piecemeal by thunder and spasm of savage blasts; and let the wind rock earth from her base, roots and all, and, with stormy surge, mingle in rough tide the billow of the deep and the paths of the stars, and fling my body into black Tartarus!"—ÆSCHYLUS.

"Grief and care
Stalked forth upon the theatre of his heart
In many a gloomy and misshapen guise;
Till of the glories of his earlier self,
The world, his base and hollow auditory,
Left but a ghastly phantom."—MOTHERWELL.

"All free from the knot
Glide the thread of the skein,
And rest to the labour,
And peace to the pain!"—BULWER.

"Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold,
Than daisies in the mould.
Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er you be."—LANDOR.

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"'T is the infirmity of his age: yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.
"The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash."

"Old fools are babes again, and must be used
With checks as flatteries."

"Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine."

"The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had its head bit off by its young."

"O let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven!
Keep me in temper; I would not be mad."

"O, heavens,
If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down and take my part."

"The night comes on, and the bleak winds
Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about
There's scarce a bush."

"Since I was man,
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard."

"The sea, with such a storm as his bare head,
In hell-black night endured, would have buoyed up
And quenched the stellar fires."

"I am a very foolish, fond old man,
Fourscore and upward; not an hour more nor less:
And, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind."

"Come, let's away to prison:
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I 'll kneel down
And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies."

"Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither.
Ripeness is all."

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Persons Represented.

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LEAR, KING OF BRITAIN.

KING OF FRANCE.

DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

DUKE OF CORNWALL.

DUKE OF ALBANY.

EARL OF KENT.

EARL OF GLOSTER.

EDGAR, *legitimate son to Gloster.*

EDMUND, *illegitimate son to Gloster.*

CURAN.

OLD MAN.

PHYSICIAN.

FOOL.

OSWALD, *steward to Goneril.*

HERALD.

GONERIL.
REGAN. } *Daughters to King Lear.*
CORDELIA.

KNIGHTS, *attending on King Lear;* LORDS, OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, MESSENGERS, *and* ATTENDANTS.

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SCENE.—*Ancient Britain; the southern part of the country, ranging through the counties from Somerset to Kent.*

PERIOD.—*Anno Mundi, 3105; or about 900 years B. C.*

TIME OF ACTION.—*About six weeks.*—See Appendix.

KING LEAR.

Act First.

Scene First. { A Room of state in King Lear's Palace. Throne c. Kent l., Gloster c. and Edmund r. c., discovered.

Kent. [L.

I thought the king had more affected the Duke of Albany than Cornwall.

Glos. [C.

It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for qualities are so weighed that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent.

Is not this your son, my lord?

Glos.

His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge. I have so often blushed to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it. Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. [R.

No, my lord.

Glos.

My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. [*To Kent.*

My services to your lordship.

Kent.

I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm.

Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glos.

He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again.
[*Music: A March.*

The king is coming.
[*Enter Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Goneril, Regan, Cordelia, and attendants.*

Lear.

Gloster, attend the lords of France and Burgundy.

Glos.

I shall, my liege.
[*Exeunt Gloster and Edmund* R. U. E.

Lear.

Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.
Give me the map there. — Know that we have divided,
In three, our kingdom: and 't is our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age,
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburdened crawl toward death.—Our son of Cornwall,
And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,
Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,
And here are to be answered.—Tell me my daughters,—
Since now we will divest us, both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state,—

Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge.—Goneril,
Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon. [*Rises* R.

Sir, I love you more than word can wield the matter,
Dearer than eyesight, space and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour:
As much as child e'er loved, or father found.
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable;
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cord. [*Aside* C.

What shall Cordelia speak? Love and be silent.

Lear. [*Pointing to map.*

Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With shadowy forests, and with champaigns riched,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady: to thine and Albany's issues,
Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter—
Our dearest Regan, wife of Cornwall? Speak.

Regan. [L.

I am made of that self metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short,—that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys,
Which the most precious square of sense possesses,
And find, I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.

Cord. [*Aside.*

Then poor Cordelia!
And yet not so, since, I am sure, my love 's
More richer than my tongue.

On her kind nursery.— Hence and avoid my sight!
[*To Cordelia.*
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her! Call France!
Who stirs? Call Burgundy!
[*Exit a knight.*
Cornwall and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digest this third;
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty.— Ourself, by monthly course,
With reservation of an hundred knights,
By you to be sustained, shall our abode
Make with you by due turns. Only, we shall retain
The name and all the additions to a king.
The sway, revènue, execution of the rest,
Beloved sons, be yours; which to confirm,
This coronet part between you.
[*Page, with crown, advances. Lear takes the crown and holds it above the heads of Goneril, Regan, Albany and Cornwall, who kneel in front of throne* C.

Kent.

Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honoured as my king,
Loved as my father, as my master followed,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,——

Lear.

The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft.

Kent.

Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad. What wouldst thou do, old man?
Reverse thy doom;
And in thy best consideration check
This hideous rashness: answer my life my judgment,

Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty hearted, whose low sounds
Reverb no hollowness.

Lear.

Kent, on thy life, no more!

Kent.

My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies; nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.

Lear.

Out of my sight!

Kent.

See better, Lear, and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.

Lear.

Now, by Apollo!

Kent.

Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

Lear.

O, vassal! Miscreant!

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*

Alb. and Corn. [*To Lear.*

Dear sir, forbear!

Kent.

Do:
Kill thy physician, and thy fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift;
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I 'll tell thee, thou dost evil.

Lear.

Hear me, recreant!
On thy allegiance hear me.
[*Kent kneels.*
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,—
Which we durst never yet,—and, with strained pride,
To come betwixt our sentence and our power,—
Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,—
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days do we allot thee for provision
To shield thee from diseases of the world,
And on the sixth to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom: if on the tenth day following
Thy banished trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death. Away! By Jupiter,
This shall not be revoked!
[*Kent rises; Goneril, Regan, Albany, and Cornwall go to Lear* C.

Kent.

Fare thee well, king; since thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.
[*Crosses* R. *to Cordelia.*
The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,
That justly thinks, and hast most rightly said.
And your large speeches may your deeds approve,
[*To Regan and Goneril.*
That good effects may spring from words of love.
Thus Kent, O, princes, bids you all adieu;
[*To all.*
He 'll shape his old course in a country new.
[*Exit Kent* L. *Re-enter Gloster, with France, Burgundy and a knight* R. U. E. *Gloster and France on the* R. *of throne. Burgundy comes down* L.

Glos. [R. *to Lear.*

Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

Lear.

My lord of Burgundy,
We first address toward you, who with this king
Hath rivalled for our daughter: what in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?

Bur. [L.

Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than hath your highness offered,
Nor will you tender less.

Lear.

Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
But now her price is fallen. Sir, there she stands;
Dowered with our curse, and strangered with our oath.
Take her, or leave her.

Bur.

Pardon me, royal sir;
Election makes not up on such conditions.

Lear.

Then leave her, sir; for by the power that made me,
I tell you all her wealth: for you, great king,
[*To France.*
I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you
To avert your liking a more worthier way,
Than on a wretch whom nature is ashamed
Almost to acknowledge hers.

France. [R.

This is most strange:
Sure her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it;
Which to believe of her,
Must be a faith that reason, without miracle,
Should never plant in me.

Cord. [*To Lear.*

I yet beseech your majesty, that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonoured step,
That hath deprived me of your grace and favour;
But even for want of that for which I am richer,—
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it,
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear.

Better thou
Hadst not been born than not to have pleased me better.

France. [R.

Is it but this?
Fairest Cordelia, that thou art most rich, being poor,
Most choice, forsaken, and most loved, despised,
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon.
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
[*To Lear.*
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France;
Not all the dukes of wat'rish Burgundy
Can buy this unprized precious maid of me.

Lear.

Thou hast her, France; let her be thine, for we
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again;—therefore, begone
Without our grace, our love, our benison.

[*March. Exeunt Lear, Burgundy, Cornwall, Albany, and attendants* L. *Scene closes as they go out. France and Cordelia remain, looking after Lear.*

Scene Second. { STONE HALL IN GLOSTER'S CASTLE. [FIRST GROOVES.]

[*Enter Edmund with a letter* R. 1. E.

Edm.

Thou, Nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound. Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-shines
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base,
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue?
Well then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land;
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund,
As to the legitimate. Fine word, legitimate.
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall top the legitimate. I grow, I prosper:—
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

[*Enter Gloster* L. 1. E.

Glos.

Kent banished thus! and France in choler parted!
And the king gone to-night! Subscribed his power!
Confined to exhibition! All this done
Upon the gad!—Edmund, how now! What news?

Edm. [*Hiding the letter.*

So please your lordship, none.

Glos.

What paper were you reading?

Edm.

Nothing, my lord.

Glos.

No! What needed, then, that terrible dispatch of it into your pocket? The quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself.

Edm.

I beseech you, sir, pardon me; it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; and for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your o'erlooking.

Glos.

Give me the letter, sir.

Edm.

I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glos.

Let 's see, let 's see! [*Gloster takes letter.*

Edm.

I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an assay or taste of my virtue.

Glos. [*Reads.*

"This policy and reverence of age make the world bitter to the best of our times; keep our fortunes from us, till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny, who sways not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, Edgar."

Humph! Conspiracy! "Sleep till I waked him,—you should enjoy half his revenue."—My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? A heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you? Who brought it?

Edm.

It was not brought me, my lord; there 's the cunning of it—I found it, thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glos.

You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm.

It is his hand, my lord; but I hope his heart is not in the contents.

Glos.

O, villain! villain! abhorrèd villain! unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish!—Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him—abominable villain!

Edm.

I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence of danger.

Glos.

Think you so?

Edm.

If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer, this very evening.

Glos.

He cannot be such a monster.

Edm.

Nor is not, sure.

Glos.

To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us. Love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; and the bond cracked between son [*crosses* R.] and father. Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing.

[*Exit Gloster* R. I. E.

Edm.

This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune,—often the surfeit of our own behaviour,—we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars; as if we were villains by necessity; fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance. An admirable evasion of virtuous man, to lay his devilish disposition to the charge of a star. Tut! I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my birth. Edgar ——

[*Enter Edgar* L. 1. E.

Edm.

When saw you my father last?

Edgar.

The night gone by.

Edm.

Spake you with him?

Edgar.

Ay, two hours together.

Edm.

Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him, by word or countenance?

Edgar.

None at all.

Edm.

Bethink yourself, wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty forbear his presence, till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure, which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edgar.

Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm.

That 's my fear. I pray you, have a continent forbearance, till the speed of his rage goes slower; pray you go; if you do stir abroad, go armed.

Edgar.

Armed, brother?

Edm.

Brother, I advise you to the best; I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning towards you; pray you, away.

Edgar.

Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm.

I do serve you in this business.

[*Exit Edgar* L. 1. E.

A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms
That he suspects none; on whose foolish ~~honesty~~
My practices ride easy! I see the business.—
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit;
All with me 's meet that I can fashion fit.

[*Exit* R. 1. E.

Scene Third. { BEFORE THE DUKE OF ALBANY'S CASTLE. ARCH C. ENTRANCE TO CASTLE R. STONE WALL L. RUDE STONE SEAT C.

[*Enter Goneril, two ladies, Oswald, and two lords* C.

Gon.

Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Osw.

Ay, madam.

Gon.

By day and night he wrongs me; every hour
He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds: I 'll not endure it.
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle. When he returns from hunting,
I will not speak with him: say, I am sick;
If you come slack of former services,
You shall do well; the fault of it I 'll answer.

[*Horns heard within, pp.*

Osw.

He 's coming, madam, I hear him.

Gon.

Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows; I 'd have it come to question:
If he distaste it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
Not to be over-ruled.
Remember what I have said.

Osw.

Well, madam.

Gon.

And let his knights have colder looks among you.
What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so:
I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
That I may speak; I 'll write straight to my sister,
To hold my course.

[*Exeunt Goneril, Oswald, lords, and ladies into Castle* R. *Enter Kent, disguised,* C.

Kent.

If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech diffuse, my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue

For which I razed my likeness. Now banished Kent,
If thou canst serve, where thou dost stand condemned,
So may it come thy master, whom thou lov'st,
Shall find thee full of labours.

[*Horns within. Enter Lear, Curan, knights and attendants through arch* C.

Lear.

Let me not stay a jot for dinner: go, get it ready.
[*Exit an attendant* R. 3. E.
How now! what art thou? [*To Kent.*

Kent. [R.

A man, sir.

Lear.

What dost thou profess? What wouldst thou with us?

Kent.

I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse with him that is wise, and says little; to fear judgment; to fight when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish.

Lear.

What art thou?

Kent.

A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear.

If thou be as poor for a subject, as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou?

Kent.

Service.

Lear.

Whom wouldst thou serve?

Kent.

You.

Lear.

Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent.

No, sir; but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call master.

Lear.

What's that?

Kent.

Authority.

Lear.

What services canst thou do?

Kent.

I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear.

How old art thou?

Kent.

Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing; nor so old to dote on her for anything. I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear.

Follow me; thou shalt serve me: if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho! dinner! Where's my knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither.

[*Exit knight* C. *Enter Oswald* R. *singing.*

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

Osw.

So please you,——

[*Exit* L. 1. E.

Lear.

What said the fellow? Call the clodpole back. Where's my fool, ho? I think the world's asleep. How, now! where's that mongrel? [*Exit Curan* L. 1. E. [*Enter Curan.*

Curan.

He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear.

Why came not the slave back to me, when I called him?

Curan.

Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not. [*Exit Kent* L. 1. E.

Lear.

He would not!

Curan.

My lord, I know not what the matter is, but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont.

Lear.

Ha! sayest thou so? Thou but rememberest me of mine own conception. I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity, than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness. I will look further into 't.—But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

Curan.

Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear.

No more of that; I have noted it well. Go you and tell my daughter I would speak with her. Go you, call [*Exit Curan* R. 3. E.
hither my fool!

[*Exit a knight, arch* C. *Re-enter Oswald and Kent* L. 1. E. *Kent places Oswald* L. *of Lear.*

O! you, sir, come you hither. Who am I, sir?

Osw.

My lady's father.

Lear.

My lady's father! my lord's knave! you dog! you slave! you cur!

Osw.

I am none of these, my lord; I beseech your pardon.

Lear.

Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal?

[*Lear strikes Oswald.*

Osw.

I'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent.

Nor tripped neither, you base foot-ball player.

[*Tripping Oswald, who falls.*

Lear. [*To Kent.*

I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. [*To Oswald.*

Come, sir, arise, away! I'll teach you differences: away, away! if you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry; but away! go to: have you wisdom? So!

[*Oswald, having risen, is pushed off, by Kent,* R. 3. E.

Lear.

Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee; there 's earnest of thy service.

[*Kent down* R.: *Lear gives him money: enter Fool, arch* C.

Fool. [*Crosses to Kent.*

Let me hire him too:—Here 's my coxcomb.

[*Offering Kent his cap.*

Lear.

How now, my pretty knave! how dost thou?

Fool. [*To Kent.*

Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Kent.

Why, boy?

Fool.

Why? for taking one's part that 's out of favour. Nay, an' thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou 'lt catch cold shortly: there, take my coxcomb. Why, this fellow has banished two on 's daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, nuncle? would I had two coxcombs, and two daughters.

Lear.

Why, my boy?

Fool.

If I gave them all my living, I 'd keep my coxcombs myself. There 's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

Lear.

Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

Fool.

Truth 's a dog must to kennel; he must be whipped out, when the Lady Brach may lie by the fire and sleep. Sirrah, I 'll teach thee a speech.

Lear.

Do.

Fool.

Mark it, nuncle:—

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest.
Learn more than thou trowest,
Set less than thou throwest;
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

Lear.

This is nothing, fool.

Fool.

Then, 't is like the breath of an unfeed lawyer; you gave me nothing for it. Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear.

Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. [*To Kent.*

Pr'ythee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to: he will not believe a fool.

Lear.

A bitter fool!

Fool.

Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet one?

Lear.

No, lad, teach me.

Fool. [*Sings.*

That lord, that counselled thee
To give away thy land,
Come place him here by me;
Do thou for him stand:
The sweet and bitter fool
Will presently appear;
The one in motley here,
The other found out there.

[*Points at Lear.*

Lear.

Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool.

All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

Kent.

This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool.

No, 'faith; lords and great men will not let me have all fool to myself; they 'll be snatching. Give me an egg, nuncle, and I 'll give thee two crowns.

[*Kent retires up.*

Lear.

What two crowns shall they be?

Fool.

Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back o'er the dirt: thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gav'st thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipped that first finds it so.

[*Sings.*

Then they for sudden joy did weep,
And I for sorrow sung
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.

[*Fool goes down to* R. *corner.*

Lear.

When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

Fool.

I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mothers. Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy fool to lie. I would fain learn to lie.

Lear.

An you lie, sirrah, we 'll have you whipped.

Fool.

I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are: they 'll have me whipped for speaking true, thou 'lt have me whipped for lying; and sometimes I am whipped for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o' a thing than a fool; and yet would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing i' the middle.

[*Enter Goneril, three ladies and three gentlemen from castle* R. 3. E.

Here comes one of the parings.

Lear.

How now, daughter! What makes that frontlet on? Methinks you are too much of late i' the frown.

Gon. [R.

Not only, sir, this your all-licensed fool,
But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth
In rank, and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,
I had thought, by making this well known unto you,

To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,
By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and put it on,
By your allowance.

Fool. [L.

For you know, nuncle, [*Sings.*
The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had its head bit off by its young.

Lear.

Are you our daughter?

Gon.

I would you would make use of your good wisdom, and put aside these dispositions which transport you from what you rightly are.

Lear.

Does any here know me? Why, this is not Lear:
Does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes?
Who is it that can tell me who I am?

Fool.

Lear's shadow!

Lear. [*To Goneril.*

Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon.

This admiration, sir, is much o' the savour
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright;
As you are old and reverend, should be wise.
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;
Men so disordered, so debauched and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shows like a riotous inn:
For instant remedy, be, then, desired
By her, that else will take the thing she begs,

A little to disquantity your train;
And the remainder, that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your age,
Which know themselves and you.

Lear.

Darkness and devils!
Saddle my horses; call my train together.—
[*Exit attendant.*
Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee;
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon.

You strike my people, and your disordered rabble
Make servants of their betters.

Lear.

Woe, that too late repents.—
[*Enter Albany* L. 1. E.]
O, sir, are you come? [*To Albany.*
Is it your will? Speak, sir! Prepare my horses.
Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster.

Alb.

Pray, sir, be patient.

Lear. [L. *to Goneril.*
Detested kite! thou liest!
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know,
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their name.—O, most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show,
Which, like an engine, wrenched my frame of nature
From the fixed place, drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O, Lear, Lear, Lear!
[*Striking his head.*
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,
And thy dear judgment out!
Go, go, my people!

Alb.

Now, gods, that we adore, whereof comes this?
[*Albany crosses to Goneril* R.

Gon.

Never afflict yourself to know the cause;
But let his disposition have that scope
That dotage gives it.

Alb. [R.

What's the matter, sir?

Lear.

I'll tell thee!—Life and death! I am ashamed
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus:
[*To Goneril.*
That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them.—Blasts and fogs upon thee!
The untented woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee!—Old, fond eyes,
Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck you out;
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay. Ha! is it come to this?
Let it be so; yet have I left a daughter,
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable;
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
I have cast off forever.

Alb.

My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath moved you.

Lear.

It may be so, my lord:—
Hear, Nature, hear; dear goddess, hear! [*Kneels.*
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility!

Dry up in her the organs of increase;
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
And be a thwart disnatured torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits,
To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!

[*Kent and Fool assist Lear to rise.*

QUICK CURTAIN.

Act Second.

Scene First. { In front of Gloster's Castle. Cut Wood Front. Castle c. A Wing of the Castle, with Private Door, seen L. U. E.

[*Enter Kent* R. 1. E., *and Oswald* L. 2. E.

Osw.

Good-morrow to thee, friend: art of this house?

Kent.

Ay.

Osw.

Where may we set our horses?

Kent.

I' the mire.

Osw.

Pr'ythee, if thou lovest me, tell me.

Kent.

I love thee not

Osw.

Why, then, I care not for thee.

Kent.

If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Osw.

Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

Kent.

Fellow, I know thee.

Osw.

What dost thou know me for?

Kent.

A knave; a rascal; an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking knave; a lily-livered, action-taking knave; a glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue.

Osw. [L.

Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee.

Kent.

What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny that thou know'st me? Is it two days since I tripped up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue!

[*Kent draws sword and menaces Oswald.*

Osw.

Away, I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent.

Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king, and take vanity the puppet's part, against the royalty of her father; draw, you rogue, or I 'll so carbonade your shanks;—draw, you rascal! Come your ways!

Osw.

Help, ho! Murder! Help!

Kent.

Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand; you neat slave, strike. [*Beating him.*

Osw.

Help, ho! Murder! Murder!

[*Exeunt* L. *Enter Edmund* C.

Edm.

The duke be here to-day? The better!
Best!
This weaves itself perforce into my business.
My father hath set guard to take my brother;
And I have one thing, of a queazy question,
Which I must act.—Briefness and fortune work!
Brother a word;—brother, I say!
[*Enter Edgar* L. U. E.
My father watches:—O, sir, fly this place;
Intelligence is given where you are hid:
Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of Cornwall?
He 's coming hither, and Regan with him:
Have you nothing said
Upon his party 'gainst the Duke of Albany?
Advise yourself.

Edgar.

I am sure on 't, not a word.

Edm.

[*During this speech, mock combat.*
I hear my father coming,—pardon me:
In cunning I must draw my sword upon you;
Draw; seem to defend yourself: now, 'quit you well.
Yield:—come before my father:
Fly brother! Help! Help! So, farewell.
[*Exit Edgar* L. I. E.
Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion
[*Wounds his arm.*
Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunkards,
Do more than this in sport.—Father! Father!
Stop, stop! No help?
[*Enter Gloster and two servants with torches, from castle* C.

Glos.

Now, Edmund, where 's the villain?

Edm.

Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out
Mumbling of wicked charms.

Glos.

But, where is he?

Edm.

Look, sir, I bleed.

Glos.

Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm.

Fled this way, sir. [*Points* R. 1. E.] When by no means he could——

Glos.

Pursue him. Ho!—Go after!

[*Exeunt servants* R. 1. E., *as Edmund directs, which is contrary to the way of Edgar's flight.*

By no means,—what?

Edm.

Persuade me to the murder of your lordship.
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
With his preparèd sword he charges home
My unprovided body, lanced mine arm;
But when he saw my best alarmèd spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right,
Or whether ghasted by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.

Glos.

Let him fly far;
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught,
And found—dispatch. The noble duke. my master,
My worthy arch and patron, comes.
By his authority I will proclaim it.

That he, which finds him, shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous coward to the stake;
He, that conceals him, death. [*Trumpets at distance.*
Hark! The duke's trumpets. I know not why he comes.
All ports I 'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape;
The duke must grant me that. And of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I 'll work the means
To make thee capable.

[*Enter Cornwall, Regan, ladies, and attendants,* L. 2. E.

Corn.

How now, my noble friend! Since I came hither,—
Which I can call but now,—I have heard strange news.

Regan. [L.

If it be true, all vengeance comes too short,
Which can pursue the offender,
What! did my father's godson seek your life?
He whom my father named? Your Edgar?

Glos. [R. C.

O, lady, lady! shame would have it hid!

Regan.

Was he not companion with the riotous knights
That tend upon my father?

Edm.

Yes, madam, he was of that consort.

Regan. [*To Cornwall.*

No marvel, then, though he were ill-affected;
'T is they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the expense and waste of his revènues.

[*To Gloster.*

I have this present morning from my sister
Been well informèd of them; and with such cautions,
That if they come to sojourn at my house, I 'll not be there.

Corn.

Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—
Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father
A child-like office.

Edm.

It was my duty, sir.

Glos.

He did bewray his practice; and received
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn.

Is he pursued?

Glos.

Ay, my good lord.

Corn.

If he be taken, he shall nevermore
Be feared of doing harm; make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please. For you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours:
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need:
You we first seize on.

Edm.

I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.

Glos. [*To Cornwall.*

For him, I thank your grace.

Corn.

You know not why we came to visit you.

Regan.

Thus out of season, threading dark-eyed night.
Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poise,
Wherein we must have use of your advice.
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit

To answer from our home; the several messengers
From hence attend despatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom, and bestow,
Your needful counsel to our business,
Which craves the instant use.

Glos.

I serve you, madam.
Your graces are right welcome.

[*Enter* L. *Oswald crying "Help!" "help!" followed by Kent* L. U. E. *Oswald crosses to* R. *corner. Kent remains* L.

Edm.

How now? What's the matter?

Corn.

Keep peace, upon your lives;
He dies that strikes again. What is the matter?

Regan.

The messengers from our sister and the king.

Corn.

What is your difference? Speak!

Osw. [R.

I 'm scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. [L.

No marvel, you have so bestirred your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee; a tailor made thee!

Corn.

Thou art a strange fellow; a tailor make a man?

Kent.

Ay, a tailor, sir; a stone-cutter, or a painter, could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade.

Corn.

Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Osw.

This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spared,
At suit of his grey beard,——

Kent.

Thou zed! Thou unnecessary letter!—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar. Spare my grey beard, you wagtail!

Corn.

Peace, sirrah! Have you no reverence?

Kent.

Yes, sir, but anger hath a privilege.

Corn.

Why art thou angry?

Kent.

That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty.
No contraries hold more antipathy
Than I and such a knave.

Corn.

Why dost thou call him knave? What's his offence?

Kent.

His countenance likes me not.

Corn.

No more perchance does mine, nor his, nor hers.

Kent.

Sir, 't is my occupation to be plain;
I have seen better faces in my time
Than stand on any shoulders that I see
Before me at this instant.

Corn.

This is some fellow,
Who, having been praised for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness;
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty silly, ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely.
What was the offence you gave him? [*To Oswald.*

Osw.

I never gave him any;
It pleased the king, his master, very late,
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;
When he, compact, and flattering his displeasure,
Tripped me behind; being down, insulted, railed,
And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthied him, got praises of the king,
And in the fleshment of this dread exploit
Drew on me here again.

Corn.

Fetch forth the stocks! [*Two knights enter castle* C.
You stubborn, ancient knave, you reverend braggart,
We 'll teach you!

Kent.

Sir, I am too old to learn:
Call not your stocks for me: I serve the king,
On whose employment I was sent to you:
You shall do small respects, show too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

Regan.

Fetch forth the stocks·
As I have life and honour, there shall he sit till night—
And all night too.

Kent.

Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so.

Regan.

Sir, being his knave, I will.

[*Re-enter two knights, with two servants who carry the stocks.*

Glos.

Let me beseech your grace not to do so:
His fault is much, and the good king his master
Will check him for 't; the king must take it ill,
That he, so slightly valued in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrained.

Corn.

I'll answer that.

Regan.

My sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her gentleman abused, assaulted,
For following her affairs.

[*Kent is put into the stocks. Exeunt Regan, Cornwall, Edmund, and attendants,* C.

Glos. [*To Kent.*

I am sorry for thee, friend: 't is the duke's pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubbed, nor stopped: I'll entreat for thee.

Kent.

Pray, do not, sir. I have watched and travelled hard:
Sometime I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:
Give you good-morrow!

Glos. [*To himself.*

The duke's to blame in this: 'T will be ill taken.

[*Exit Gloster* C. *Oswald approaches Kent with drawn sword; Kent strikes at him; Oswald runs into castle* C. *Scene changes: lights down.*

Scene Second.—A LONELY HEATH. DIM STARLIGHT.

[*Enter Edgar* L. 1. E.

Edgar.

I heard myself proclaimed;
And by the happy hollow of a tree
Escaped the hunt. No port is free; no place,
That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
Does not attend my taking. While I may 'scape,
I will preserve myself; and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape,
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast. My face I'll grime with filth,
Blanket my loins, elf all my hair in knots,
And with presented nakedness out-face
The winds and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who with roaring voices,
Strike in their numbed and mortified bare arms,
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes and mills
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers,
Enforce their charity.—Poor Turlygod! poor Tom!
That's something yet: Edgar I nothing am!

[*Exit Edgar* R. 1. E. *Scene changes: lights up.*

Scene Third. { IN FRONT OF GLOSTER'S CASTLE. KENT DISCOVERED, ASLEEP, IN STOCKS L. U. E.

[*Enter Lear, Fool, and Lear's knights, who stand in front of Kent, not seeing him.*—N. B. *He is not seen by them till he speaks.*

Lear.

'T is strange that they should so depart from home,
And not send back my messenger.

Fool.

If a man's brains were in his heels, wer't not in danger of kibes?

Lear.

Ay, boy.

Fool. [R.

Then, I pr'ythee, be merry; thy wit shall not go slip-shod.

Lear.

Ha! ha! ha!

Fool.

Shalt see, thy other daughter will use thee kindly; for though she's as like this as a crab is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear.

What canst tell, boy?

Fool.

She will taste as like this as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell why one's nose stands i' the middle of his face?

Lear.

No.

Fool.

Why, to keep his eyes on either side his nose; that what a man cannot smell out he may spy into.

Lear.

I did her wrong!—

Fool.

Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear.

No.

Fool.

Nor I neither: but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear.

Why?

Fool.

Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear.

I will forget my nature. So kind a father! See to my horses.

Fool.

Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven is a pretty reason.

Lear.

Because they are not eight.

Fool.

Yes, indeed; thou wouldst make a good fool.

Lear.

To take 't again perforce!—Monster ingratitude!

Fool.

If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear.

How 's that?

Fool.

Thou shouldst not have been old before thou hadst been wise.

Lear.

O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven!
Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!

Kent.

Hail to thee, noble master!

[*Knights fall back, disclosing Kent in the stocks.*

Fool.

Ha, ha! Look, he wears cruel garters.

Lear.

Ha!
Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent.

No, my lord!

Lear.

What 's he, that hath so much thy place mistook,
To set thee here?

Kent.

It is both he and she;
Your son and daughter.

Lear.

No!

Kent.

Yes!

Lear.

No, I say.

Kent.

I say, yea.

Lear.

No, no; they would not.

Kent.

Yes, they have.

Lear.

By Jupiter, I swear, no.

Kent.

By Juno, I swear, ay.

Lear.

They durst not do it;
They could not, would not do 't; 't is worse than murder,
To do upon respect such violent outrage.
Resolve me with all modest haste which way
Thou mightst deserve, or they impose, this usage,
Coming from us.

Kent.

My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letter to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that showed
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Stewed in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From Goneril, his mistress, salutations;
Delivered letters, spite of intermission,
Which presently they read; on whose contents,
They straight took horse;
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks;
And, meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceived, had poisoned mine,—
Being the very fellow which of late
Displayed so saucily against your highness,—
Having more man than wit about me, drew;
He raised the house with loud and coward cries:
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.

Fool.

Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that way. Thou shalt have as many dolours for thy daughters as thou canst tell in a year. [*To Lear.*

Lear.

O, how this mother swells up toward my heart!
Hysterica passio! Down, thou climbing sorrow!
Thy element's below. Where is this daughter?

Kent.

With the earl, sir; here, within.

Lear. [*To all.*

Follow me not:
Stay here.

[*Exit Lear* C.

Fool.

Made you no more offence but what you speak of?

Kent.

None.
How chance the king comes with so small a train?

Fool.

An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

Kent.

Why, fool?

Fool.

We 'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach there's no labouring i' the winter.

[*Sings.*

He who serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm;
But, I will tarry; the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly;
The knave turns fool that runs away,
The fool no knave, perdy.

Kent.

Where learned you this, fool?

Fool.

Not i' the stocks, fool.

[*Re-enter Lear and Gloster* C.

Lear.

Deny to speak with me? They are sick? they are weary?
They have travelled all the night? Mere fetches,
The images of revolt and flying off.
Fetch me a better answer.

Glos. [R.

My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality of the duke.

Lear.

Vengeance! Plague! Death! Confusion!
Fiery? What quality? Why, Gloster, Gloster,
I 'd speak with the Duke of Cornwall and his wife.

Glos.

Well, my good lord, I have informed them so.

Lear.

Informed them! Dost thou understand me, man?

Glos.

Ay, my good lord.

Lear.

The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear father
Would with his daughter speak, commands her service:
Are they informed of this? My breath and blood!
Fiery? The fiery duke!—tell the hot duke that—
[*Gloster starts towards* C.
No, but not yet:—may be, he is not well:
Infirmity doth still neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves,
When nature, being oppressed, commands the mind
To suffer with the body: I 'll forbear;
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indisposed and sickly fit
For the sound man.—Death on my state! Wherefore
[*Looking on Kent.*
Should he sit here? This act persuades me

That this remotion of the duke and her
Is practice only. Give me my servant forth.
Go, tell the duke and 's wife I 'd speak with them,
Now, presently; bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber door I 'll beat the drum,
Till it cry—"Sleep to death."

[*Enter Cornwall, Regan, lords, ladies and servants* C.

Corn.

Hail to your grace.

[*Cornwall silently indicates that Kent is to be released. Kent is set at liberty, by the servants, and goes* R.

Regan.

I am glad to see your highness.

Lear. [L. C.

Regan, I think you are; I know what reason
I have to think so; if thou shouldst not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulch'ring an adultress.—O! are you free?

[*To Kent, who comes forward* R.

Some other time for that.—Belovèd Regan,
Thy sister's naught: O, Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-toothed unkindness, like a vulture, here,—

[*Points to his bosom.*

I can scarce speak to thee; thou 'lt not believe
With how depraved a quality—O, Regan!

Regan.

I pray you, sir, take patience. I have hope
You less know how to value her desert
Than she to scant her duty.

Lear.

Say, how is that?

Regan.

I cannot think my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation; if, sir, perchance,
She have restrained the riots of your followers,
'T is on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame.

Lear.

My curses on her!

Regan.

O, sir, you are old;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine; you should be ruled and led
By some discretion, that discerns your state
Better than yourself; therefore I pray you
That to our sister you do make return;
Say you have wronged her, sir.

Lear.

Ask her forgiveness?
Do you but mark how this becomes the house:
Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;
Age is unnecessary; on my knees I beg
That you 'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.

Regan.

Good sir, no more; these are unsightly tricks:
Return you to my sister.

Lear.

Never, Regan!
She hath abated me of half my train;
Looked black upon me; struck me with her tongue,
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart:—
All the stored vengeances of heaven fall
On her ungrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness!

Corn.

Fie, fie, fie!

Lear.

You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-sucked fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To fall and blast her pride!

Regan.

O, the blest gods!
So you will wish on me when the rash mood is on.

Lear.

No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse;
Thy tender-hested nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness: thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endowed.

Regan.

Good sir, to the purpose.

Lear.

Who put my man i' the stocks?

[*Trumpets within pp.*

Corn.

What trumpet 's that?

Regan.

I know 't, my sister's.

Lear. [*Looking off* L.

This is a slave whose easy-borrowed pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.

[*Enter Oswald* L.

Out, varlet, from my sight!

[*Strikes Oswald, who retires.*

Corn.

What means your grace?

Lear.

Who stocked my servant? Regan, I have good hope
Thou didst not know on 't. [*Trumpet p.*] Who comes
here?
O, heavens!
If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down and take my part!
[*Enter Goneril, lords, and ladies* L. 1. E.
Art not ashamed to look upon this beard?— [*To Goneril.*
[*Regan advances to take Goneril by hand. Lear interposes.*
O, Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?

Gon. [*To Lear.*

Why not by the hand, sir? How have I offended?
All 's not offence that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.

Lear.

O, heart! you are too tough!—too tough!

Regan. [*To Lear.*

I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me;
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear.

Return to her? and fifty men dismissed?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl—
Necessity's sharp pinch!—return with her?

Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
Our youngest born, — I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
To keep base life afoot.

Gon.

At your choice, sir.

Lear.

I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad;
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell;
We 'll no more meet, no more see one another;
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
Or rather, a disease that 's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine; but I 'll not chide thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it;
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:
Mend, when thou canst; be better at thy leisure:
I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
I, and my hundred knights.

Regan.

Not altogether so;
I looked not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome.

Lear.

Is this well spoken?

Regan.

What! fifty followers?
Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many, sith that both charge and danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number.

Gon.

Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
From those that she calls servants, or from mine?

Regan.

Why not, my lord? If then they chanced to slack you,
We could controul them: if you will come to me,—
For now I spy a danger,—I entreat you
To bring but five and twenty; to no more
Will I give place or notice.

Lear.

I gave you all ——

Regan.

And in good time you gave it.

Lear.

Made you my guardians, my depositaries,
But kept a reservation to be followed
With such a number. What! must I come to you
With five and twenty? Regan, said you so?

Regan.

And speak't again, my lord; no more with me.

Lear.

Those wicked creatures yet do look well favoured
When others are more wicked; not being the worst,
Stands in some rank of praise:—I'll go with thee.
[*To Goneril.*
Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

Gon.

Hear me, my lord:
What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

Regan.

What need one?

Lear.

O, reason not the need; our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous.
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's. Thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm. But for true need,—
You heavens give me patience, patience I need!
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretchèd in both:
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger!
O! let not woman's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks! No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both
That all the world shall—I will do such things,—
What they are yet I know not, but, they shall be
The terrors of the earth! [*Fool comes down* L.
You think I'll weep;
No, I'll not weep;—
I have full cause of weeping—
But this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or ere I'll weep!—O, fool! I shall go mad!
[*Exeunt Lear, Kent and Fool* L. I. E.

CURTAIN.

Act Third.

Scene First. A Room in Gloster's Castle. Faint noise of Storm heard, now and then.

[*Enter Gloster and Edmund* L. 1. E.

Glos.

Alack! alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing. When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charged me, on pain of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

Edm.

Most savage and unnatural!

Glos.

Go to; say you nothing: there is division between the dukes, and a worse matter than that. Read this letter [*gives him a letter*] I have received to-night;—'t is dangerous to be spoken. These injuries the king now bears will be revenged home. There is a part of a power already footed. We must incline to the king. I will seek him and privily relieve him. Go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived. If he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king, my old master, must be relieved. There is strange things toward, Edmund; pray you be careful.

[*Exit Gloster* R. 1. E.

Edm.

This courtesy forbid thee shall the duke
Instantly know; and of this letter too:
[*Looking upon letter.*
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
That which my father loses; no less than all:
The younger rises when the old doth fall.
[*Enter Cornwall* L. 1. E.

Corn.

Where is your father, Edmund?

Edm.

How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! He hath gone to relieve the king;—and see, this letter approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France, whose armies now are moving. O, heaven! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

Corn. [*Takes letter.*

I will have my revenge ere I depart this house.

Edm.

If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Corn.

True or false, it hath made thee Earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm.

If I find him comforting the king, I will stuff his suspicion more fully. I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Corn.

I will lay trust upon thee; thou shalt find
A dearer father in my love.
Edmund, farewell. Go, seek the traitor Gloster:
Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us.
Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice, yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not controul.

[*Exeunt Edmund* R., *Cornwall* L.

Scene Second. A HEATH. STORM. LOUD AND CONTINUED WIND AND RAIN. LIGHTNING AND THUNDER. LEAR DISCOVERED.

Lear.

Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout,
Till you have drenched our steeples, drowned the cocks!
[*Lightning.*
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt couriers of oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
Singe my white head! [*Thunder.*
And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germins spill at once
That make ingrateful man!

[*Rain and thunder and noise of the whistling blast.*

[*Enter Fool* L. U. E.

Fool.

O, nuncle, court holy-water in a dry house is better than this rain-water out o' door. Good nuncle, in and ask thy daughters' blessing; here's a night pities neither wise men nor fools. [*Thunder.*

Lear.

Rumble thy belly-full! spit fire! spout rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdom, called you children;
You owe me no subscription: then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man:—
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That will with two pernicious daughters join
Your high-engendered battles 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O, O, 't is foul!

[*Thunder, rain, and wind. Enter Kent* L. U. E.

Kent.

Who's there?

Fool.

Marry, a wise man and a fool.

Kent. [*To Lear.*

Alas, sir, are you here? Things that love night
Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves.

[*Lightning and loud thunder.*

Lear.

Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pudder o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulgèd crimes,
Unwhipped of justice: hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjured, and thou simular of virtue
That art incestuous: caitiff to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming

Hast practised on man's life: close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace.—
I am a man,
More sinned against than sinning.

[*Thunder, very loud.*

Kent.

Gracious, my lord, hard by there is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest.

[*Loud sound of rain.*

Lear.

My wits begin to turn.—
Come on, my boy. How dost, my boy? Art cold?

[*To Fool.*

I am cold, myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow?
The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel.
Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool.

[*Sings. All quiet, meanwhile.*

He that has a little tiny wit,—
With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain,—
Must make content with his fortunes fit;
For the rain it raineth every day.

Lear.

True, my good boy. [*Distant thunder and rain.*

Kent.

[*Pointing to hovel* L. U. E.

Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter:
The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure.

[*Storm sounds heard, but faintly—seeming to die away.*

Lear.

Let me alone.

Kent.

Good my lord, enter here.

Lear.

Wilt break my heart?

Kent.

I'd rather break mine own. Good my lord, enter.

Lear.

Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contentious storm
Invades us to the skin: so, 't is, to thee;
But where the greater malady is fixed
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear;
But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea
Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind's free,
The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there.— Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,
For lifting food to 't? But I will punish home.—
No, I will weep no more.
[*Thunder and rain.*
In such a night
To shut me out! pour on; I will endure:—
In such a night as this! O, Regan, Goneril!
Your old, kind father, whose frank heart gave all;—
O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that.

Kent. [L.

Good my lord, enter here?

Lear.

Pr'ythee go in thyself; seek thine own ease;
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more.— But I'll go in;
In boy; go first. [*To Fool.*
You houseless poverty,—

[*Kent and Fool endeavour to lead Lear.*

Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.

[*Fool goes into hovel* L. U. E.

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your looped and windowed raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just. [*Thunder.*

Fool. [*Within.*

Help! help! help!

Edgar. [*Within.*

Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom!

Fool. [*Within.*

Come not in here, nuncle; here's a spirit.
Help me! help me!

Kent.

Give me thy hand.
Who's there?

[*To Fool,—who enters* L. U. E. *and runs to Lear.*

Fool.

A spirit, a spirit; he says his name's poor Tom.

Kent.

What are thou that dost grumble there i' the straw?
Come forth!

[*Enter from the hovel* L. U. E. *Edgar, disguised as a madman. He runs to* R. *Kent comes behind Lear and interposes between him and Edgar.*

Edgar.

Away! the foul fiend follows me!
Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind:
Humph! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Lear. [*To Edgar.*

Hast thou given all to thy two daughters?
And art thou come to this?

Edgar. [R.

Who gives anything to poor Tom, whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inched bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor. Bless thy five wits!

[*Wind and rain.*

Tom's a-cold. O, do de, do de, do de. Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting and taking! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes. There could I have him now,—and there,—and there,—and there again, and there.

[*Rain, and rumble of distant thunder.*

Lear.

What! have his daughters brought him to this pass?
[*To Edgar.*
Couldst thou save nothing? Didst thou give them all?

Fool.

Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

Lear.

Now all the plagues that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er men's faults, fall on thy daughters!

Kent.

He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear.

Death, traitor! Nothing could have subdued nature
To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters!
Is it the fashion that discarded fathers

Should have thus little mercy on their flesh ?
[*Draws a thorn, or wooden spike, from Edgar's arm and tries to thrust it into his own.*
Judicious punishment ! 'T was this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters.
[*Edgar seizes Lear's hand and takes away the thorn.*

Edgar.

Pillicock sat on Pillicock-hill ; —
Halloo, halloo, loo, loo !

Fool.

This night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edgar.

Take heed o' the foul fiend. Obey thy parents ; keep thy word justly ; swear not ; commit not with man's sworn spouse ; set not thy sweet heart on proud array. Tom 's a-cold.

Lear.

What hast thou been ?

Edgar.

A serving man, proud in heart and mind ; that curled my hair ; wore gloves in my cap ; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven. Wine loved I deeply ; dice dearly ; false of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand ; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to woman : keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend. — Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind. Sessa, sessa ! Ha, no, nonny. Dolphin, my boy, my boy ; sessa ! sessa ! Let him trot by.
[*Distant rain and thunder.*

Lear.

Why, thou wert better in thy grave than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies. Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. — Ha! here 's three of us are sophisticated; thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forkèd animal as thou art.—Off! off! you lendings: —come; unbutton here.

[*Lear essays to tear off his clothes.*

Fool. [*Preventing him.*

Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; 't is a naughty night to swim in. Look, here comes a walking fire.

[*Pointing* L. 2. E.

Edgar.

This is the foul fiend, Flibbertigibbet; he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

Saint Withold footed thrice the wold;
He met the night-mare and her nine-fold;
Bid her alight, and her troth plight,
And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!

Kent.

[*Speaking to those who approach.*

Who 's there. What is 't you seek?

[*Lear sits on a fallen tree. Fool sits at his left. Kent at* L. *back.*

Glos. [*Calling, within.*

What are you there? Your names?

[*Enter Gloster, and two servants with torches,* L. 2. E.

Edgar.

Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water; that, in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, swallows the old rat,

and the ditch dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipped from tything to tything, and stocked, punished, and imprisoned; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear.

But mice and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

Beware my follower: — Peace, Smolkin; peace, thou fiend!

[*Edgar goes to Lear* C. *Gloster takes torch and sends off servants, who go out* L. 2. E.

Glos. [*To Lear.*

What, hath your grace no better company?

Edgar.

The prince of darkness is a gentleman;
Modo he 's called, and Mahu.

Glos.

Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile
That it doth hate what gets it.

Edgar.

Poor Tom 's a-cold.

Glos. [*To Lear.*

Go in with me: my duty cannot suffer
To obey in all your daughters' hard commands!
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
[*Thunder and lightning.*
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you,
Yet have I ventured to come seek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear.

First let me talk with this philosopher. [*Thunder.*
What is the cause of thunder? [*To Edgar.*

Kent.

Good my lord, take his offer.

Lear.

I 'll talk a word with this same learnèd Theban:—
What is your study? [*To Edgar.*

Edgar.

How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear.

Let me ask you one word in private.
[*He whispers to Edgar.*

Kent. [*To Gloster.*

Importune him once more to go, my lord;
His wits begin to unsettle.

Glos.

Canst thou blame him?
His daughters seek his death:—ah, that good Kent!
He said it would be thus: poor banished man.
I'll tell thee, friend,
I am almost mad myself; I had a son,
Now outlawed from my blood: he sought my life,
[*Edgar listens, and evinces emotion.*
But lately, very late: I loved him, friend,—
No father his son dearer: true to tell thee,
The grief hath crazed my wits.
[*Sounds of tempest.*
What a night's this!
I do beseech your grace—— [*To Lear.*

Lear.

I'll see their trial first.—Bring in the evidence.
Thou robèd man of justice, take thy place; [*To Edgar.*
And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [*To Fool.*
Bench by his side.
[*Fool runs to* R. *of Lear and sits near him.*
Now, you she-foxes!

Edgar.

[*As if stroking a cat beside him at* R.
Purr! the cat is grey!

Lear.

Arraign her first: 't is Goneril.
And here's another, whose warped looks proclaim
What store her heart is made of.— Stop her there!
Arms, arms, sword, fire! — Corruption in the place!
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edgar.

Bless thy five wits!

Kent.

O, pity! — Sir, where is the patience now,
That you so oft have boasted to retain? [*To Lear.*

Lear.

To have a thousand, with red burning spits
Come hissing in upon them!

Edgar. [*Aside.*

My tears begin to take his part so much,
They'll mar my counterfeiting.

Lear.

The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

Edgar. [R.

Tom will throw his head at them. [*Rises.*
Avaunt, you curs!
Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite;
Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
Hound or spaniel, brach or lym;
Or bobtail tike or trundle-tail,
Tom will make him weep and wail:
For, with throwing thus my head,
[*Throws straw crown to* L.
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.
Sessa! — Come, march to wakes and fairs and market-towns: — [*Crosses* L.
Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

Lear. [*To Edgar.*

You sir, I entertain for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of your garments: you will say they are Persian; but let them be changed.

Edgar.

[*Crouching at the feet of Lear.*

Fratteretto calls me, and tells me Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Kent. [*To Lear.*

Now, good my lord, go in, and rest awhile.

Edgar

Tom's a-cold.

Glos. [*Touches Edgar.*

In fellow, there, into the hovel: keep thee warm.

[*Gloster goes to* L. *corner.*

Edgar. [*Rising slowly.*

Childe Rowland to the dark tower came;
His word was still—Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man.

[*Exit Edgar* L. U. E.

[*At Edgar's exit Gloster comes behind, from* L., *gives torch to Fool, and stands at* R. *of Lear, ready to place him on the bier. Lear, left by Edgar, gradually sinks into the arms of Kent, who stands beside him at* L.

[*Enter two servants with a bier; they place it* L. 1. E., *and retire up.*

Lear.

Then let them anatomize Regan; see what breeds about her heart: is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts?

[*Kent and Gloster gently place Lear on the bier.*

Hush! Hush! Make no noise—make no noise: draw the curtains: so—so, so; we'll go to supper i' the morning. So—so, so.

Fool.

And I'll go bed at noon.

[*Kent, Gloster, and the two servants lift the bier gently, and carry it slowly towards* R. 2. E. *As they are crossing the Fool sings*:

Fool.

He that hath a little tiny wit,
With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain,—
Must make content with his fortunes fit,
For the rain it raineth every day!

SLOW CURTAIN.

Act Fourth.

Scene First. { HEATH. SAME AS IN ACT THIRD. DAYLIGHT AND FAIR WEATHER.

[*Enter Albany and a herald.*

Herald.

O, my lord!
The Duke of Cornwall's dead; slain by his servant,
While putting out the eyes of Gloster.

Alb.

Gloster's eyes! This shows you are above,
You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge! But, O, poor Gloster!
Lost he his eyes?

Herald.

Yes, my lord.

Alb.

Where was his son?
Knows he the wickedness?

Herald.

Ay, my good lord, 't was he informed against him;
And quit the house on purpose that their punishment
Might have the freer course.

Alb.

Gloster, I live,
To thank thee for the love thou show'dst the king,
And to revenge thee! Come friend,
Tell me what more thou knowest.

[*Exeunt* R. I. E. *Enter Edgar, from hovel* L. U. E.

Edgar.

Yet better thus and known to be contemned
Than still contemned and flattered: to be worst,
The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stand still in esperance, lives not in fear;
The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome, then,
Thou unsubstantial air, that I embrace:
The wretch that thou hast blown unto the worst
Owes nothing to thy blasts. But who comes here?
My father, poorly led? World, world, O, world!
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
[*Enter Gloster, led by an old man.*
Life would not yield to age.

Old Man.

O, my good lord, I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

Glos.

Away, get thee away! Good friend, begone;
Thy comforts can do me no good at all;
Thee they may hurt.

Old Man.

Alack, sir, you cannot see your way.

Glos.

I have no way, and therefore want no eyes:
I stumbled when I saw.
Ah, dear son, Edgar,
The food of thy abusèd father's wrath,
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I'd say I had my eyes again!

Old Man.

How now! Who's there?

Edgar. [*Aside.*

O, gods! Who is't can say, I am at the worst?
I am worse than e'er I was.

Old Man.

'T is poor mad Tom.

Edgar. [*Aside.*

And worse I may be yet: the worst is not,
So long as we can say, "This is the worst."

Old Man.

Fellow, where goest?

Glos.

Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man.

Madman and beggar too.

Glos.

He has some reason, else he could not beg.
I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw,
Which made me think a man a worm: my son
Came then into my mind: and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him; I have heard more since.
As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport.

Edgar. [*Aside.*

How should this be?
Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow,
Angering itself and others.
[*To Gloster.—Edgar assumes the voice of the Bedlamite when speaking to Gloster.*
Bless thee, master!

Glos.

Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man.

Ay, my lord.

Glos.

Then pr'ythee, get thee gone. If, for my sake,
Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
I' the way toward Dover, do it for ancient love;
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Whom I'll entreat to lead me.

Old Man.

Alack, sir! he is mad.

Glos.

'Tis the time's plague, when madmen lead the blind.
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone.

Old Man. [*To himself.*

I'll bring him the best 'parel that I have,
Come on't what will. [*Exit Old Man* L. 1. E.

Glos.

Sirrah; naked fellow!

Edgar.

Poor Tom's a-cold.—I cannot daub it further. [*Aside.*

Glos.

Come hither, fellow.

Edgar. [*Aside.*

And yet I must.
Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed. [*To Gloster.*

Glos.

Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edgar.

Both stile and gate—horse-way and foot-path. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits; bless thee, good man's son, from the foul fiend!

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Glos.

Here, take this purse, thou whom the heaven's plagues
Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier. Dost thou know Dover?

Edgar.

Ay, master.

Glos.

There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confinèd deep:
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear,
With something rich about me: from that place
I shall no leading need.

Edgar.

Give me thy arm!
Poor Tom shall lead thee.

[*Exeunt Gloster and Edgar* R. *Enter Cordelia, Physician, and soldiers* L.

Cord.

Alack! 't is he; why, he was met, even now,
As mad as the vexed sea; singing aloud;
Crowned with rank fumiter and farrow weeds,
With harlocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn. — A century send forth;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. [*Exit an officer* R.
What can man's wisdom, [*To Physician.*
In the restoring his bereavèd sense?
He that helps him take all my outward worth.

Phy.

There is means, madam.
Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cord.

All blessed secrets,
All you unpublished virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant and remediate,
In the good man's distress! Seek, seek for him;
Lest his ungoverned rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it. [*Enter Curan* R. I. E.

Curan.

News, madam.
The British powers are marching hitherward.

Cord.

'T is known before: our preparation stands
In expectation of them. — O, dear father!
It is thy business that I go about,
Therefore great France
My mourning and important tears hath pitied.
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our aged father's right.
[*Exeunt Cordelia, Physician, Curan and soldiers* R. I. E. *Enter Gloster and Edgar* L. U. E. *Edgar is dressed in garments of a peasant.*

Glos.

When shall I come to the top of that same hill?

Edgar.

[*Assuming a rougher voice than is natural to him.*
You do climb it now: look, how we labour.

Glos.

Methinks the ground is even.

Edgar.

Horrible steep!
Hark! Do you hear the sea?

Glos.

No, truly.

Edgar.

Why, then, your other senses grow imperfect,
By your eyes' anguish.

Glos.

So it may be, indeed.
Methinks thy voice is altered; and thou speakest
In better phrase and manner than thou didst.

Edgar.

You are much deceived; in nothing am I changed
But in my garments.

Glos.

Methinks you are better spoken.

Edgar.

Come on, sir; here 's the place; stand still.—How fearful
And dizzy 't is to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles: half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.
The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark,
Diminished to her cock; her cock, a buoy,
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,
That on the unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high. I 'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

Glos.

Set me where you stand.

Edgar.

Give me your hand; you are now within a foot
Of th' extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.

Glos.

Let go my hand.
Here, friend, is another purse; in it a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking; fairies and gods,
Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edgar.

Now fare you well, good sir. [*Edgar retires up.*

Glos.

With all my heart.

Edgar.

Why I do trifle thus with his despair,
Is done to cure it.

Glos. [*Kneels.*

O, you mighty gods!
This world I do renounce, and in your sights
Shake patiently my great affliction off.
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great, opposeless wills,
My loathèd part of nature should itself
Burn to the last.
If Edgar live, O, bless him!— [*Rises.*
Now, fellow, fare thee well. [*To Edgar.*
[*Is about to leap forward, when Edgar catches him.*

Edgar.

Hold! Who comes here?
[*Enter Lear, fantastically dressed up with wild flowers.*

Lear.

No, they cannot touch me for coining;
I am the king himself.

Edgar. [*Aside.*

O, thou side-piercing sight!

Lear.

Nature 's above art in that respect.—There 's your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper: draw me a clothier's yard. — Look, look, a mouse. Peace, peace! — This piece of toasted cheese will do it. There's my gauntlet; I 'll prove it on a giant. — Bring up the brown-bills — O, well-flown bird! — I' the clout, i' the clout: hewgh! — Give the word. [*To Edgar.*

Edgar.

Sweet marjoram!

Lear.

Pass. [*Edgar crosses* L.

Glos. [R.

I know that voice.

Lear. [*Perceiving Gloster.*

Ha! Goneril! — with a white beard! They flattered me like a dog; and told me I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there. To say "ay," and "no," to everything I said. — "Ay" and "no" too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men of their words; they told me I was everything: 'tis a lie; I am not ague-proof.

Glos.

The trick of that voice I do well remember;
Is 't not the king?

Lear.

Ay, every inch a king!
When I do stare,
See how the subject quakes.
I pardon that man's life:
What was the cause?
Thou shalt not die.—
No! No!

To 't luxury, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers.
Fie, fie, fie! Pah; pah!
Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary,
To sweeten my imagination.
There 's money for thee.

Glos.

O, let me kiss that hand!

Lear.

Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

Glos.

O, ruined piece of nature! This great world
Should so wear out to nought. Dost thou know me?

Lear.

I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou squiny at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid; I'll not love. Read thou this challenge; mark but the penning of it.

Glos.

Were all the letters suns I could not see one.

Edgar. [*Aside.*

I would not take this from report: it is—
And my heart breaks at it.

Lear.

Read.

Glos.

What, with this case of eyes?

Lear.

O, ho! are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light: yet, you see how this world goes.

Glos.

I see it feelingly.

Lear.

What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears! See how yond' justice rails at yond' simple thief. Hark, in thine ear; change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which the thief? Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

Glos.

Ay, sir.

Lear.

And the creature run from the cur? There thou mightst behold the great image of authority: a dog's obeyed in office.

The usurer hangs the cozener;
Through tattered clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furred gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.
None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able 'em:
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes,
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not.

Edgar. [*Aside.*

O, matter and impertinency mixed!
Reason in madness!

Lear.

If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloster.
Thou must be patient. We came crying hither.
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
We wawl and cry:—I will preach to thee; mark me.

Glos.

Alack, alack the day!

Lear.

When we are born, we cry that we are come
To this great stage of fools;—

[*Enter Curan with attendants* L. U. E.

Curan.

O, here he is; lay hand upon him.

[*They take Lear very gently by the arms.*

Sir, your most dear daughter——

Lear.

No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even
The natural fool of fortune.—Use me well;
You shall have ransom. Let me have surgeons,—
I am cut to the brains.

Curan.

You shall have anything.

Lear.

No seconds? All myself!
I will die bravely, like a smug bridegroom. What?
I will be jovial: come, come; I am a king,
My masters, know you that?

Curan. [R.

You are a royal one, and we obey you.

[*Curan and attendants uncover and fall back. Lear takes Curan's hat.*

Lear.

This is a good block.
It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe
A troop of horse with felt: I'll put it in proof;
And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill!

[*Exit Lear, followed by Curan and attendants.*

Edgar. [*Aside.*

A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch;
Past speaking of in a king!—Thou hast one daughter;
Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.

Glos.

You ever gentle gods, take my breath from me;
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please.

Edgar.

Well pray you, father.

Glos.

Now, good sir, who are you?

Edgar.

A most poor man, made tame by fortune's blows,
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand;
I'll lead you to some biding.
[*Edgar leads Gloster* L. *Enter Oswald* L. 1. E.

Osw.

A proclaimèd prize! Most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first framed flesh
To raise my fortunes. — Thou old, unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember: the sword is out
[*Draws sword.*
That must destroy thee.

Glos. [*To Oswald.*

Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength into it. [*Edgar opposes Oswald.*

Osw.

Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a published traitor? Hence;
Lest that infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm!

Edgar.

Ch 'ill not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion.

Osw.

Let go, slave, or thou diest!

Edgar.

Good gentleman, go your gate, and let poor volk pass. And ch 'ud ha' been zwaggared out of my life, 't would not ha' been zo long as 't is by a vortnight. Nay, come [*Oswald advances.*
not near th' old man; keep che vor 'ye, or ise try whether your costard or my ballow be the harder. Ch 'ill be plain with you.

Osw.

Out, dunghill!

Edgar.

Ch 'ill pick your teeth, zir; come; no matter vor your foins.

[*They fight. Edgar disarms Oswald, and kills him.*

Osw.

Slave, thou hast slain me: villain, take my purse;
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters, which thou find'st about me,
To Edmund, Earl of Gloster: seek him out
Upon the British party:—O, untimely death!
[*Oswald dies.*

Edgar.

I know thee well—a serviceable villain;
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress,
As badness would desire.

Glos.

What! is he dead?

Edgar.

Let 's see his pockets; these letters that he speaks of
May be my friends. He 's dead; I am only sorry
He had no other death's-man. — Let us see:
[*Takes letters from pockets of Oswald.*
Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not;
To know our enemies' minds, we rip their hearts;
Their paper is more lawful.
[*Reads.*

"Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done if he return the conqueror; then I am the prisoner — deliver me and supply his place for your labour.

"Your — wife, so I would say, —
"affectionate servant,
"GONERIL."
[*Aside.*

O, undistinguished space of woman's will!
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;
And the exchange, my brother. [*Drums at distance.*
Give me your hand; [*To Gloster.*
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come father; I 'll bestow you with a friend.
[*Exeunt* L. 2. E.

Scene Second. { A TENT IN THE FRENCH CAMP; CURTAINS ON TENT. COUCH AND STOOL WITHIN TENT.

[*Enter Cordelia and Kent* R. 1. E.

Cord.

O, thou good Kent! How shall I live and work
To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.

Kent.

To be acknowledged, madam, is o'er-paid.
All my reports go with the modest truth;
Nor more, nor clipped, but so.

Cord.

Be better suited:
These weeds are memories of those worser hours;
I pr'ythee put them off.

Kent.

Pardon me, dear madam;
Yet to be known shortens my made intent:
My boon, I make it, that you know me not,
Till time and I think meet.

[*Enter Physician and attendant, from tent.*

Cord.

Then be 't so, my good lord.
How does the king? [*To Physician.*

Phy.

Madam, sleeps still. [*Physician sends attendant off* L.

Cord.

O, you kind gods,
Cure this great grief in his abusèd nature!
The untuned and jarring senses, O, wind up,
Of this child-changèd father!

Phy.

So please your majesty,
That we may wake the king? He hath slept long.

Cord.

Be governed by your knowledge, and proceed
I' the sway of your own will. Is he arrayed?

Phy.

Ay, madam; in the heaviness of sleep
We put fresh garments on him.

Kent.

Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cord.

Very well. [*Music pp.*

Phy.

Please you draw near. [*To Cordelia.*
Louder the music there. [*Spoken off.*
[*Music p.*

[*Kent and Physician raise curtains of tent, discovering Lear. Kent* R. *Physician* L.

Cord. [C.

O, my dear father! Restoration hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made! [*Kisses Lear.*

Kent.

Kind and dear princess!

Cord.

Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Had challenged pity of them. Was this a face
To be exposed against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep, dread-bolted thunder,
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick cross-lightning? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire: and wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'T is wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him.

Phy.

Madam, do you; 't is fittest.

Cord. [*To Lear, who awakes.*

How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty?

Lear.

You do me wrong to take me out o' the grave.
Thou art a soul in bliss, but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cord.

Sir, do you know me?

Lear.

You are a spirit, I know. When did you die?

Cord.

Still, still, far wide.

Phy.

He's scarce awake; let him alone awhile.

Lear.

Where have I been? Where am I? Fair daylight?—
[*Kent and Physician assist Lear to rise. Music ceases.*
I am mightily abused. I should e'en die with pity,
To see another thus. I know not what to say:
I will not swear these are my hands:—
Would I were assured
Of my condition!

Cord.

O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me:—
No, sir, you must not kneel.
[*As Lear is about to kneel, Cordelia and Physician raise him. Physician brings down stool from tent. Lear sits on it* C.

Lear.

Pray, do not mock me;
I am a very foolish, fond old man,
Four score and upward; not an hour more nor less;
And, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
[*Cordelia goes down to* R. *corner.*
Methinks I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful; for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is: and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.
[*Cordelia rushes to Lear and falls on her knees in front of him.*

Cord.

And so I am! I am!

Lear.

Be your tears wet? Yes 'faith. I pray, weep not;
If you have poison for me I will drink it.
I know you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong.
You have some cause; they have not.

Cord.

No cause, no cause.

Lear.

Am I in France?

Kent.

In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear.

Do not abuse me.

Phy.

Be comforted, good madam; the great rage,
You see, is cured in him; trouble him no more,
Till further settling.

Lear.

You must bear with me:
Pray you, now forget and forgive: [*Music pp.*
I am old and foolish. Forget and forgive!
Forget and forgive! forget and forgive!

SLOW CURTAIN.

Act Fifth.

Scene First. { AN ENCAMPMENT. FLOURISH AT RISE OF CURTAIN. ALBANY AND FORCES, AND EDGAR, DISGUISED, ARE DISCOVERED. EDGAR AND ALBANY ADVANCE.

Edgar.

If e'er your grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word. Ope this letter.
Wretchèd though I seem,
I can produce a champion that will prove
What is avouchèd there. Fortune love you! [*Going* R.

Alb.

Stay till I have read the letter.

Edgar.

I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry
And I'll appear again. [*Exit Edgar* R.

Alb.

Why, fare thee well. I will o'erlook thy paper.
[*Exit Albany* L. U. E. *Enter Edmund* L. 2. E.

Edm.

To both these sisters have I sworn my love;
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? one? or neither? Neither,
If both remain alive; to take the widow,
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;
And hardly shall I carry out my side,

Her husband being alive. Now, the battle done,
Let her who would be rid of him devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia,
They shall never see his pardon; for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate.

[*Enter Albany.*

Alb.

Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant strain,
And fortune led you well: you have the captives
Who were the opposites of this day's strife.
We do require them of you, so to use them,
As we shall find their merits, and our safety
May equally determine.

Edm.

Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention and appointed guard:
With him I sent the queen;
My reason all the same; and they are ready,
To-morrow, or at further space, to appear
Where you shall hold your session.
The question of Cordelia and her father
Requires a fitter place.

Alb.

Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother. I arrest thee on capital treason.
Thou art armed, Gloster. Let the trumpet sound:
If none appear, to prove upon thy person,
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge.

[*Throws down glove.*

I'll prove it on thy heart,
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaimed thee.

Edm.

There's my exchange; [*Throws down glove.*

What in the world he is
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies.
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you, who not? I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Alb.

Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.
Come hither, herald, —let the trumpet sound,
And read out this.

Herald.

Sound trumpet! [*Trumpet sounds.*

Herald. [*Reads.*

"If any man of quality or degree, within the lists of the army, will maintain upon Edmund, supposed Earl of Gloster, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear at the third sound of the trumpet: he is bold in his defence!"

Edm.

Sound! [*Trumpet sounds.*

Herald.

Again! [*Trumpet sounds.*

Herald.

Again! [*Trumpet sounds.*

[*Trumpet answers within. Flourish. Edgar enters, armed,* R. I. E.

Alb. [*To Herald.*

Ask him his purpose, why he appears
Upon this call of the trumpet?

Herald.

What are you?
Your name, your quality, and why you answer
This present summons? [*Herald retires up.*

Edgar.

Know, my name is lost;
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn and canker-bit;
Yet am I noble as the adversary
I come to cope withal.

Alb.

Which is that adversary?

Edgar.

What 's he that speaks for Edmund, Earl of Gloster?

Edm.

Himself: what say'st thou to him?

Edgar.

Draw thy sword;
That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.
[*Displays sword.*
Behold, it is my privilege, the privilege of mine honours,
My oath and my profession: I protest,
Maugre thy strength, place, youth, and eminence,
Despite thy victor sword and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour and thy heart, thou art a traitor;
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince;
And, from the extremest upward of thy head,
To the descent and dust below thy feet,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou "No,"
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest!

Edm.

In wisdom, I should ask thy name;
But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue some 'say of breeding breathes,
What safe and nicely I might well delay,
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn.
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
Which, for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise,
This sword of mine shall give them instant way
Where they shall rest forever. — Trumpets speak!

[*Flourish. Edgar and Edmund fight. Edmund falls* R., *and is caught and supported by two officers.*

Edm.

What you have charged me with, that have I done;
And more, much more; the time will bring it out:
'T is past, and so am I: but what art thou,
That hast this fortune on me? If thou 'rt noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edgar.

Let's exchange charity.
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund:
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us.

Edm.

Thou hast spoken right; 't is true;
The wheel is come full circle; I am here;
But, O, I pant for life.
Some good I mean to do,
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send—
Be brief in it — to the castle; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear and on Cordelia.

Edgar.

Who has the office? Send
Thy token of reprieve!

Edm.

Take my sword;
Give it the captain.

[*Edgar picks up sword and goes out.*

Edm. [*To Albany.*

He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia, in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid herself.

Alb.

The gods defend her! Bear him hence.

[*Edmund is borne off* R. *Albany in* R. *corner.*
Enter Lear, with Cordelia, dead, in his arms.
Edgar, Officer, Curan, and Kent follow him.

Lear.

Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O! you are men of stone!
Had I your tongues and eyes, I 'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack:—she 's gone forever!
I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She 's dead as earth:—lend me a looking-glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.

Kent.

Is this the promised end?

Edgar.

Or image of that horror?

Alb.

Fall and cease.

Lear.

[*Takes feather from Kent's hat and holds it to Cordelia's lips.*

This feather stirs: she lives!
If it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

Kent. [*Kneeling.*

O, my good master!

Lear.

Pr'ythee away.

Edgar.

'T is noble Kent, your friend.

Lear.

A plague upon you, murderers, traitors, all!
I might have saved her: now, she's gone forever!
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little! ha!
What is't thou say'st? Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low—an excellent thing in woman.—
I killed the slave that was a-hanging thee.

Curan. [*To all.*

'T is true, my lords, he did.

Lear.

Did I not, fellow?
I have seen the day with my good biting faulchion
I would have made them skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are you?
[*To Kent.*
Mine eyes are not of the best:—I'll tell you straight.

Kent.

If fortune brag of two she loved and hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear.

This is a dull sight. Are you not Kent?

Kent.

The same.
Your servant Kent: where is your servant Caius?

Lear.

He's a good fellow, I can tell you that.
He'll strike, and quickly too: he's dead and rotten.

Kent.

No, my good lord, I am the very man——

Lear.

I'll see that straight.

Kent.

That from your first of difference and decay
Have followed your sad steps.

Lear.

You are welcome hither.

Kent.

Nor no man else; all's cheerless, dark and deadly.
Your eldest daughters have fordone themselves
And desperately are dead.

Lear.

Ay, so I think.

Alb.

He knows not what he says, and vain it is,
That we present us to him.

Edgar.

Very bootless. O! see! see!

Lear.

And my poor fool is hanged. No, no, no life:
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never!—
Pray you, undo this button: thank you, sir.—
Do you see this? Look on her,—look, her lips.—
Look there! Look there!

Kent.

Break heart; I pray thee, break! } *Lear dies.*

Edgar.

My lord! My lord!

Kent.

Vex not his ghost!

[*Music very soft and mournful, to end of the scene.*

O, let him pass; he hates him,
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

Edgar.

He is gone indeed.

SLOW CURTAIN.

KING LEAR.

APPENDIX.

I.—The Character of King Lear.

THE elements and attributes of Lear are not obscurely furnished. He comes before us, at the first, an old man, but not decrepit—a man who is beginning to break, but who is not yet broken. His aspect is massive, majestic and venerable. He still wears dominion in his countenance. He is exceedingly tender in heart and magnanimous in disposition. His age is that of simplicity and goodness; but his mind is blindly suspicious of its own decadence; and he will prove exacting, irrational, fiery, capricious and unpleasant, after the fashion of choleric and selfish senility. In the fibre of his character, however, —in his essential personality and interior spirit,—he is, above all things else, large, spacious, and noble. He is not a common man grown old. He must, all his life, have carried the stamp and the magnetic allurement and domination of a great and charming nature. He must have captured hearts and ruled minds by something beautiful and strong in his fate. He does not hold royalty by lineage or by human law alone, but by divine endowment. He is born to the purple. He is a mountain in the midst of a plain; and the crumbling of his mind and fortunes is like the fall of the avalanche. Vitalized with this immaculate and charming excellence, endowed with this innate majesty, and invested with this personal grandeur, he becomes the most colossal figure that ever was reared in the Pantheon of the human imagination; and his experience, his suffering, his frenzy, his senile insanity, and the whirlwind of agony in which he dies, become tremendous and overwhelming. It is not old Brabantio, or old Capulet, or even old Shylock, who goes mad, under the strokes of unkindness, the wear of age, the ravages of tempest, and the human woes and spiritual perplexities of life: it is old Lear: and when this awful presence totters, with streaming white hair and blazing eye-balls, across the thunder-riven heath, under the night and through the storm, he breaks our hearts, not alone with

afflicting sense of the torment into which he has fallen, but of the stately yet lovable nobility from which he fell. King Lear is an august and splendid personality, and he bears the authentic sceptre of sorrow. We see him torn from all moorings and driven out upon the gale-swept ocean-wastes of misery; but it is less for what he suffers than for what he is, that we pity, and love, and reverence, and deplore him. The highest and best elements of our human nature are felt to be crystallized and combined in this woeful, terrific image of shattered royalty; and so his misery comes home to us with a keen personal force. There are many denotements of this imperial fascination, which is the pervading and characteristic quality of Lear, and which has enthroned him in the love of all the world. It is the soul of the character. It links to the ruined monarch all the virtues that surround his time and person. It holds the heart-strings of the celestial Cordelia. It holds the devotion of the wise and honest Kent. Nothing, indeed, can be more significant of what Lear is than the passionate fealty of this follower, who "from the first of difference and decay" has attended his steps, and who will not be left by him, even at the brink of the grave.

"I have a journey, sir, shortly to go:
My master calls me—I must not say no."

W. W.

II.—Origin, Basis, and Date of King Lear.

The story of Lear and his daughters was found by Shakespeare in Holinshed, and he may have taken a few hints from an old play, "The True Chronicle Historie of King Leir." In both Holinshed's version and that of the "True Chronicle" the army of Lear and his French allies is victorious; Lear is re-instated in his kingdom; but Holinshed relates how, after Lear's death, her sisters' sons warred against Cordelia and took her prisoner, when, "being a woman of a manly courage, and despairing to recover liberty," she slew herself. The story is also told by Higgins in the "Mirror for Magistrates;" by Spenser ("Faerie Queene," II., x. 27–32), from whom Shakespeare adopted the form of the name, "Cordelia;" and in a ballad (printed in Percy's "Reliques") probably later in date than Shakespeare's play. With the story of Lear Shakespeare connects that of Gloster and his two sons. An episode in Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia" supplied characters and incidents for this portion of the play,—Sidney's blind king of Paphlagonia corresponding to the Gloster of Shakespeare. But here, too, the story had, in the dramatist's original, a happy ending: the Paphlagonian king is restored to his throne and the brothers are reconciled.

The date of Shakespeare's play is probably 1605 or 1606. It was entered on the Stationer's register, November 26th, 1607, and the entry states that it had been acted "upon St. Stephen's day, at Christmas last," *i. e.*, December 26th, 1606. The play was printed, in quarto, in 1608. "An upward limit of date is supplied by the publication of Harsnet's 'Declaration of Popish Impostures,' 1603, to which Shakespeare was indebted for the names of many of the devils in Edgar's speeches." It has been suggested that Gloster's mention of "late eclipses of the sun and moon" (Act I., Scene ii. L. 112) refers to the great eclipse of the sun, October, 1605, preceded, within a month, by an eclipse of the moon, and that the words which follow shortly after the mention of eclipse—"machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders follow us disquietly to our graves"—had special point if delivered on the stage while the Gunpowder Plot, of November 5th, 1605, was still fresh in men's minds. * * * The text of the quarto differs considerably from that of the folio; but the opinion that the later text—that of the folio—exhibits a revision of his own work by Shakespeare is not supported by sufficient evidence. "The folio was printed from an independent manuscript, and its text is, on the whole, much superior to that of the quartos. Each, however, supplies passages that are wanting in the other." Scene iii. of Act IV. is not found in the folio.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

III.—THE ORIGINAL STORY OF KING LEAR.

"Leir, the son of Baldud, was admitted ruler over the Britains in the year of the world 3105. At what time Joas reigned as yet in Juda. This Leir was a prince of noble demeanour, governing his land and subjects in great wealth. He made the town of Carleir, now called Leicester, which standeth upon the river Dore. It is writ that he had, by his wife, three daughters, without other issue, whose names were Gonorilla, Regan, and Cordilla, which daughters he greatly loved, but especially the youngest, Cordilla, far above the two elder.

"When this Leir had come to great years, and began to wear unwieldy through age, he thought to understand the affections of his daughters towards him, and prefer her whom he best loved to the succession of the kingdom; therefore, he first asked Gonorilla, the eldest, how well she loved him, the which, calling her gods to record, protested that she loved him more than her own life, which by right and reason should be most dear unto her; with which answer the father, being well pleased, turned to the second, and demanded of her how well she loved him; which answered (confirming her sayings with oaths) that she loved

him more than tongue can express, and far above all other creatures in the world.

"Then called he his youngest daughter, Cordilla, before him, and asked of her what account she made of him; unto whom she made this answer as followeth: 'Knowing the great love and fatherly zeal you have always borne towards me (for the which, that I may not answer you otherwise than I think, and as my conscience leadeth me), I protest to you that I have always loved you, and shall continually, while I live, love you as my natural father; and if you would more understand of the love that I bear you, ascertain yourself, that so much as you have, so much you are worth, and so much I love you, and no more.'

"The father, nothing content with this answer, married the two eldest daughters, the one unto the Duke of Cornwall, named Henninus, and the other unto the Duke of Albania, called Maglanus; and betwixt them, after his death, he willed and ordained his land should be divided, and the one-half thereof should be immediately assigned unto them in hand; but for the third daughter, Cordilla, he reserved nothing.

"Yet it fortuned that one of the princes of Gallia (which now is called France), whose name was Aganippus, hearing of the beauty, womanhood, and good conditions of the said Cordilla, desired to have her in marriage, and sent over to her father, requiring that he might have her to wife; to whom answer was made, that he might have his daughter, but for any dowry he could have none, for all was promised and assured to her other sisters already.

"Aganippus, notwithstanding this answer of denial to receive anything by way of dower with Cordilla, took her to wife, only moved thereto (I say) for respect of her person and amiable virtues. This Aganippus was one of the twelve kings that ruled Gallia in those days, as in the British history it is recorded. But to proceed: after that Leir was fallen into age, the two dukes that had married his two eldest daughters, thinking it long ere the government of the land did come to their hands, arose against him in armour, and reft from him the governance of the land, upon conditions to be continued for term of life; by the which he was put to his portion; that is, to live after a rate assigned to him for the maintainance of his estate, which in process of time was diminished, as well by Maglanus as by Henninus.

"But the greatest grief that Leir took was to see the unkindness of his daughters, who seemed to think that all was too much which their father had, the same being never so little; in so much that, going from one to the other, he was brought to that misery that they would allow him only one servant to wait upon him. In the end, such was the unkindness, or,

as I may say, the unnaturalness, which he found in his two daughters, notwithstanding their fair and pleasant words uttered in time past, that, being constrained of necessity, he fled the land, and sailed into Gallia, there to seek some comfort of his youngest daughter, Cordilla, whom before he hated.

"The lady Cordilla, hearing he was arrived, in poor estate, she first sent to him privately a sum of money, to apparel himself withal, and to retain a certain number of servants, that might attend upon him in honourable wise, as apperteyned to the estate which he had borne. And then, so accompanyed, she appointed him to come to the court, which he did, and was so joyfully, honourably and lovingly received, both by his son-in-law, Aganippus, and also by his daughter Cordilla, that his heart was greatly comforted; for he was no less honoured than if he had been king of the whole country himself. Also, after that he had informed his son-in-law and his daughter in what sort he had been used by his other daughters, Aganippus caused a mighty army to be put in readiness, and likewise a great navy of ships to be rigged, to pass over into Britain, with Leir, his father-in-law, to see him again restored to his kingdom.

"It was accorded that Cordilla should also go with him to take possession of the land, the which he promised to leave unto her, as his rightful inheritor after his decease, notwithstanding any former grants made unto her sisters, or unto their husbands, in any manner of wise. Hereupon, when this army and navy of ships were ready, Leir and his daughter Cordilla, with her husband, took the sea, and arriving in Britain fought with their enemies, and discomfited them in battle, in the which Maglanus and Henninus were slain, and then was Leir restored to his kingdom, which he ruled after this by the space of two years, and then died, forty years after he first began to reign. His body was buried at Leicester, in a vault under the channel of the river Dore, beneath the town."

HOLINSHED'S CHRONICLE.

IV.—THE IDEA AND SUBSTANCE OF KING LEAR.

"The modern practice of blending comedy with tragedy, though liable to great abuse in point of practice, is undoubtedly an extension of the dramatic circle; but the comedy should be, as in 'King Lear,' universal, ideal, and sublime. It is, perhaps, the intervention of this principle which determines the balance in favour of 'King Lear' against the 'Œdipus Tyrannus,' or the 'Agamemnon,' or, if you will, the Trilogies with which they are connected; unless the intense power of the choral poetry, especially that of the latter, should be considered as restoring the

equilibrium. 'King Lear,' if it can sustain that comparison, may be judged to be the most perfect specimen of the dramatic art existing in the world." SHELLEY.

"We must never forget that unity, in Shakespeare's view, consists in one dominant idea, which, reproducing itself under various forms, incessantly produces, continues, and redoubles the same impression. Thus, as in 'Macbeth,' the poet displays man in conflict with the passions of crime, so in 'King Lear' he depicts him in conflict with misfortune, the action of which is modified according to the different characters of the individuals who experience it." GUIZOT.

"The artful involution of distinct interests, the striking opposition of contrary characters, the sudden changes of fortune, and the quick succession of events, fill the mind with a perpetual tumult of indignation, pity, and hope. There is no scene which does not contribute to the aggravation of the distress or conduct of the action; and scarce a line which does not conduce to the progress of the scene."

DR. JOHNSON.

"The deeper our study of Shakespeare the more we are impressed with the extent to which his pathos is independent of condition and common to humanity: not independent of condition, in reference to his dramatic purpose and effect; but independent of condition, in reference to the essence of the suffering. If Lear had never been a king, the man, without a shred of royal robes, is all-sufficient to account for the madness of the father." HENRY GILES.

"Lear combines length with rapidity—like the hurricane and the whirlpool, absorbing while it advances. It begins as a stormy day in summer, with brightness; but that brightness is lurid, and anticipates the tempest. It was not without forethought, nor is it without its due significance, that the division of Lear's kingdom is, in the first lines of the play, stated as a thing already determined, in all its particulars, previously to the trial of professions as the relative rewards of which the daughters were to be made to consider their several portions. The strange, yet by no means unnatural, mixture, of selfishness, sensibility, and habit of feeling derived from and fostered by the particular rank and usages of the individual; the intense desire of being intensely beloved—

selfish and yet characteristic of the selfishness of a loving and kindly nature alone; the self-supportless leaning, for all pleasure, on another's breast; the craving after sympathy as with a prodigal disinterestedness, frustrated by its own ostentation and the mode and texture of its claims; the anxiety, the distrust, the jealousy, which more or less accompany all selfish affections, and are amongst the surest contradistinctions of mere fondness from pure love, and which originate Lear's eager wish to enjoy his daughters' violent professions, whilst the inveterate habits of sovereignty convert the wish into claim and positive right, and an incompliance with it into crime and treason;—these facts, these passions, these moral verities, on which the whole tragedy is founded, are all prepared for, and will, to the retrospect, be implied in the first four or five lines of the play. They let us know that the trial is but a trick, and that the grossness of the old king's rage is in part the natural result of a silly trick suddenly and most unexpectedly baffled and disappointed."

COLERIDGE.

"Good and evil, in this play, are clearly severed from one another—more so than in 'Macbeth' or in 'Othello'—and, at the last, goodness, if we judge merely by external fortune, would seem to be, if not defeated, at least not triumphant. Shakespeare has dared, while paying little regard to mere historical verisimilitude, to represent the most solemn and awful mysteries of life as they actually are, without attempting to offer a ready-made explanation of them. Cordelia dies strangled in prison; yet we know that her devotion of love was not mis-spent. Lear expires in an agony of grief; but he has been delivered from his pride and passionate wilfulness; he has found that instead of being a master, at whose nod all things must bow, he is weak and helpless, a sport even of the wind and the rain; his ignorance of true love, and pleasure in false professions of love, have given place to an agonized clinging to the love which is real, deep, and tranquil because of its fullness. Lear is the greatest sufferer in Shakespeare's plays. Though so old, he has strength which makes him a subject for prolonged and vast agony; and patience is unknown to him. The elements seem to have conspired against him with his unnatural daughters; the upheaval of the moral world and the rage of the tempest in the air seem to be parts of the same gigantic convulsion. In the midst of this tempest wanders unhoused the white-haired Lear; while his Fool—most pathetic of all the minor characters of Shakespeare—jests, half-wildly, half-coherently, half-bitterly, half-tenderly, and always with a sad remembrance of the happier past. The poor boy's heart has been sore, ever since his 'young mistress went to

France.' * * * * Everywhere throughout the play Shakespeare's imaginative daring impresses us. Nothing in poetry is bolder or more wonderful than the scene on the night of the tempest, in the hovel where the king, whose intellect has now given way, is in company with Edgar, assuming madness, the Fool, with his forced and pathetic mirth, and Kent." EDWARD DOWDEN.

"The story of Lear and his daughters was left by Shakespeare exactly as he found it in a fabulous tradition, with all the features characteristical of the simplicity of old times. But, in that tradition there is not the slightest trace of the story of Gloster and his sons, which was derived by Shakespeare from another source. The incorporation of the two stories has been censured as destructive of the unity of action. But, whatever contributes to the intrigue or the *denouement* must always possess unity: and with what ingenuity and skill are the two main parts of the composition dove-tailed into one another! The pity felt by Gloster for the fate of Lear becomes the means which enables his son Edmund to effect his complete destruction, and affords the outcast Edgar an opportunity of being the saviour of his father. On the other hand, Edmund is active in the cause of Regan and Goneril: and the criminal passion which they both entertain for him induces them to execute justice on each other and themselves. The laws of the drama have, therefore, been sufficiently complied with; but that is the least: it is the very combination which constitutes the sublime beauty of the work." * * * *

"Of Cordelia's heavenly beauty of soul, painted in so few words, I will not venture to speak. She can only be named in the same breath with Antigone. Her death has been thought too cruel; and in England the piece is, in acting, so far altered that she remains victorious and happy. I must own I cannot conceive what ideas of art and dramatic connection those persons have who suppose that we can at pleasure tack a double conclusion to a tragedy: a melancholy one for hard-hearted spectators, and a happy one for souls of a softer mould. After surviving so many sufferings Lear can only die; and what more truly tragic ending for him than to die from grief for the death of Cordelia? And, if he is also to be saved and to pass the remainder of his days in happiness, the whole loses its signification. According to Shakespeare's plan, the guilty, it is true, are punished, for wickedness destroys itself; but the virtues that would bring help and succour are everywhere too late, or overmatched by the cunning activity of malice. The persons of this drama have only such a faint belief in Providence as heathens may

be supposed to have; and the poet here wishes to show us that this belief requires a wider range than the dark pilgrimage on earth, to be established in full extent." SCHLEGEL.

"The Fool is no comic buffoon, to make the groundlings laugh, no forced condescension of Shakespeare's genius to the taste of his audience. Accordingly, the poet prepares for his introduction, which he never does with any of his common clowns and fools, by bringing him into living connection with the pathos of the play. He is as wonderful a creation as Caliban: his wild babblings and inspired idiocy articulate and gauge the horrors of the scene." COLERIDGE.

"True love and fidelity are no more to be estranged by *ill* than falsehood and hollow-heartedness can be conciliated by *good* usage."

CHARLES LAMB.

"Most actors,—Garrick, Kemble, and Kean, among others,—seem to have based their conception of the character of King Lear on the infirmity usually associated with 'four-score and upwards,' and have represented the feebleness instead of the vigour of old age. But Lear's was, in truth, 'a lusty winter:' his language never betrays imbecility of mind or body. He confers his kingdom, indeed, on 'younger strengths;' but there is still sufficient invigorating him to allow him to ride, to hunt, to run wildly through the fury of the storm, to slay the ruffian who murdered his Cordelia, and to bear about her dead body in his arms. There is, moreover, a heartiness, and even jollity, in his blither moments, no way akin to the helplessness of senility. Indeed, the towering range of thought with which his mind dilates,—identifying the heavens themselves with his grief,—and the power of conceiving such vast imaginings would seem incompatible with a tottering, trembling frame, and betoken, rather, one of 'mighty bone and bold emprise,' in the outward bearing of the grand old man." MACREADY.

V.—ULRICI'S THOUGHTS ON KING LEAR.

"To understand the organic coherence of the whole—to discover the intrinsic necessity of the tragic development in all its moments—to find the fundamental idea—the living centre, as it were, around which the

several parts revolve, and thereby adjust themselves into a whole—all this requires profundity of view and a firm, æsthetical basis of criticism.

"In the present piece the ground idea of the whole is reflected in all the subordinate parts, more clearly than in any other of Shakespeare's dramas: for the tie between parent and child, which in a high historical sense forms here the basis of the tragic sentiment, has for its foundation wedlock, and the religious sanction of the intercourse of the sexes. Accordingly, strong rays of light are thrown off from this central idea upon both these civilizing influences of human life.

"In 'King Lear' *parental affection* and *filial reverence* are contemplated as the focus towards which all the ties of life converge, and the *family*—in its largest and historical import—is the particular grade of life in which the poet has here taken up his position within the domain of poetry.

"Lear, 'in every inch a king,' had accustomed himself to the thought of, and set his heart on, being the unlimited master of the world; although in boundless love he gives his kingdom away, it is still his sovereign pleasure to measure even affection by his own arbitrary will, and he would lord even over it. Even when he has overthrown this visionary empire by his own folly, he must still command; he fights against the very elements, he is determined to be at least the master of his own sufferings and his own destiny. But for this the necessary powers fail him; and consequently the general disorder of all the moral relations of life terminates in madness. It was only by such an affliction that a character like his could be brought to repentance; and by such means alone could the propitiatory element of tragedy be manifested in his case. It was not until his kingly spirit, his haughty virtue, his energy and sovereignty of will, had been utterly overthrown, that he could be brought to the *humility* which is the parent of true love, and that love in him could be purified.

"Lear is depicted as the head not only of a family, but also of the state—as the ruler of a great nation. The more seriously, therefore, and the more directly his domestic circumstances influence the destinies of a whole people, the more clearly does the importance of the family bond appear. The tragedy sets before us the public fortunes of a great nation in the first instance, and ultimately the history of the whole world, as affected by the morality or immorality of private life, and it becomes, consequently, not merely in its ideal subject-matter, but also by the course taken by the represented fable, a mirror of history in general.

"Lear's stronger and bolder spirit makes head against external troubles; he struggles against the fury of the elements as against the wickedness

of man. It is only from within that he can be conquered; in the violent convulsive effort to master the deep emotions of his heart, the bonds of reason snap asunder, and madness spreads its nightly, veiling darkness over him.

"As the family tie—the first and absolutely indispensable foundation of all moral and intellectual development has been irremediably broken, and thereby the whole of human existence completely unsettled, being let loose from its primary source and reality in God; this convulsion and the extreme enormity of sin must be exhibited both internally and externally. Its external and objective manifestation is in the disruption of all human relations, and in the fruitless struggle of good against evil; inwardly and subjectively it attains its climax in the disorganization of the King's mind, whose personality formed the subjective centre of the whole piece.

"The high mid-day sun has now sunk into the fresh, glowing, but fast fading tints of evening. The old Lear is still vigorous both in mind and body; his old age has not tempered the faults of his nature; his obstinacy, love of power, passion and rashness, are as strong as ever; his heart still retains all its freshness and impetuosity. The rich measure of love which has fallen to the portion of Lear's heart is blindly lavished by him to the last drops upon his children; he resigns to them his all, in the hope of finding in their love and gratitude repose from the storms and fatigues of his long life. But the affection of Lear leads him to forget the king in the parent, and in a father's care to overlook all other duties. Its first thought is of the external and terrestrial, not the inward and everlasting, welfare of his children. As it has not its root in the divine truth, it consequently mistakes its true nature, and, refusing the genuine return of deep and silent gratitude, accepts in the stead a worthless counterfeit. Such a false, and in fact immoral love of the parent, is, by an intrinsic necessity, closely followed by the perfidy, ingratitude, and guilt of the children. True family love can only exist in the calm, unconscious, disinterested union of hearts in which outward and inward, objective and subjective, are so perfectly blended into one, that no outward sanction, no notions of right and duty, reward or recompense, are ever pressed into consideration. Accordingly, we must look upon Lear himself as the prime cause of the tragic complication, and the guilty author of his own fate, no less than of the crimes and sufferings of his daughters. He falls the victim of the errors and weakness of his own affectionate heart. Thus invariably does the lovely and noble of this earth hasten to perdition whenever unpurified and earthly: it neglects to look back to its divine origin for its true strength and support.

"As Shakespeare everywhere exhibits the most wonderful power in completely exhausting the particular subject he has in hand, so, in the present piece, he is not content with simply exhibiting the fundamental idea in the fortunes of the King and his family. He sets it forth under another aspect.

"In order to shew that a moral corruption is never solitary, but is in its seed and principle *universal* and ultimately resting on the sinfulness of the whole human race, he has taken the noblest families as representatives of the great family of man, and made them the victims of the moral pestilence. While a passionate, unreal tenderness avenges itself on Lear, the fate of Gloster is the consequence of unrepented juvenile excess, on which (as shewn in the first scene) the old man still reflects with wanton pleasure. For the stain of his birth the bastard Edmund punishes his father, who is as credulous and superstitious in his old age as he was light-hearted and thoughtless in youth. While in the one case the open folly of the parent is answered by the open and shameless crimes of the children, in the other, secret sins are met by hidden and sanctified enormity. In the former case the family tie is broken, together with the false and rickety foundation on which it rested; in the latter it is annihilated by the retributive poison of a single sin, which from the first had eaten away the only stay of domestic happiness—true purity of heart.

"It was necessary to portray Lear and Gloster as infinitely more sinned against than sinning, in order thereby to point out how sins, such as those of which they were the first cause, spring up like weeds, from small beginnings to an unforeseen magnitude, until they cover the whole soil, and absorb its most precious juices. That their baneful influence should have been stronger on the female mind than on that of man — for Edmund, however guilty, has some palliation to plead in the dishonour of his origin — is but founded on the truth of nature. Since the vocation of woman is domestic life, from which both her character and feelings take their tone, whenever this is corrupt and her sole stay undermined, woman necessarily falls lower than man, who, by his very nature, is thrown more upon himself, and placed on a wider basis of existence.

"Cordelia pays the penalty of the fault she committed, when, instead of affectionately humouring the weakness of her aged father, she met him with unfilial frowardness, and answered his, no doubt, foolish questions with unbecoming harshness and asperity; a father's curse lights upon her head, and its direful consequences cannot afterwards be avoided. The slighter her failing may appear, the deeper is the tragic effect of its heavy penalty. For the true force of the tragic lies exactly in this, that

the trivial faults of the good are overwhelmed in the same ruin as the most revolting offences of the bad; with this difference, however, that whereas to the former purification and atonement (and consequently true life also) is conveyed in its annihilation, to the latter temporary destruction and punishment bring likewise eternal death.

"All the profound thoughtfulness on which the tragic view of the world ultimately rests, lies hidden in the deep meditative humour of the Fool, against which the tragic form of art is, as it were, broken, in order to display more clearly its inmost core. This genuine humour of the Fool plays, as it were, with the tragical; to it pain or pleasure, happiness or misery, are all the same; it makes a sport of the most heart-rending sufferings and misfortunes of earthly existence; even from death and destruction it can derive amusement. By these qualities he is raised high *above* this earthly existence; and he has already attained to that elevation of the human mind *above* all the pursuits or sorrows of this earthly life, which it is the end of this tragic art to set forth, and which is, as it were, personified in him. The humour itself is, in its very essence, the *sublime* of Comic. Although fully conscious of all the grave seriousness and responsibilities of life, in its profoundest depths, he yet pursues, even with this profundity and seriousness, his sportive mockery, and has no misgivings even, because he is raised far above this earth and its interests. To one who looks upon the whole of life as nothing, his outward position in it must be immaterial. Accordingly, the Fool departs from this life with a witticism in his mouth—'He 'll go to bed at noon.' But his sublime elevation is not a mere stoical indifference; it is united with the truest love and fidelity, and the most rare sympathy. His heartfelt sorrow for his dear Cordelia and his beloved King has sapped his life.

"Lear's madness, too, terminates with his mortal sigh for Cordelia's loss. In this moment of anguish all the rich intensity of love, which sat enthroned in the heart of Lear, has found its worthy object. While the faint sparks of life are extinguishing, his love puts off its last earthly weakness, and ascends purified and refined to heaven. The tragic impression loses its crushing and oppressive horror, and is transmuted into the calm consolatory feeling of a gentle death and a blissful peace."

VI.—The Madness of King Lear.

"It is on the development of insanity, the gradual loosening of the mind from the props and supports of reason and of fact, the gradual transition of the feelings from their old habitudes and relations to morbid

and perverted excess, the gradual exaggeration of some feelings and the extinction of others, and the utter loss of mental balance resulting therefrom; it is on this passage from the state of man, when reason is on its throne, to a state when the royal insignia of his pre-eminence among God's creatures are defaced, that the great dramatist loves to dwell. The wilfulness with which critics have refused to see the symptoms of insanity in Lear until the reasoning power itself has become undeniably alienated, is founded upon the view of mental disease which has, until recently, been entertained even by physicians, and which is still maintained in courts of law, namely, that insanity is an affection of the intellectual and not of the emotional part of man's nature. * * * No state of the reasoning faculty can, by itself, be the cause or condition of madness; congenital idiocy and acquired dementia being alone excepted. The intellectual and excited babbling of the Fool and the exaggerated absurdities of Edgar are stated by Ulrici, and other critics, to exert a bad influence upon the king's mind. To persons unacquainted with the character of the insane, this opinion must seem, at least, to be highly probable, notwithstanding that the evidence of the drama itself is against it; for Lear is comparatively tranquil in conduct and language during the whole period of Edgar's mad companionship. * * * * The singular and undoubted fact was probably unknown to Ulrici, that few things tranquilize the insane more than the companionship of the insane. It is a fact not easily explicable, but it is one of which, either by the intuition of genius, or by the information of experience, Shakespeare appears to be aware." BUCKNILL.

"In the anger and agony of Lear; in the muscular insanity with which he tries to grapple with fate, as if to catch it by the throat, and strangle it in mortal fight; in his measuring his passions with elemental forces; looking for sympathy with his age to the olden heavens, and finding in the hurricane but inadequate resemblance to the malignity of his daughters;—in all this we have no incidental ebullition: we have, in condensation, the wholeness of a life, the entireness of a self-willed, self-indulgent, impulsive mind, wrenched from all that kept it stable, and whirled into darkness, amidst tempest and convulsion—the turbulence and fury of a most physical and most impassioned nature. It is thus that Shakespeare constantly shows us the radical nature of a man in his supreme trial, even in the wildness and terrors of insanity."

HENRY GILES.

"Edgar's assumed madness serves the great purpose of taking off part of the shock which would otherwise be caused by the true madness of Lear, and further displays the profound difference between the two. In every attempt at representing madness, throughout the whole range of dramatic literature, with the single exception of Lear, it is mere light-headedness, as especially in Otway. In Edgar's ravings, Shakespeare all the while lets you see a fixed purpose, a practical end in view. In Lear's there is only the brooding of the one anguish, an eddy without progression." COLERIDGE.

VII.—THE DRESSING, ETC., OF KING LEAR.

Guizot remarks that: "The time in which Shakespeare laid his action seems to have emancipated him from all conventional forms; and just as he felt no difficulty in placing a King of France, a Duke of Albany, and a Duke of Cornwall eight hundred years [and more] before the Christian era, so he felt no necessity for connecting the language and the characters of his drama with any determinate period." And Dr. Johnson says, in a kindred vein, that: "Shakespeare, by the mention of his earls and dukes [in this tragedy], has given us the idea of times more civilized and of life regulated by softer manners."—These views indicate the usage proper to be followed in mounting and dressing "King Lear." The Britons of A. M. 3105 probably wore skins—principally their own. The tragedy should be dressed according to the civilization of a much later period, with rude fabrics, but with some pomp and richness. The time of the action of this tragedy cannot be determined with absolute precision. Immediately after the partition of the kingdom is accomplished, Lear departs to the castle of Goneril. The first quarrel occurs before the close of the first month—apparently—of his residence in that place. There is nothing, however, to make it certain that this breach should not be referred to a later time—the third month or the fifth. It is here assumed, however, to occur in the first. Then comes the quarrel with Regan, which the text distinctly places within two days after the quarrel with Goneril. The incidents of the night and tempest, upon the heath, immediately follow. Three acts of the piece are thus comprised within less than a month. It seems sufficient to allow about three weeks for the military proceedings which bring on the final catastrophe. The scrupulous analyst of the text obtains many side lights upon points of this class: such as Lear's reference to his dead wife, and Regan's remembrance that Edgar, when an infant, received his name from Lear.

NEW-YORK, March 30th, 1878. W. W.

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JULIUS CAESAR

VOL. I

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Preface.

IN the composition of his play of "Julius Cæsar," Shakespeare built upon the records of Plutarch. Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch, from the French of Amyot, was, evidently, known to him, seeing that he has adopted North's historical errors, and, in several instances, has paraphrased, in verse, the exact chronicle made by North, in prose. The play was written in 1600 or 1601, and it was first published in the Folio of 1623. The text is thought to be somewhat exceptionally free from errors. "We know of no play of Shakespeare's," says Charles Knight, "that presents so few difficulties arising out of inaccuracies in the original edition; there are some half-dozen passages in which there are manifest typographical errors." Mr. Fleay declares that "the present play has been greatly shortened" and that this "is shown by the singularly large number of instances in which mute characters are on the stage—which is totally at variance with Shakespeare's usual practice." The same learned, acute, and ingenious writer remarks that "the first three acts and the last two have no characters in common, except Brutus, Cassius, Antony, and Lucius," and that "there are, in fact, two plays in one, Cæsar's Tragedy and Cæsar's Revenge." This was long ago observed by John Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire, who framed two tragedies out of Shakespeare's play,—called "Julius Cæsar" and "Marcus Brutus," 1722.

Several of the earlier Shakespeare editors refer to a similarity between lines in Antony's speech over the body of Brutus, in the last scene of the play, and a passage in

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Drayton's "Barons' War," 1603. Keightley, one of the safest guides to the study of Shakespeare, directs attention to the character of Crites, in Ben Jonson's "Cynthia's Revels," acted in 1600, and suggests that "the immediate original of the passage, in both poets," Shakespeare and Drayton, may be found in that play, act II, scene 1; and, furthermore, he refers to an earlier original, in Chaucer's "Tale of the Doctor of Physik." The fact, if fact it be, that alterations were made in the text of "Julius Cæsar," between the time of its production on the stage, 1600 or 1601, and that of its first publication, 1623, is, in part inferred from Ben Jonson's references—in his "Staple of News" and his "Timber, or Discoveries"—to a line in the play, as originally given, which he calls "ridiculous": "Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause." Shakespeare died in 1616. The Folio, appearing in 1623, did not contain that line, but gave the reading as it now stands. Jonson, nevertheless, is found to be gibing at this absurdity, in his "Staple of News," which was acted in 1625. Both the "Staple of News" and the "Timber," however, may have been written prior to 1623 and therefore prior to the correction of the error, although, indeed, there is not much reason to think that Jonson would have been very scrupulous as to the exact propriety of a dig at another dramatist. He had participated, and so had Shakespeare, as well as Drayton, Lodge, Dekker, and others, in "the war of the theatres," and no love appears to have been lost among those combatants; albeit, after Shakespeare's death, Jonson wrote of him with cordial kindness. Mr. Fleay notes, as an additional sign that alterations were made in "Julius Cæsar," and that some other hand than that of Shakespeare made them, the fact that the name of Antony, in this play, is spelled without an h; whereas, occurring in eight of Shakespeare's plays, that name is invariably spelled with an h in every instance except this one.

These details indicate the importance of a close scrutiny of the text. The errors in the Folio are considerable in number, and, precious though it be, that book cannot be implicitly trusted. Students ought to possess Keightley's "Shakespeare Expositor" and Kinnear's "Cruces Shakespearianæ," and ought to consult them, as to every one of Shakespeare's plays. Much help, likewise, may be derived from J. Payne Collier's "Notes and Emendations," for Collier was thoroughly acquainted with the subject, and he had an abundance of general learning, no matter what cloud of doubt may rest on the authenticity of the MS. corrector of his Second Folio. And every student should read the writings of Edward Dowden, the most profound and sympathetic Shakespearean critic of our age. Dowden, writing of "Julius Cæsar," suggests that Shakespeare was, probably, acquainted with a translation (there was one published in 1578), of the account of the Civil Wars, by the Roman historian, Appian, and that he derived some hints from it for the orations of Brutus and Antony. Antony's oration over the corpse of Cæsar has always been regarded as one of the best examples of Shakespeare's invention; it owes nothing to Plutarch except the incident of the display of the dead body; whereas the words of Brutus, spoken over the dead Cassius, in the last act, are directly taken from that original:

> *"The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!*
> *It is impossible that ever Rome*
> *Should breed thy fellow."*

A play called the "History of Cæsar and Pompey" is mentioned by Stephen Gosson (1554–1623), as existent in 1579, and mention is made by Skottowe of a Latin play by Dr. Richard Eedes (died at Worcester, England, November 19, 1604), which was acted in Oxford University in 1582. Voltaire treated the Julius Cæsar story, in his tragedy called

"The Death of Cæsar," and Aaron Hill founded upon Voltaire's play his "Roman Revenge," 1753. Both of these pieces adopt the tale that Brutus was Cæsar's son, by Servillia, sister of Cato—an absurdity, for Cæsar was scarcely turned fourteen when Brutus was born. Voltaire's tragedy contains no women. Hill's portraiture of Cæsar is highly colored, but not without some justification, for Cæsar, although his character had somewhat deteriorated toward the end of his life (Plutarch), was the greatest man of the actual group. Hill makes Portia and Calphurnia intimate, life-long friends. Bolingbroke admired Hill's play, and so did Pope; but Garrick would not act in it, and the public did not care for it. William Alexander, Earl of Stirling (died 1640), wrote a tragedy on Julius Cæsar, 1604 (Malone says 1607), and this, with his other works, "Darius," "Crœsus," "The Alexandræan Tragedy," etc., were published in folio in 1637. Sense, formality, and dullness are the chief characteristics of the Earl's style. An alteration of Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar," made by Davenant and Dryden, and acted at Drury Lane, was published in 1719. Sheffield's Julius Cæsar plays, 1772, were never much esteemed: they are clumsy alterations of Shakespeare's tragedy. One scene represents Brutus in love! There is a chorus at the end of each act. Alexander also employs the chorus. Sheffield introduces in his "Marcus Brutus," new characters, one of them being Junia, wife of Cassius. Examination of those plays serves only to illustrate and confirm the superiority of Shakespeare.

January, 1899. *W. W.*

"There is not one person in ten thousand who knows what Liberty means, or cares a straw for any happiness but his own."—PEACOCK.

"There is one alone, and there is not a second."—ECCLESIASTES IV, 8.

"Here we embrace, and I'll unlock my heart.
A council 's held hard by, where the destruction
Of this great empire 's hatching: there I'll lead thee.
. . . To mix with men
Fit to disturb the peace of all the world
And rule it when 'tis wildest."—OTWAY.

"That Julius Cæsar was a famous man;
With what his valor did enrich his wit
His wit set down to make his valor live.
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror,
For now he lives in fame, though not in life."

—SHAKESPEARE.

"Heroes may kill tyrants, but it is wisdom and laws that prevent tyranny and oppression."—ELIZABETH MONTAGU.

"A perfect man
As ever Nature in one frame did span.
Such high-born thought, a soul so large and free,
So clear a judgment and vast memory,
So princely, hospitable, and brave mind,
We must not think in haste on earth to find,
Unless the times would turn to gold again
And Nature get new strength in forming men."

JAMES HOWELL.

"Desiredst thou what truly spurred thee on? . . .
Or didst thou but, as cautious schemers use,
Cloak thine ambition with these specious words?
I know not: just, in either case, the stroke
Which laid thee low, for blood requires blood."

—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

"We've trod the maze of error round,
Long wand'ring in the winding glade,
And, now the torch of truth is found,
It only shows us where we've strayed."—CRABBE.

"When went there by an age since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man?"

"And yesterday the bird of night did sit
Even at noon-day upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking."

"It must be by his death. . . .
The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse from power."

"I heard a bustling rumor, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol."

"Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times."

"Mischief, thou art afoot,—
Take thou what course thou wilt!"

"I think it is the weakness of my mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me. Art thou anything?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil
That mak'st my blood cold and my hair to stare?"

"Why, now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!
The storm is up and all is on the hazard."

"Time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass."

"The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone!
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done."

"When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself."

"Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labor'd to attain this hour."

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'"

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Rome. A Public Place. A Great Tumult without.*
Enter CASCA, TREBONIUS, *and a rabble of* Citizens.

CASCA.

Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home.
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day without the sign
Of your profession? — Speak, what trade art thou?

SECOND CITIZEN.

Why, sir, a carpenter.

TREBONIUS.

Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule? —
You, sir; what trade are you?

FIRST CITIZEN.

Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

TREBONIUS.

But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

FIRST CITIZEN.

A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

CASCA.

What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

FIRST CITIZEN.

Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me; yet if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

CASCA.

What mean'st thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

FIRST CITIZEN.

Why, sir, cobble you.

TREBONIUS.

Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

FIRST CITIZEN.

Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl. I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters: but withal I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon my handiwork.

TREBONIUS.

But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

FIRST CITIZEN.

Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

CASCA.

Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The livelong day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome;
And, when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

TREBONIUS.

Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all. — [*March.*
See whe'r their baser metal be not mov'd!
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.

Enter, in procession with music, CÆSAR; ANTONY, *for the course;* CALPURNIA, DECIUS, *and* CASCA, *a great crowd following, among them a* Soothsayer.

CÆSAR.

Calpurnia!

ANTONY.

Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks. [*Music ceases.*

CÆSAR.

Calpurnia!

CALPURNIA.

Here, my lord.

CÆSAR.

Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course. — Antonius!

ANTONY.

Cæsar, my lord!

CÆSAR.

Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.

ANTONY.

I shall remember;
When Cæsar says "Do this," it is perform'd.

CÆSAR.

Set on, and leave no ceremony out. [*Music.*

SOOTHSAYER.

Cæsar!

CÆSAR.

Ha! who calls?

ANTONY.

Bid every noise be still. — Peace yet again! [*Music ceases.*

CÆSAR.

Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry, Cæsar. Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

SOOTHSAYER.

Beware the ides of March.

CÆSAR.

What man is that?

ANTONY.

A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

CÆSAR.

Set him before me; let me see his face.

ANTONY.

Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Cæsar.

CÆSAR.

What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.

SOOTHSAYER.

Beware the ides of March.

CÆSAR.

He is a dreamer; let us leave him: — pass.

[*March. Exeunt all. Enter* BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS.

CASSIUS.

Will you go see the order of the course?

BRUTUS.

Not I.

CASSIUS.

I pray you, do.

BRUTUS.

I am not gamesome; I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

CASSIUS.

Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have;
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

BRUTUS.

Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd; if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours;
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd —
Among which number, Cassius, be you one —
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

CASSIUS.

Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

BRUTUS.

No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection by some other things.

CASSIUS.

'Tis just;
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
Except immortal Cæsar, speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

BRUTUS.

Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

CASSIUS.

Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear;
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I your glass
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous. [*Shout.*

BRUTUS.

What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

CASSIUS.

Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

BRUTUS.

I would not, Cassius, yet I love him well. —
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently;
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

CASSIUS.

I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story. —

I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life, but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar, so were you;
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plungèd in,
And bade him follow; so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink."
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake;
His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his lustre. I did hear him groan;
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout.*

BRUTUS.

Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

CASSIUS.

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates;
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Cæsar: what should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
"Brutus" will start a spirit as soon as "Cæsar." [*Shout.*
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say till now that talk'd of Rome
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Now it is Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O, you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king!

BRUTUS.

That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim;
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,

Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
[*March. Shouts nearer.*
The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

CASSIUS.

As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

BRUTUS.

I will do so. — But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train.

CASSIUS.

Casca will tell us what the matter is.
[*March. Procession returns* L.

CÆSAR.

Antonius!

ANTONY.

Cæsar?

CÆSAR.

Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

ANTONY.

Fear him not, Cæsar; he's not dangerous.
He is a noble Roman and well given.

CÆSAR.

Would he were fatter! — But I fear him not.
Yet if my name were liable to fear,

I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*March. Exeunt* CÆSAR *and his train.* CASCA *remains.*

CASCA.

You pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak with me?

BRUTUS.

Ay, Casca; tell me what hath chanc'd to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad.

CASCA.

Why, you were with him, were you not?

BRUTUS.

I should not then ask Casca what had chanc'd.

CASCA.

Why, there was a crown offered him; and, being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a-shouting.

BRUTUS.

What was the second noise for?

CASCA.

Why, for that too.

CASSIUS.

They shouted thrice; what was the last cry for?

CASCA.

Why, for that too.

BRUTUS.

Was the crown offered him thrice?

CASCA.

Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting-by mine honest neighbours shouted.

CASSIUS.

Who offer'd him the crown?

CASCA.

Why, Antony.

BRUTUS.

Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

CASCA.

I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it; it was mere foolery, I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again; but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by; and still as he refused it, the rabblement shouted, and clapped their chopped hands, and threw up their sweaty nightcaps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it. And, for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

CASSIUS.

But, soft, I pray you. What! did Cæsar swoon?

CASCA.

He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

BRUTUS.

'Tis very like; he hath the falling sickness.

CASSIUS.

No, Cæsar hath it not; but you and I,
And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

CASCA.

I know not what you mean by that; but I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

BRUTUS.

What said he when he came unto himself?

CASCA.

Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut. — An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, "Alas, good soul!" — and forgave him with all their hearts. But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

BRUTUS.

And after that he came thus sad away?

CASCA.

Ay.

CASSIUS.

Did Cicero say any thing?

CASCA.

Ay, he spoke Greek.

CASSIUS.

To what effect?

CASCA.

Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again. But those that understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads; but, for my own part, it was Greek to me. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

CASSIUS.

Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

CASCA.

No, I am promised forth.

CASSIUS.

Will you dine with me to-morrow?

CASCA.

Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

CASSIUS.

Good; I will expect you.

CASCA.

Do so. Farewell, both. [*Exit* CASCA.

BRUTUS.

What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick mettle when he went to school.

CASSIUS.

So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

BRUTUS.

And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

CASSIUS.

I will do so; — till then, think of the world. —

BRUTUS.

Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us. [*Exit* BRUTUS.

CASSIUS.

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd: therefore it is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth bear me hard, but he loves Brutus;
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name, wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at;
And after this let Cæsar seat him sure,
For we will shake him or worse days endure.

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Rome. Brutus's Orchard. Lightning.*

BRUTUS.

What, Lucius! ho!—
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say! What, Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

LUCIUS.

Call'd you, my lord?

BRUTUS.

Get me a taper in my study, Lucius;
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

LUCIUS.

I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

BRUTUS.

It must be by his death; and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd;—
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder,
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—that;—
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse from power; and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,

Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may.
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus: that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities;
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which hatch'd would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.

Enter LUCIUS.

LUCIUS.

The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper thus seal'd up, and, I am sure,
It did not lie there when I went to bed. [*Gives him the letter.*

BRUTUS.

Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

LUCIUS.

I know not, sir.

BRUTUS.

Look in the calendar, and bring me word. [*Exit* LUCIUS.

BRUTUS.

The exhalations whizzing in the air
Give so much light that I may read by them.
[*Opens the letter, and reads.*
"*Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.*
Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress!" —
"Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake!"
Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.

"Shall Rome, etc." Thus must I piece it out:
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What! Rome?
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
"Speak, strike, redress!" Am I entreated
To speak and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus.

Enter LUCIUS.

LUCIUS.

Sir, March is wasted fifteen days. [*Knocking within.*

BRUTUS.

'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks. —
[*Exit* LUCIUS.
Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma or a hideous dream;
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council, and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Enter LUCIUS.

LUCIUS.

Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

BRUTUS.

Is he alone?

LUCIUS.

No, sir; there are more with him.

BRUTUS.

Do you know them?

LUCIUS.

No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.

BRUTUS.

Let 'em enter. [*Exit* LUCIUS.
They are the faction. O Conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, Conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability;
For, if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, *and* TREBONIUS.

CASSIUS.

I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?

BRUTUS.

I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?

CASSIUS.

Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honours you; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

BRUTUS.

He is welcome hither.

CASSIUS.

This, Decius.

BRUTUS.

He is welcome too.

CASSIUS.

This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber.

BRUTUS.

They are all welcome. —
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

CASSIUS.

Shall I entreat a word? [*They whisper.*

DECIUS.

Here lies the east; doth not the day break here?

CASCA.

No.

TREBONIUS.

O, pardon, sir, it doth, and yon grey lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

CASCA.

You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire, and the high east
Stands as the Capitol, directly here.

BRUTUS.

Give me your hands all over, one by one.

CASSIUS.

And let us swear our resolution.

BRUTUS.

No, not an oath! If not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause
To prick us to redress? what other bond
Than secret Romans that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engag'd
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive metal of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath, when every drop of blood,
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

CASSIUS.

But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

METELLUS.

Let us not leave him out.

CINNA.

No, by no means.

TREBONIUS.

O, let us have him, for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds.

BRUTUS.

O, name him not; let us not break with him,
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

CASSIUS.

Then leave him out.

CASCA.

Indeed, he is not fit.

DECIUS.

Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?

CASSIUS.

Decius, well urg'd. — I think it is not meet
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar. We shall find of him
A shrewd contriver, and you know his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all; which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

BRUTUS.

Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards;
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar,
And in the spirit of men there is no blood;
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm
When Cæsar's head is off.

CASSIUS.

Yet I fear him,
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar —

CASCA.

There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock strikes three.*

BRUTUS.

Peace! count the clock.

CASSIUS.

The clock hath stricken three.

TREBONIUS.

'Tis time to part.

CASSIUS.

But it is doubtful yet
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day or no;
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies.
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

DECIUS.

Never fear that. If he be so resolv'd,
I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers:
But, when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flattered.
Let me work;
For I can give his humour the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

CASSIUS.

Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

BRUTUS.

By the eighth hour; is that the uttermost?

CASCA.

Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

TREBONIUS.

Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey;
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

BRUTUS.

Now, good Trebonius, go along by him:
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

CASSIUS.

The morning comes upon 's; we'll leave you, Brutus.—
And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

BRUTUS.

Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily.
Let not our looks put on our purposes;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits and formal constancy:
And so, good morrow to you every one.—

[*Exeunt all but* BRUTUS.

Enter PORTIA.

PORTIA.

Brutus, my lord!

BRUTUS.

Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

PORTIA.

Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed; and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across;
And, when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks,
And with an angry wafture of your hand
Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seemed too much enkindled. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

BRUTUS.

I am not well in health, and that is all.

PORTIA.

Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

BRUTUS.

Why, so I do. — Good Portia, go to bed.

PORTIA.

Is Brutus sick?
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night,
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which by the right and virtue of my place
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love and that great vow,
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
Have had resort to you; for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

BRUTUS.

Kneel not, gentle Portia.

PORTIA.

I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

BRUTUS.

You are my true and honourable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

PORTIA.

If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman, but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife;
I grant I am a woman, but withal
A woman well reputed, Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here in the thigh; can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

BRUTUS.

O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!—
[*Knocking within.*
Hark, hark! one knocks. Portia, go in a while;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.

All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows.
Leave me with haste.— [*Exit* PORTIA.

SCENE II. *A Room in Cæsar's Palace.*

Enter CÆSAR.

CÆSAR.

Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night;
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
"Help, ho! they murther Cæsar!" — Who's within?

Enter FLAVIUS.

FLAVIUS.

My lord?

CÆSAR.

Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

FLAVIUS.

I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter CALPURNIA.

CALPURNIA.

What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

CÆSAR.

Cæsar shall forth. The things that threaten'd me
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

CALPURNIA.

Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.

The graves have yawn'd and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
And ghosts did shriek and gibber in the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

CÆSAR.

What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear,
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come. —

Enter FLAVIUS.

What say the augurers?

FLAVIUS.

They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast. [*Exit.*

CÆSAR.

The gods do this in shame of cowardice;
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
And Cæsar shall go forth.

CALPURNIA.

Alas! my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day. Call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house,
And he shall say you are not well to-day;
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

CÆSAR.

Mark Antony shall say I am not well,
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIUS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

DECIUS.

Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Cæsar;
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

CÆSAR.

And you are come in very happy time
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day.
Cannot is false; and that I dare not, falser;
I will not come to-day. Tell them so, Decius.

CALPURNIA.

Say, he is sick.

CÆSAR.

Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell greybeards the truth? —
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

DECIUS.

Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

CÆSAR.

The cause is in my will; I will not come:
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home.
She dream'd to-night she saw my statua,
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood, and many lusty Romans

ACT III.

SCENE. *The Capitol; the Senate sitting. Flourish.*

A crowd of Citizens; CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, *and others discovered.*

SOOTHSAYER.

Hail, Cæsar!

CÆSAR.

The ides of March are come.

SOOTHSAYER.

Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.
Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

DECIUS.

Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

SOOTHSAYER.

O, Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer. Read it, great Cæsar.

CÆSAR.

What touches us ourself shall be last serv'd.

SOOTHSAYER.

Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

CÆSAR.

What! is the fellow mad?

DECIUS.

Sirrah, give place. [*Exit* Soothsayer.

Enter POPILIUS LENAS.

POPILIUS.

I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

CASSIUS.

What enterprise, Popilius?

POPILIUS.

Fare you well. [*Advances to* CÆSAR.

BRUTUS.

What said Popilius Lena?

CASSIUS.

He wished to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.

BRUTUS.

Look, how he makes to Cæsar; mark him.

CASSIUS.

Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention. —
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

BRUTUS.

Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

CASSIUS.

Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY *and* TREBONIUS.

DECIUS.

Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

BRUTUS.

He is address'd; press near and second him.

CINNA.

Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

CASCA.

Are we all ready?

CÆSAR.

What is now amiss
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

METELLUS.

Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart. — [*Kneeling.*

CÆSAR.

I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools, — I mean sweet words,
Low-crooked curtsies, and base spaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished;
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

METELLUS.

Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

BRUTUS.

I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar,
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

CÆSAR.

What, Brutus!

CASSIUS.

Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

CÆSAR.

I could be well mov'd if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks;
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So, in the world; 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this, —
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

CINNA.

O Cæsar! —

CÆSAR.

Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

DECIUS.

Great Cæsar, —

CÆSAR.

Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

CASCA.

Speak, hands, for me.

[CASCA *stabs* CÆSAR *in the neck.* CÆSAR *catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other conspirators, and at last by* MARCUS BRUTUS.

CÆSAR.

Et tu, Brute! — Then, fall, Cæsar. [*Dies.*

BRUTUS.

Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead! —

CASSIUS.

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets:
" Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement! "

[*The* Senators *and* People *retire in confusion.*

BRUTUS.

People, and senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still: — ambition's debt is paid.
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else; so tell them, Lenas,
And let no man abide this deed, but we
The doers.

Enter TREBONIUS.

CASSIUS.

Where is Antony?

TREBONIUS.

Fled to his house amaz'd.
Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday.

BRUTUS.

Fates! we will know your pleasures:
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

CASSIUS.

Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

BRUTUS.

Grant that, and then is death a benefit.
On, Romans, on! With hands and sword besmeared
In Cæsar's blood,
Thus walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!

CASSIUS.

How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

BRUTUS.

How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along
No worthier than the dust!

CASSIUS.

So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

CASCA.

What! shall we forth?

CASSIUS.

Aye, every man away;
Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter SERVIUS.

BRUTUS.

Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

SERVIUS.

Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving.
Say I love Brutus and I honour him;
Say I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living, but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

BRUTUS.

Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

SERVIUS.

I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit* servant.

BRUTUS.

I know that we shall have him well to friend.

CASSIUS.

I wish we may; but yet have I a mind
That fears him much.

Enter ANTONY.

BRUTUS.

But here comes Antony. — Welcome, Mark Antony.

ANTONY.

O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well. —
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank;
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die;
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

BRUTUS.

O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do, yet see you but our hands.
Our hearts you see not: they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony;
And our heart,
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in,
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

CASSIUS.

Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,
In the disposing of new dignities.

BRUTUS.

Only be patient, till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

ANTONY.

I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you; —
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand; —
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; — now yours, Metellus; —
Yours, Cinna; — and, my valiant Casca, yours; —
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all, — alas! what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer. —
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true!
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius! — Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil and crimson'd in thy death.

CASSIUS.

Mark Antony, —

ANTONY.

Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

CASSIUS.

I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

ANTONY.

Therefore I took your hands, but was indeed
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

BRUTUS.

Or else were this a savage spectacle.
Our reasons are so full of good regard
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

ANTONY.

That's all I seek;
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place,
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

BRUTUS.

You shall, Mark Antony.

CASSIUS.

Brutus, a word with you. —
[*Aside*] You know not what you do. Do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral.
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?

BRUTUS.

By your pardon;—
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death;
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission,
And that we are contented Cæsar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

CASSIUS.

I know not what may fall; I like it not.

BRUTUS.

Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,
And say you do 't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral. And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

ANTONY.

Be it so;
I do desire no more.

BRUTUS.

Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but* ANTONY.

ANTONY

O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hands that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,

Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue:
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war,
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds;
And Cæsar's spirit ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry "Havoc!" and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men groaning for burial.

QUICK CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

SCENE. *Rome. The Forum. A Throng of Plebians.* BRUTUS *and Crowd of* Citizens *discovered.*

CITIZENS.

We will be satisfied! We will be satisfied!

BRUTUS.

Be patient till the last.

CITIZENS.

We will be satisfied! We will be satisfied!

[BRUTUS *ascends the pulpit.*

FIRST CITIZEN.

The noble Brutus is ascended. Silence!

BRUTUS.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear; believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe; censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer, — Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak, for him

have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak, for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

ALL.

None, Brutus, none.

BRUTUS.

Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death. [*March.*

ALL.

Brutus! Brutus! Brutus!

FIRST CITIZEN.

Bring him with triumph home unto his house;
Give him a statue to his ancestors.

SECOND CITIZEN

Let him be Cæsar!

ALL.

Brutus! Brutus! Brutus!

BRUTUS.

Here comes Cæsar's body, mourned by Mark Antony;
Good countrymen, let me depart alone.
I do entreat no man of you to stir,
But for my sake stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allowed to make.

ALL.

Live, Brutus! live! live!

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FIRST CITIZEN.

Give him a statue with his ancestors.

SECOND CITIZEN.

Let him be Cæsar!

BRUTUS.

With this I depart, — that as I slew
My best lover for the good of Rome,
I have the same dagger for myself
When it shall please my country to need
My death. [*Exit* BRUTUS.

ALL.

Live, Brutus! live! live!

[*Enter guards, bearing* CÆSAR'S *body*, ANTONY, SERVIUS, *and others.*

FIRST CITIZEN.

Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

ANTONY.

For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

SECOND CITIZEN.

What does he say of Brutus?

FIRST CITIZEN.

He says, for Brutus' sake, he finds himself beholding to us all.

THIRD CITIZEN.

'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

[ANTONY *ascends pulpit.*

SECOND CITIZEN.

This Cæsar was a tyrant.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Nay, that's certain;
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

SECOND CITIZEN.

Peace, let us hear what Antony can say.

ANTONY.

You gentle Romans, —

ALL.

Peace, ho ! let us hear him.

ANTONY.

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest, —
For Brutus is an honourable man,
So are they all, all honourable men, —
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransom did the general coffers fill;
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.

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You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason! — Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

FIRST CITIZEN.

Methinks there is much reason in his sayings. If thou consider rightly of the matter, Cæsar has had great wrong.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

SECOND CITIZEN.

Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

FIRST CITIZEN.

If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

SECOND CITIZEN.

Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

THIRD CITIZEN.

There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

FOURTH CITIZEN.

Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

ANTONY.

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men.
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament —
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read —
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

FOURTH CITIZEN.

We'll hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony.

ALL.

The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

ANTONY.

Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it?

FOURTH CITIZEN.

Read the will! we'll hear it, Antony!
You shall read us the will! Cæsar's will!

ANTONY.

Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.

FOURTH CITIZEN.

They were traitors! Honourable men!

ALL.

The will! the testament!

SECOND CITIZEN.

They were villains, murtherers! The will! Read the will!

ANTONY.

You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

ALL.

Come down.

SECOND CITIZEN.

Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*

THIRD CITIZEN.

You shall have leave.

FOURTH CITIZEN.

A ring; stand round.

FIRST CITIZEN.

Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

SECOND CITIZEN.

Room for Antony! — most noble Antony!

ANTONY.

Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

ALL.

Stand back! room! bear back!

ANTONY.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;
See what a rent the envious Casca made;
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what! weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

FIRST CITIZEN.

O piteous spectacle!

SECOND CITIZEN.

O noble Cæsar!

THIRD CITIZEN.

O woful day!

FOURTH CITIZEN.

O traitors, villains!

FIRST CITIZEN.

O most bloody sight!

SECOND CITIZEN.

We will be reveng'd!

ALL.

Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay! Let not a traitor live!

ANTONY.

Stay, countrymen.

FIRST CITIZEN.

Peace there! Hear the noble Antony.

SECOND CITIZEN.

We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

ANTONY.

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable.
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is,
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know,
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but, were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

ALL.

We'll mutiny.

FIRST CITIZEN.

We'll burn the house of Brutus.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

ANTONY.

Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

ALL.

Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

ANTONY.

Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?
Alas, you know not! — I must tell you, then.
You have forgot the will I told you of.

ALL.

Most true; — the will! — let's stay, and hear the will.

ANTONY.

Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

SECOND CITIZEN.

Most noble Cæsar! — we'll revenge his death.

THIRD CITIZEN.

O royal Cæsar!

ANTONY.

Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs forever, common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

FIRST CITIZEN.

Never, never! — Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

SECOND CITIZEN.

Go, fetch fire.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Pluck down benches.

FOURTH CITIZEN.

Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt* Citizens.

ANTONY.

Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!

PICTURE. QUICK CURTAIN.

ACT V.

SCENE. *The Tent of Brutus in the camp of Sardis.* BRUTUS, TREBONIUS, METELLUS, *and* Soldiers. LUCIUS *at a distance.*

BRUTUS.

Trebonius, is Cassius near?

TREBONIUS.

He is at hand, and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.
[*Flourish.* PINDARUS *enters and gives letter to* BRUTUS.

BRUTUS.

He greets me well. — Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done undone; but if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

PINDARUS.

I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

BRUTUS.

He is not doubted. [*Exit* PINDARUS.] A word, Trebonius:
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

TREBONIUS.

With courtesy, and with respect enough,
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.

BRUTUS.

Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Trebonius,
When love begins to sicken and decay
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle,
But when they should endure the bloody spur
They fall their crests, and like deceitful jades
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

TREBONIUS.

They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [*Flourish within.*

BRUTUS.

Hark, he is arriv'd.

Enter CASSIUS *and* Soldiers.

CASSIUS.

Stand, ho!
Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

BRUTUS.

Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

CASSIUS.

Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs,
And when you do them —

BRUTUS.

Cassius, be content;
Speak your griefs softly, — I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,

Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

CASSIUS.

Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

BRUTUS.

Lucius, do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.

[*Flourish. Exeunt all but* BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS.

CASSIUS.

That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letter, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, was slighted off.

BRUTUS.

You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

CASSIUS.

In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

BRUTUS.

Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm,
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

CASSIUS.

I an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

BRUTUS.

The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

CASSIUS.

Chastisement!

BRUTUS.

Remember March, the ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, — shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

CASSIUS.

Brutus, bay not me;
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in. I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

BRUTUS.

Go to; you are not, Cassius.

CASSIUS.

I am.

BRUTUS.

I say you are not.

CASSIUS.

Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

BRUTUS.

Away, slight man!

CASSIUS.

Is't possible?

BRUTUS.

Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?

CASSIUS.

O ye gods, ye gods! Must I endure all this?

BRUTUS.

All this? Ay, more. Fret till your proud heart break;
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for from this day forth
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

CASSIUS.

Is it come to this?

BRUTUS.

You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

CASSIUS.

You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus;
I said an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say better?

BRUTUS.

If you did, I care not.

CASSIUS.

When Cæsar liv'd he durst not thus have mov'd me.

BRUTUS.

Peace, peace you durst not so have tempted him.

CASSIUS.

I durst not?

BRUTUS.

No.

CASSIUS.

What? durst not tempt him?

BRUTUS.

For your life you durst not.

CASSIUS.

Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

BRUTUS.

You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;—
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection. — I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

CASSIUS.

I denied you not.

BRUTUS.

You did.

CASSIUS.

I did not; he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. — Brutus hath riv'd my heart;
A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

BRUTUS.

I do not, till you practise them on me.

CASSIUS.

You love me not.

BRUTUS.

I do not like your faults.

CASSIUS.

A friendly eye could never see such faults.

BRUTUS.

A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

CASSIUS.

Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius!
For Cassius is aweary of the world;
Hated by one he loves, brav'd by his brother,
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! — There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou beest a Roman, take it forth.

I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

BRUTUS.

Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yokèd with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark
And straight is cold again.

CASSIUS.

Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?

BRUTUS.

When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

CASSIUS.

Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

BRUTUS.

And my heart too.

CASSIUS.

O Brutus!—

BRUTUS.

What's the matter?

CASSIUS.

Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

BRUTUS.

Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[*Enter* LUCIUS *with lamp.*

BRUTUS.

Lucius,
Bid Metellus and Trebonius hither. [*Exit* LUCIUS.

CASSIUS.

I did not think you could have been so angry.

BRUTUS.

O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs!

CASSIUS.

Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

BRUTUS.

No man bears sorrow better. — Portia is dead.

CASSIUS.

Ha! Portia?

BRUTUS.

She is dead.

CASSIUS.

How scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you so? —
O insupportable and touching loss! —
Upon what sickness?

BRUTUS.

Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong; — for with her death
That tidings came. — With this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

CASSIUS.

And died so?

BRUTUS.

Even so.

CASSIUS.

O ye immortal gods!

Enter LUCIUS.

BRUTUS.

Speak no more of her. — Lucius, a bowl of wine. —
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*

CASSIUS.

My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge. —
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.*

Enter TREBONIUS *with* METELLUS.

BRUTUS.

Come in, Trebonius. — Welcome, good Metellus. —
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

CASSIUS.

Portia, art thou gone?

BRUTUS.

No more, I pray you. —
Trebonius, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

TREBONIUS.

Myself have letters of the selfsame tenour.

BRUTUS.

With what addition?

TREBONIUS.

That by proscription and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus
Have put to death an hundred senators.

BRUTUS.

Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

CASSIUS.

Cicero one?

TREBONIUS.

Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription. —
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

BRUTUS.

No, Trebonius.

TREBONIUS.

Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

BRUTUS.

Nothing, Trebonius.

TREBONIUS.

That, methinks, is strange.

BRUTUS.

Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?

TREBONIUS.

No, my lord.

BRUTUS.

Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

TREBONIUS.

Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell;
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

BRUTUS.

Why, farewell, Portia. — We must die, Trebonius.
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

CASSIUS.

Even so great men great losses should endure.
I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

BRUTUS.

Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?

CASSIUS.

I do not think it good.

BRUTUS.

Your reason?

CASSIUS.

This it is:
'Tis better that the enemy seek us;
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence, whilst we lying still
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

BRUTUS.

Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forc'd affection,
For they have grudg'd us contribution.

The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd;
From which advantage shall we cut him off
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

CASSIUS.

Hear me, good brother.

BRUTUS.

Under your pardon. — You must note beside
That we have tried the utmost of our friends.
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat,
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

CASSIUS.

Then, with your will, go on;
We'll along ourselves and meet them at Philippi.

BRUTUS.

The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity,
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?

CASSIUS.

No more. Good night!
Early to-morrow will we rise and hence.

BRUTUS.

Good night, Trebonius! Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose!

CASSIUS.

O my dear brother,
This was an ill beginning of the night;
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

BRUTUS.

Every thing is well; Good night!

CASSIUS.

Good night, my lord!

BRUTUS.

Good night, good brother!

TREBONIUS *and* METELLUS.

Good night, my lords!

[*Exeunt* CASSIUS, TREBONIUS, *and* METELLUS.

BRUTUS.

Lucius! Lucius! Lucius! my book!
Where is thy instrument?

LUCIUS.

Here in the tent.

BRUTUS.

What! thou speak'st drowsily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'erwatched.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

LUCIUS.

Ay, my lord, an 't please you,

BRUTUS.

It does, my boy;
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

LUCIUS.

It is my duty, sir.

BRUTUS.

I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.
If I do live, I will be good to thee. [*Song.*
This is a sleepy tune. — O murtherous slumber,
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music! — Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument:
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night. —
Let me see, let me see, — is not the leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think. [*He sits down.*

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this taper burns! — Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of my eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me. — Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.

GHOST.

Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

BRUTUS.

Why com'st thou?

GHOST.

To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

BRUTUS.

Well; then I shall see thee again?

GHOST.

Ay, at Philippi. [*Ghost vanishes.*

BRUTUS.

Why, I will see thee at Philippi then. —
Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest.
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee. —
Boy! Lucius! Trebonius! Metellus! sirs!
Awake, Trebonius! [LUCIUS *awakes.*

Enter TREBONIUS *and* METELLUS.

TREBONIUS *and* METELLUS.

My lord!

BRUTUS.

Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

TREBONIUS *and* METELLUS.

Did we, my lord?

BRUTUS.

Ay; saw you any thing?

TREBONIUS *and* METELLUS.

No, my lord, I saw nothing.

BRUTUS.

Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius;
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

TREBONIUS *and* METELLUS.

It shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

CURTAIN.

ACT VI.

SCENE. *The Plains of Philippi.*

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, *and soldiers.*

OCTAVIUS.

Now, Antony, our hopes are answered.
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions.
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

ANTONY.

Tut! I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places, and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter SERVIUS.

SERVIUS.

Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

ANTONY.

Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

OCTAVIUS.

Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.

ANTONY.

Why do you cross me in this exigent?

OCTAVIUS.

I do not cross you; but I will do so. [*March.*

Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and soldiers.*

BRUTUS.

They stand and would have parley.
Words before blows; is it so, countrymen?

OCTAVIUS.

Not that we love words better, as you do.

BRUTUS.

Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

ANTONY.

In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words;
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, "Long live! Hail, Cæsar!"

CASSIUS.

Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

ANTONY.

Not stingless too.

BRUTUS.

O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stolen their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

ANTONY.

Villains, you did not so when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet,
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!

CASSIUS.

Flatterers! — Now, Brutus, thank yourself;
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.

OCTAVIUS.

Come, come, the cause; if arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look, I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?
Never, till Cæsar's three and thirty wounds
Be well aveng'd, or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

BRUTUS.

Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

OCTAVIUS.

So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

BRUTUS.

O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

CASSIUS.

A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

ANTONY.

Old Cassius still!

OCTAVIUS.

Come, Antony; away! —
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt* OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, *and soldiers.*

CASSIUS.

Why now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.
Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But since the affairs of men rest still incertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together;
What are you then determined to do?

BRUTUS.

Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself. I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life, — arming myself with patience
To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.

CASSIUS.

Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?

BRUTUS.

No, Cassius, no! think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take;
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why, then this parting was well made.

CASSIUS.

For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

BRUTUS.

Why, then lead on. — O that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known. — Come, ho! away!
[*Flourish. Exeunt. Alarums.*

Enter CASSIUS *and* TREBONIUS.

CASSIUS.

O, look, Trebonius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy.
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

TREBONIUS.

O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early,
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS.

PINDARUS.

Fly further off, my lord, fly further off!
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord!
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off!

CASSIUS.

This hill is far enough. — Look, look, Trebonius!
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

TREBONIUS.

They are, my lord.

CASSIUS.

Trebonius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops
And here again, that I may rest assur'd
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

TREBONIUS.

I will be here again even with a thought. [*Exit.*

CASSIUS.

Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Trebonius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.
[PINDARUS *goes up.*
This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass. — Sirrah, what news?

PINDARUS [*above*].

O my lord!

CASSIUS.

What news?

PINDARUS.

Trebonius is enclosed round about
With horsemen that make to him on the spur;—
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him.
Now, Trebonius!—
Now some light.—O, he lights too.—He's ta'en; and, hark!
They shout for joy. [*Shouts.*

CASSIUS.

Come down, behold no more.
O, coward that I am to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!
[PINDARUS *comes down.*
Come hither, sirrah!
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath!
Now be a freeman; and with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*

PINDARUS.

So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will.—O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him.
[*Exit. Alarums.*

Enter TITINIUS *and* TREBONIUS.

TITINIUS.

It is but change, Trebonius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

TREBONIUS.

These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

TITINIUS.

Where did you leave him?

TREBONIUS.

All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

TITINIUS.

Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

TREBONIUS.

He lies not like the living. O my heart!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.
What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?

TITINIUS.

Seek him, Trebonius, whilst I go to bring
The noble Brutus to this piercing sight. [*Exit* TITINIUS.

TREBONIUS.

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
Alas! thou hast misconstrued every thing.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. [*Alarums.*

Enter TITINIUS *with* BRUTUS.

BRUTUS.

Where, where, Titinius, doth his body lie?

TITINIUS.

Lo, yonder, and Trebonius mourning it.

BRUTUS.

O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. — [*Low alarums.*
Thou last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow. — Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay. —
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time. —
Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body;
His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us. — Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt. Alarums.*

Enter ANTONY, *officers and soldiers*, TITINIUS *and guards.*

OFFICER.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

ANTONY.

This is not Brutus, friend, but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness; I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. [*Exeunt. Alarums.*

Enter BRUTUS *and party.*

BRUTUS.

Come, poor remains of friends, let's rest us here.
Slaying is the word; it is a deed in fashion.
Hark thee, Metellus. [*Whispers him.*

METELLUS.

What! I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

BRUTUS.

Peace then! no words.

METELLUS.

I'd rather kill myself.

BRUTUS.

Come hither, good Trebonius; list a word.
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night; at Sardis once,
And this last night here in Philippi fields.
I know my hour is come.

TREBONIUS.

Not so, my lord.

BRUTUS.

Nay, I am sure it is, Trebonius.
Thou seest the world, Trebonius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit;
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves
Than tarry till they push us. Good Trebonius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together;
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts whilst I run on it.

TREBONIUS.

That's not an office for a friend, my lord. [*Alarum still.*

METELLUS.

Fly, fly, my lord! there is no tarrying here.

BRUTUS.

Farewell to you; — and you; — and you, countrymen.
My heart doth joy that yet in all my life
I found no man but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto. [*Alarums.*

METELLUS.

Fly, my lord, fly!

BRUTUS.

So, fare you well at once! for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history.
Night hangs upon my eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.
Hence! I will follow. — Cæsar, now be still; [*They retire.*
I killed not thee with half so good a will.
[*Dies. Alarums.*

Enter ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, *officers and soldiers.*

OCTAVIUS.

Where is thy master?

ANTONY.

This was the noblest Roman of them all.
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

CURTAIN.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

APPENDIX.

I. The Tragedy and the Characters.

The reference to Shakespeare made by Ben Jonson, in his "Timber," is one of the most significant and valuable tributes to the great poet that have survived from his time.

Ben Jonson:

"I remember the Players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare that in his Writing, whatsoever he penned, he never blotted out a Line. My answer hath been, Would he had blotted a thousand. Which they thought a malevolent Speech. I had not told Posterity this, but for their ignorance, who chose that Circumstance to commend their Friend by, wherein he most faulted. And to justifie mine own Candor, for I loved the Man and do honour his Memory, on this side Idolatry, as much as any. He was, indeed, honest and of an open and free Nature; had an excellent Phantsie, brave Notions, and gentle Expressions; wherein he flowed with that facility that sometime it was necessary he should be stopped: *Sufflaminandus erat*, as Augustus said of Haterius. His Wit was in his own Power; would the Rule of it had been so too. Many times he fell into those things could not escape laughter: As when he said in the Person of Cæsar, one speaking to him, *Cæsar, thou dost me wrong.* He replied: *Cæsar did never wrong, but with just cause:* and such like; which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his Vices with his Virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned."

Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu:

"Our author," says Mrs. Montagu, in her discriminative essay on Shakespeare, which is a worthy and reverent composition, notwithstanding the playful sarcasm of her friend, Dr. Johnson, "who follows with great exactness every circumstance mentioned by Plutarch, would,

probably, have attempted to give to Antony the pomp of Asiatic eloquence, if his good sense had not informed him that to be pathetic it is necessary to be simple."

EDWARD DOWDEN:

"Brutus acts as an idealist and theorizer might, with no eye for the actual bearing of facts and no sense of the true importance of persons. Intellectual doctrines and moral ideals rule the life of Brutus; and his life is most noble, high, and stainless, but his public action is a series of practical mistakes: yet even while he errs we admire him, for all his errors are those of a pure and lofty spirit. * * * Brutus, with all his stoicism, is gentle and tender: he can strike down Cæsar, if Cæsar be a tyrant, but he cannot roughly rouse a sleeping boy. * * * All the practical gifts, insight, and tact which Brutus lacks are possessed by Cassius. * * * Antony is a man of genius, with many splendid and some generous qualities, but very indulgent, pleasure-loving, and a daring adventurer rather than a great leader of the State. * * * Brutus lives in the abstraction, in the idea; Cassius lives in the concrete, in the fact. * * * It is the spirit of Cæsar which is the dominant power of the tragedy; against this—the spirit of Cæsar—Brutus fought; but Brutus, who forever errs in practical politics, succeeded only in striking down Cæsar's body; he who had been weak now rises as pure spirit, strong and terrible, and revenges himself upon the conspirators. * * * Antony does not judge men by a severe moral code, but he feels in an æsthetic way the grace, the splendor, the piteous interest of the actors in the exciting drama of life, or their impertinence, ineptitude, and comicality; and he feels that the play is poorer by the loss of so noble a figure as that of Brutus. * * * No relation of man and woman in the plays of Shakespeare is altogether so noble as that of Portia and Brutus. * * * Portia, while perfectly a woman, must be to him more than a woman; she must be an ideal of august and adorable heroism. * * * We read of no embrace, no touch of hands or lips, between Brutus and Portia; but we know that their souls have met and that they are inseparably one and absolutely equal. * * * And because she yields less than others, she may snap the more suddenly. 'It is the strongest hearts,' said Landor, 'that are soonest broken.'"

GERVINUS:

"The Poet, if he intended to make the attempt of the Republicans his main theme, could not have ventured to create too great an interest in Cæsar; it was necessary to keep him in the background, and to present that view of him which gave a reason for the conspiracy."

WARBURTON:

"It is observable with what judgment Shakespeare draws the character of Octavius. Antony was his hero; so the other was not to shine: yet, being an historical character, there was a necessity to draw him *like*. He was, therefore, compelled to admit the great strokes of his character, but has, notwithstanding, contrived to leave him feeble and ineffective."

HAZLITT:

"We do not much admire the representation here given of Julius Cæsar, nor do we think it answers to the portrait given of him in his Commentaries. He makes several vaporing and rather pedantic speeches, and does nothing. Indeed, he has nothing to do. So far, the fault of the character might be the fault of the plot.

* * * "The whole design to liberate their country fails, from the gracious temper and unswerving confidence of Brutus in the goodness of their cause and the assistance of others. Thus it has always been. Those who mean well themselves think well of others, and fall a prey to their security. * * * Cassius was better cut out for a conspirator. * * * The mixed nature of his motives made him fitter to contend with bad men."

II.—"JULIUS CÆSAR" ON THE OLD ENGLISH STAGE.

Mohun is praised by Downes for his fine performance of Cassius, and that achievement is also commended by Wilmot, Lord Rochester, (1647–1680). Mohun was remarkable for dignity of demeanor and grace of movement. Hart, who acted with him, was accounted great in Brutus. Bowman, at four-score, played Ligarius, and played it so well as to annoy Quin, who was the Brutus, by his excellence in that little part. Barton Booth was noble in Brutus; it is recorded that he

caused a prodigious effect by his steadfast look at Cassius, when delivering the words "No, on your soul you durst not,"—words which he spoke in a voice scarcely raised above a whisper. Quin, on the contrary, was somewhat loud and violent, at this point. One of Quin's finest strokes, as Brutus, appears to have been his pathetic utterance of "Portia is dead." He spoke those words with extreme simplicity, after a most expressive pause. Quin adopted Warburton's reading,—"death" instead of "both"—in the second of the two subjoined lines.

"Set honor in one eye and death in the other,
And I will look on death indifferently."

Thomas Davies, in his "Dramatic Miscellanies," 1784, says:

"Julius Cæsar was one of the three plays acted, by the desire of the prime nobility in Queen Anne's time, with the united strength of the then two companies. Casca, if I remember right, was acted by a principal comedian. Above five and forty years since Winstone was selected for that character, when Quin acted Brutus and the elder Mills Cassius, Milward Marc Antony, and W. Mills Julius Cæsar. The assumed doggedness and sourness of Casca sat well upon Winstone. The four principal parts have not since that time been equally well presented. Mr. Garrick, pleased with the spirit and fire of Cassius, once determined to have tried his skill in that part, but whether he thought he should only swell the consequence of his competitor, Quin, in Brutus, or from what other cause I know not, he relinquished his intention, nor was this excellent play revived during his management of the stage, though I am of opinion he wanted not actors of merit to do considerable justice to the play. * * *

"Who acted the part of Julius Cæsar originally is not known, nor is it a matter of importance, but soon after the junction of the King's and the Duke of York's company, about the year 1682, this tragedy was, in all its parts, so acted as it never had been, perhaps, before, and certainly has not since. Betterton, Brutus; Smith, Cassius; Marc Antony by Kynaston; and Julius Cæsar by Goodman. Griffin, Mountfort, Williams, Gallow, Jevon, Underhill, and Leigh, all very eminent actors, thought it no diminution of their consequence to play the inferior parts. * * * "

This performance occurred at the old Theatre Royal, in 1684. Griffin played Casca.

"Wilks, who above fifty years since acted Marc Antony, as soon as he entered the stage without taking any notice of the conspirators walked swiftly up to the dead body of Cæsar and knelt down; he paused some time before he spoke; and, after surveying the corpse with manifest tokens of the deepest sorrow, he addressed it in the most affecting and pathetic manner. A graceful dignity accompanied the action and deportment of this actor. * * *

"The action of Wilks, in Antony, from the beginning to the end of the oration, was critically adapted to produce the intended consequences of the speaker. His address, through the whole, was easy and elegant, but his voice wanted that fullness and variety requisite to impress the sentiments and pathos with which the speech abounds; besides, Wilks was apt to strike the syllables too forcibly as well as uniformly."

"Mr. Barry's fine person and pleasing manner were well adapted to Marc Antony, but his utterance, in recitation, was not sufficiently sonorous, nor his voice flexible enough to express the full meaning of the author, in the opening of the address. When roused by passion Barry rose superior to all speakers. His close of the harangue was as warm and glowing as the beginning was cold and deficient.

"The only man, in my memory, whose powers were perfectly suited to all parts of this celebrated harangue was William Milward. * * * In Marc Antony he had everything for him which nature could bestow,—person, look, voice; his action and address were easy without art, and his deportment, though not absolutely perfect, was far from ungraceful; he opened the preparatory of the oration in a low but distinct and audible voice, * * * and, by gradual progress, rose to such a height as not only to inflame the populace on the stage, but to touch the audience with a kind of enthusiastic rapture."

III.—Macready in "Julius Cæsar."

That great actor, Macready (1793–1873), in his Reminiscences and Diaries, records his experience with Cassius, in which character he was accounted pre-eminently excellent.

1818–19. "This year I studied,—in 'Julius Cæsar,' the 'lean and wrinkled Cassius,' a part in the representation of which I have, through

my professional life, taken peculiar pleasure, as one among Shakespeare's most perfect specimens of idiosyncrasy."

1822. "The season (at Covent Garden, London) dragged its slow length along, but received an impetus from the performance of 'Julius Cæsar,'—Young acting Brutus, myself Cassius, Charles Kemble Marc Antony, and Fawcett Casca. The receipt of the first night exceeded, it was said, six hundred pounds (£600), and the house was crowded to its several repetitions. On this occasion I entered *con amore* into the study of the character of Cassius, identifying myself with the eager ambition, the keen penetration, and the restless envy of the determined conspirator, which from that time I made one of my most real presentations."

At the Theatre Royal in Glasgow, in 1813–14, Macready acted Marc Antony, in "Julius Cæsar." He had previously, 1811–12, played the Antony of "Antony and Cleopatra," but he had not succeeded in it; he was then only eighteen, and too young for such a character. In 1833 he again acted Antony, in "Julius Cæsar," but he was never as good in that part, or as much esteemed in it, as he was in Cassius, or, later, in Brutus.

November 18, 1836, Macready writes: "Acted Brutus. * * * It is one of those characters that require peculiar care, which only repetition can give, but it never can be a part that can inspire a person with an eager desire to go to a theatre to see it represented."

London, April 5, 1848. "Acted Brutus in a very masterly manner. I do not think I ever acted it with the same feeling, force, and reality."

On February 1, 1850, Macready acted Brutus, before Queen Victoria and her court, at Windsor, and was brilliantly successful.

November 18, 1850, Macready writes: "Acted Brutus, in my own opinion, in my own judgment, far beyond any performance I ever gave of the character; it was my last, to many, and I wished it to be impressive. I do not think the audience, in the aggregate, were equal to the performance. They applauded warmly the salient passages, but they did not seem to watch the gentle, loving, self-subdued mind of Brutus, which I tried to make manifest before them."

January 24, 1851. "Acted Brutus, as I never—no, never—acted it before, in regard to dignified familiarity of language or enthusiastic inspiration of lofty purpose. The tenderness, the reluctance to deeds

of violence, the instinctive abhorrence of tyranny, the open simplicity of heart and natural grandeur of soul, I never so perfectly, so consciously, portrayed before. I think the audience felt it."

In the course of Macready's management of Covent Garden, September 30, 1837, to July 6, 1839, Vandenhoff distinguished himself as Antony. At Drury Lane, May 1, 1843, James Anderson acted Antony; Macready was Brutus, and Samuel Phelps, Cassius. Phelps, who managed Sadler's Wells Theatre, Islington, London, from May 27, 1844, to November 6, 1862, several times presented "Julius Cæsar," and took his farewell benefit in it, on the closing night, playing Brutus. William Creswick played Cassius, and Edward Phelps played Antony.

IV. Famous Casts of "Julius Cæsar."

Various interesting and instructive facts in the stage history of "Julius Cæsar" may be indicated by a sequent exhibition of the more famous casts with which, at various times, the tragedy has been represented. In most instances only the principal features are given, but in a few cases the casts are complete:

Theatre Royal, London, 1682.

Brutus, ... Hart
Cassius, ... Mohun
Antony, ... Kynaston
Cæsar, ... Bell
Portia, ... Mrs. Corbet
Calphurnia, ... Mrs. Marshall

Theatre Royal, London, 1684.

Brutus, ... Betterton
Cassius, ... Smith
Antony, ... Kynaston
Cæsar, ... Goodman
Casca, ... Griffin
Octavius, ... Perin
Ligarius, ... Bowman
Decius, ... Williams
Cimber, ... Mountfort
Portia, ... Mrs. Cook
Calphurnia, ... Mrs. Slingsby

Haymarket Theatre, London, January 14, 1706.

Brutus,	Betterton
Cassius,	Verbruggen
Antony,	Wilks
Cæsar,	Booth
Casca,	Keen
Octavius,	Mills
Ligarius,	Bowman
Portia,	Mrs. Bracegirdle
Calphurnia,	Mrs. Barry

Drury Lane, London, January 24, 1715.

Brutus,	Booth
Cassius,	Elrington
Antony,	Wilks
Cæsar,	Mills
Portia,	Mrs. Porter

Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, March 1, 1718.

Brutus,	Keen
Cassius,	Ryan
Antony,	Quin
Cæsar,	Leigh
Portia,	Mrs. Rogers
Calphurnia,	Mrs. Knight

Drury Lane, London, November 8, 1734.

Brutus,	Quin
Cassius,	Mills
Antony,	Milward
Cæsar,	W. Mills
Casca,	T. Cibber
Octavius,	Salway
Trebonius,	Winstone
Ligarius,	Bowman
Portia,	Mrs. Thurmond
Calphurnia,	Mrs. Butler

Covent Garden, London, November 24, 1750.

Brutus, ... Quin
Cassius, ... Ryan
Antony, ... Barry
Portia, ... Peg Woffington

Covent Garden, London, January 28, 1755.

Brutus, ... Sheridan
Cassius, ... Ryan
Antony, ... Smith
Portia, ... Mrs. Hamilton

Covent Garden, London, January 31, 1766.

Brutus, ... Walker
Cassius, ... Smith
Antony, ... Ross
Cæsar, ... Clarke
Portia, ... Mrs. Bellamy

Covent Garden, London, May 4, 1773.

Brutus, ... Bensley
Cassius, ... Hull
Cæsar, ... Clarke
Casca, ... Gardner
Octavius, ... Wroughton
Portia, ... Mrs. Hartley
Calphurnia, ... Mrs. Vincent

Drury Lane, London, January 24, 1780.

Brutus, ... Palmer
Cassius, ... Henry
Antony, ... Smith
Cæsar, ... Packer
Casca, ... Aiken
Octavius, ... Farren
Portia, ... Mrs. Baddeley
Calphurnia, ... Miss Sherry

Covent Garden, London, February 29, 1812.

Brutus,	John Philip Kemble
Cassius,	Young
Antony,	Charles Kemble
Cæsar,	Egerton
Casca,	Fawcett
Octavius,	Hamerton
Lepidus,	Murray
Trebonius,	Barrymore
Decius,	Brunton
Portia,	Mrs. Powell
Calphurnia,	Mrs. Weston

With reference to Kemble's revival of "Julius Cæsar," his biographer, Boaden, says: "Mr. Kemble had, as usual, made some very judicious alterations and arrangements in the piece, and in his own performance of Brutus exhibited all that purity of patriotism and philosophy which has been, not without some hesitation, attributed to that illustrious name."

Kemble's greatest Roman was Coriolanus. Boaden ranks his Cato—in Addison's tragedy—above his Brutus. Dr. Doran (*Annals of the English Stage*) says that his Brutus was "perfect in conception and execution."

Covent Garden, London, June 8, 1819.

Brutus,	Young
Cassius,	Macready. (*First time.*)
Casca,	Yates. (*First time.*)

Drury Lane, London, December 7, 1820.

Brutus,	Wallack. (*First time.*)
Cassius,	J. B. Booth. (*First time.*)
Antony,	Cooper. (*First time.*)
Cæsar,	Pope
Portia,	Mrs. W. West

Covent Garden, London, September 26, 1825.

Brutus,	Warde
Cassius,	Cooper
Antony,	Charles Kemble
Cæsar,	Egerton
Casca,	Fawcett
Portia,	Mrs. Bartley

Covent Garden, London, May 16, 1838.

Brutus,	Macready
Cassius,	Samuel Phelps
Antony,	Elton
Octavius,	James Anderson
Portia,	Helen Faucit

"JULIUS CÆSAR" IN AMERICA.

John Street Theatre, New York, March 14, 1794.

This was the first performance of "Julius Cæsar" in New York.

Brutus,	Hallam
Cassius,	Henry
Antony,	Hodgkinson
Cæsar,	Richards
Casca,	King
Trebonius,	Woolls
Pindarus,	Hammond
Decius,	Ashton
Cimber,	Ryan
Lucius,	Bergman
Cinna,	Prigmore
Marcellus,	Blisset
Titinius,	Durang
Lucilius,	West
Artimedorus,	O'Reilley
Portia,	Mrs. Melmoth
Calphurnia,	Mrs. Hallam

Chatham Theatre, New York, June 26, 1826.

Brutus, ... Conway
Cassius, ... Duff
Antony, ... Henry Wallack
Cæsar, ... J. R. Scott
Portia, ... Mrs. Duff
Calphurnia, ... Mrs. H. Wallack

Bowery Theatre, New York, January 15, 1834.

This cast, surely, has never been surpassed, if, indeed, it was ever equaled.

Brutus, ... Hamblin
Cassius, ... Cooper
Antony, ... Edwin Forrest
Cæsar, ... George Jones
Casca, ... Henry Wallack
Octavius, ... E. S. Conner
Trebonius, ... Maclure
Citizen, ... Gates
Portia, ... Mrs. Flynn
Calphurnia, ... Mrs. Herring

Park Theatre, New York, November 13, 1843.

Brutus, ... Wallack
Cassius, ... J. B. Booth
Antony, ... Wheatley
Cæsar, ... Barry
Casca, ... Chippendale
Octavius, ... Lovell
Portia, ... Mrs. Sloman
Calphurnia, ... Miss McBride

Astor Place Opera House, New York, October 16, 1848.

Brutus, ... Macready
Cassius, ... John Ryder
Antony, ... George Vandenhoff
Portia, ... Miss C. Wemyss

Niblo's Garden, New York, June 15, 1859.

Brutus, ... E. L. Davenport,
Cassius, ... Edward Eddy.
Antony, ... Harry Perry.

Niblo's Garden, New York, September 5, 1870.

Brutus,	E. L. Davenport
Cassius,	Lawrence Barrett
Antony,	Walter Montgomery
Cæsar,	F. C. Bangs
Casca,	Mark Smith
Portia,	Mme. Ponisi
Calphurnia,	Louisa Moore

Booth's Theatre, New York, Christmas Night, 1871.

Brutus,	Edwin Booth
Cassius,	Lawrence Barrett
Antony,	F. C. Bangs
Casca,	James Stark
Cæsar,	D. W. Waller
Octavius,	John W. Norton
Trebonius,	John Wilson
Decius,	Nelson Decker
Cimber,	Frederick Bernard
Cinna,	Frederick Monroe
Popilius,	J. Rooney
Soothsayer,	Augustus W. Fenno
Titinius,	J. P. Deuel
Ligarius,	David C. Anderson
Flavius,	Henry Hogan
Varro,	Charles North
Pindarus,	G. H. Harris
Lepidus,	John Taylor
Servius (Servant to Antony),	T. F. Brennan
Strato,	F. Intropidi
Clitus,	A. Curtis
Lucius,	Frank Little
First Citizen,	Robert Pateman
Second Citizen,	Charles Rosene
Portia,	Bella Pateman
Calphurnia,	Theresa Selden

Edwin Booth's presentment of "Julius Cæsar" was one of the most impressive spectacles ever seen upon the stage. First given on Christmas night, 1871, and continued until March 16, 1872, the tragedy was kept before the New York public for twelve weeks, and it had eighty-five consecutive representations. On February 19, 1872, J. B. Booth, Edwin's elder brother, succeeded Lawrence Barrett as Cassius. On March 4 Edwin Booth assumed Cassius and William Creswick appeared as Brutus. On March 11 Creswick played Cassius, Bangs assumed Brutus, and Edwin Booth presented Antony. Thus, in the course of the run, Edwin Booth was seen in all three of the great characters of the tragedy. Booth retired from Booth's Theatre in 1873, and the theatre finally passed out of his hands in 1874.

Booth's Theatre, New York, Jarrett & Palmer, Managers, December 27, 1875.

Brutus,	E. L. Davenport.
Cassius,	Lawrence Barrett.
Antony,	F. C. Bangs.
Cæsar,	Milnes Levick.
Casca,	H. A. Weaver.
Portia,	Mary Wells.
Calphurnia,	Rosa Rand.

The tragedy, on this occasion, was performed until April 1, 1876, and it had one hundred and three consecutive representations. Jarrett & Palmer managed Booth's Theatre from May 1, 1874 (they did not open it till August 15), to April, 1877. Their revival of "Julius Cæsar" was made with the scenery that Booth had provided, but they added, at the end, a funeral pyre, which originally had been used to conclude their setting of "Coriolanus," at Niblo's Garden. Booth's Theatre stood on the southeast corner of Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue, New York. It was opened on February 3, 1869, with "Romeo and Juliet"—Edwin Booth playing Romeo, and Mary

McVicker, afterwards Mrs. E. Booth, playing Juliet—and it was finally closed, with the same play, Mme. Modjeska presenting Juliet, on April 30, 1883; and subsequently it was demolished to make way for shops. One of the most beautiful performances of Brutus ever given was that of John McCullough, which was first seen in New York, at Booth's Theatre, May 24, 1878.

The present writer witnessed, recorded, and reviewed all the performances above mentioned, at Booth's Theatre, of "Julius Cæsar." His comments on the one hundredth representation of the play, with Davenport and Barrett in the cast, may appropriately be reproduced here:

'The acting showed no signs of indifference or decline. Mr. Barrett, Mr. Davenport, Mr. Bangs, Mr. Levick, Mr. Weaver, Miss Wells, and Miss Rand (they are all dead now, 1899, except Mr. Bangs) bore the parts with which they have become identified, and bore them 'with untired spirits and formal constancy.' There was a melancholy grace, a sad abstraction, in the mood in which Mr. Davenport interpreted Brutus, which made him very pathetic as a type of nobleness foredoomed to ruin, and it seemed that he finished every part of the embodiment with more than commonly precise tints of truth. There was a touching vein of regret in the attitude toward Cæsar, and much vigor of imagination in the awful ghost scene. Mr. Barrett more and more shows himself to be almost a spiritualized intellect. He pervaded the play like the indomitable and remorseless figure of Fate, and he presented Cassius with such subtlety of thought, such power of intellectual passion, such vigorous and sonorous eloquence, and such force of identification and spontaneity as could not and did not fail to command the warmest admiration and sympathy. Mr. Bangs also partook of the excitement of this interesting occasion, and gave Antony with vehement spirit. At the end of the ghost scene, Mr. Davenport, Mr. Barrett, Mr. Bangs, and Mr. Levick were called before the curtain, and speeches were given by each of them. Mr. Barrett spoke of the run of 'Julius Cæsar' as 'glorious to our stage, complimentary to our public, and grateful to the actors.' Mr. Davenport was facetious as well as serious. Mr. Levick modestly spoke the line from 'Hamlet,' 'I am poor even in thanks, but I thank you.' There was a loud call for Mr. J. H. Tooker (the acting manager), but

he did not appear. A ship of flowers, laden with a harp, was presented to Lawrence Barrett.'

Music Hall, Cincinnati, Ohio, Dramatic Festival, April 30, 1883.

Cæsar,	Louis James
Octavius,	Otis Skinner
Antony,	James E. Murdock
Brutus,	John McCullough
Cassius,	Lawrence Barrett
Casca,	H. A. Langdon
Trebonius,	F. C. Mosley
Decius,	B. G. Rogers
Cimber,	H. C. Barton
Cinna,	F. Little
Popilius,	Homer Cope
Titinius,	A. T. Riddle
Lucius,	M. Willett
Pindarus,	Charles Rolfe
Soothsayer,	Errol Dunbar
Servius,	Charles Plunkett
First Citizen,	C. W. Vance
Second Citizen,	Charles Plunkett
Calphurnia,	Marie Wainwright
Portia,	Kate Forsyth

Gould, in "The Tragedian," mentions a performance of Cassius, by Junius Brutus Booth, Edwin's father, given in Boston, in or about 1837, with Edwin Forrest as Antony:

"The noble head, the mobile features, the spare figure of Booth gave him a singular external fitness for the part. * * * His Cassius was signalized by one action of characteristic excellence and originality. After Cæsar had been encompassed and stabbed by the conspirators, and lay extended on the floor of the senate house, Booth strode right across the dead body and out of the scene, in silent and disdainful triumph."

This "business" was adopted by Edwin Booth when he played Gloster; he used to stride over the corpse of Henry VI, whom he had just killed.

The reader is referred to my *Life and Art of Edwin Booth*, for an estimate of Booth's embodiments of Brutus, Cassius, and Antony.

Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett formed a professional alliance in the summer of 1886,—when the former actor was visiting the latter, at his sea-side home, in Cohassett, Massachusetts. The alliance was suggested by Barrett. The first Booth and Barrett season began on September 12, 1886, at Buffalo, N. Y., but Booth and Barrett did not act together, under this new compact, till the season of 1887-88. Barrett was the manager, and he traveled with a company of his own. "Julius Cæsar" was presented by Booth, at Buffalo, to begin the season. Mr. John A. Lane, Mr. Benjamin G. Rogers, Mr. Owen Fawcett, Mr. Edward J. Buckley, Mr. Hanford, Miss Minnie Gale, Miss Gertrude Kellogg, Miss Elizabeth Robins, and others were in the company. When at length the two stars joined their forces, Booth played Brutus and Barrett played Cassius, as they had done when at Booth's Theatre, in 1871-72. This alliance continued, and it was a source of much pleasure to the public, till the death of Barrett,—to the deep and lasting grief of many friends,—on March 20, 1891. Booth died, universally lamented on June 7, 1893. In the season of 1889-90 the beautiful Mme. Modjeska was associated with Booth.

This is one of the casts of "Julius Cæsar" as given by Booth & Barrett:

Brutus,	Edwin Booth
Cassius,	Lawrence Barrett
Marc Antony,	Charles B. Hanford
Julius Cæsar,	John A. Lane
Decius,	Charles Collins
Casca,	Benjamin G. Rogers
Octavius Cæsar,	Lawrence Hanley
Metellus Cimber,	William Stafford
Popilius Lenas,	M. C. Stone
Titinius,	James Morris
Trebonius,	Frederic Vroom
Cinna,	Beaumont Smith
Soothsayer,	W. H. DeWitt
Pindarus,	Charles Koehler
Servius,	Walter Thomas

Flavius,	Melvin Field
Lucius,	Agnes Acres
First Citizen,	Owen Fawcett
Second Citizen,	Oliver Dowd
Portia,	Minna K. Gale
Calphurnia,	Gertrude Kellogg

Julius Cæsar was tall, fair, well formed, and had rather a full face, and black eyes (Suetonius). He was bald, and he wore a laurel crown to conceal his baldness: the Roman senate gave permission that he should do this. He wore a purple tunic, with sleeves that were gathered at the wrists, and the tunic was loosely girdled. He also wore a red sash, to signify his decent from the Albanian kings.

Octavius was five feet nine inches in height, of a fair complexion, a little inclining to brown, and he had an aquiline nose, small ears, and yellow hair, inclining to curl. His eyes were clear and fine. He wore the usual toga, and, in winter, four tunics beneath it, as well as a shirt and a flannel stomacher and wrappings. His shoes were made with unusually thick soles, so as to increase his height; and he commonly wore a broad-brimmed hat. For information as to Roman costume the student is referred to the Appendix to Edwin Booth's Prompt-Book of "Brutus," in this series, and to Planché, and to Thomas Hope's *Costumes of the Ancients.*

The PERSONS REPRESENTED, 35 in number, as designated in the Library Editions of Shakespeare, are set down in the following order, and with the following nomenclature and descriptions:

Julius Cæsar.
Octavius Cæsar, Marcus Antonius, M. Æmil Lepidus, } Triumvirs, after the Death of Cæsar.
Cicero, Publius, Popilius Lenas, } Senators.
Marcus Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Trebonius, Ligarius, Decius Brutus, Metellus Cimber, Cinna, } Conspirators Against Julius Cæsar.
Flavius, Marullus, } Tribunes.
Artemidorus, a Sophist of Cnidos.
A Soothsayer.
Cinna, a Poet.
Another Poet.
Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, Young Cato, Volumnius, } Friends to Brutus and Cassius.
Varro, Clitus, Claudius, Strato, Lucius, Dardanius, } Servants to Brutus.
Pindarus, Servant to Cassius.
Calphurnia, Wife to Cæsar.
Portia, Wife to Brutus.

Edwin Booth's stage version of the tragedy omits Cicero, Publius, Marullus, Artemidorus, the poet Cinna and Another Poet, Lucilius, Messala, Young Cato, Volumnius, Claudius, and Dardanius. The name of Servius is a stage-manager's coinage, given to the servant of Antony who brings Antony's message to the Conspirators, after the murder of Cæsar.

WILLIAM WINTER.

NEW YORK, January, 1899.

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THE
MERCHANT OF VENICE

VOL. I

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Preface.

✠

"THE Merchant of Venice" is mentioned by Meres [1598], and it was first published in 1600. The sources to which it is thought that Shakespeare resorted for the main incidents of its plot are: a collection of tales called "Il Pecorone," written by Ser Giovanni, a notary of Florence, about 1378, and first published in 1558, at Milan; and the popular collection of stories called the "Gesta Romanorum." The ballad of Gernutus, which embodies the incident of the bond,—and which may be found in Percy's "Reliques," and in several modern collections of old poetry,—was also, probably, extant in Shakespeare's day, and known to him. It is conjectured, too, that an earlier play, mentioned by Stephen Gosson [1579] as "shewn at the Bull," and as "representing the greedyness of worldly choosers, and the bloody minds of usurers," may have dealt with some of the old materials which served Shakespeare for his comedy. The savage, relentless Jew is one of the most ancient persons of fiction. "The story of the caskets," says Dowden, "is first found in the mediæval Greek romance of 'Barlaam and Josaphat,' by Joannes Damascenus (about 800); in another form it is told by the English poet Gower, and the Italian novelist Boccaccio." These matters are solely or chiefly interesting as tending to direct study upon the wonderful genius with which Shakespeare transfigured all that he touched. His originality is not that of the maker of themes and bald facts, but that of

the shaper and interpreter. "In the management of the plot," says Hallam, "which is sufficiently complex without the slightest confusion or incoherence, I do not conceive that it has been surpassed in the annals of any theatre." "The union of the two actions in one event," says Dr. Johnson, "is, in this drama, eminently happy. Dryden was much pleased with his own address in connecting the two plots of his 'Spanish Friar,' which yet, I believe, the critic will find excelled by this play."

The supremacy of Shakespeare as the poet of nature is conspicuously seen in any comparison between "The Merchant of Venice" and its popular predecessor on the old London stage, "The Rich Jew of Malta," by Christopher Marlowe [1594]. The Jew in Marlowe's piece, a thoroughly diabolical character, was acted by Alleyne, the founder of Dulwich College — still standing, with his tomb in the middle of its hall of paintings — on the Surrey side of the Thames. An alteration of "The Merchant of Venice," made by Lord Lansdowne, and first acted at Lincoln's Inn Fields, was published in 1701; and this held the stage till 1741, when Macklin effected his restoration of Shylock. Lord Lansdowne's piece begins with a prologue, in which the ghosts of Shakespeare and Dryden rise, crowned with laurel; and its second act contains a musical masque, called Peleus and Thetis. A banquet scene is also introduced, in which the Jew, seated at a separate table, drinks to his Money as his Only Mistress. Shylock, which in that version was acted by Thomas Doggett [——, 1721], was made a comic character, and wore a red wig. Macklin's great performance reinstated the part as one of tragical conception, and had the effect of banishing Lansdowne's distortion forever from the stage. John Philip Kemble made an acting copy of "The Merchant of Venice," in 1795. The original representative of Shylock was Burbage —

who dressed it with a red wig and a false nose. Shylock has been greatly acted by Henderson, George Frederick Cooke, Edmund Kean, and Junius Brutus Booth. Of Kean in Shylock — in which part, at Drury Lane, he made his first great hit [January 26th, 1814], Douglas Jerrold used to say that he impressed his audience "like a chapter of Genesis." "The elder Booth's Shylock," says Gould, "was the representative Hebrew," "a type of the religion of the law," and instinct with "the might of a people whom neither time, nor scorn, nor political oppression could subdue." Bogumil Dawison, on the German stage, was famous as the Jew; and the Shylock of James W. Wallack, likewise, is memorable among the most affecting personations that have graced the stage in this century.

W. W.

New York, October 30th, 1878.

Note.

As originally published, in 1878, Edwin Booth's Prompt-Book of "The Merchant of Venice" comprised only four acts of Shakespeare's comedy, and it ended with Shylock's exit after the Trial, the last line spoken being Gratiano's "To bring thee to the gallows, not the font." In 1887, however, after forming his professional alliance with Lawrence Barrett, he amended his Prompt-Book of this play by restoring the conclusion of the fourth act and the whole of the fifth. My Preface to the original book contained this paragraph:

To the reverential student of Shakespeare this version

of 'The Merchant of Venice' will seem little better than a mutilation. While, however, much has been omitted, nothing has been introduced. If the piece does not go as far as might be desired, it is, at least, faithful to Shakespeare, as far as it goes. The object sought has been the construction of an acting copy, suitable for the use of leading tragedians, in which the position of chief prominence is assigned to the character of Shylock. 'The Merchant of Venice'—aside from some aspects of the treatment of the Jew—is pure comedy; and, when given entire, it should be acted by a company of excellent comedians. The part of Shylock would naturally fall to the 'character' actor in such a company; but it would not largely overshadow its companion parts—supposing every portion of the piece to receive competent and careful treatment. When, on the other hand, this play is acted chiefly for the purpose of illustrating Shylock, a judicious compression of the scenes is found not only expedient but highly desirable. Such a compression—with this view and for this reason—has been attempted here. It will be found, though, that the story, while told with brevity, has not been impaired in substance. The incidents of the bond and the caskets are duly displayed, and the poet's great skill in combining them is suitably exhibited. This version is in four acts, and it can be represented in two hours and a quarter. *W. W.*

"*She was a form of life and light*
That seen became a part of sight,
And rose, where'er I turned mine eye,
The morning-star of memory."—BYRON.

"*Sweet pain of love, bind thou with fetters fleet*
The heart that on the dew of hope must pine."—GOETHE.

"*O happy hour! and happier hours*
Await them. Many a merry face
Salutes them,—maidens of the place,
That pelt us in the porch with flowers."—TENNYSON.

"*Wilt thou go on with me?*
The moon is bright, the sea is calm,
And I know well the ocean paths. * * *
Thou wilt go on with me?"—SOUTHEY.

"*The hunted fox, the tortured wild-cat, loves its young—the despised and persecuted race of Abraham love their children.* * * * *When the day comes, and I ask my own, then what hear I but damned Jew, and the curse of Egypt on your tribe.*"—SCOTT.

"*He hath his armour on—*
I am his sword, shield, helm; I but enclose
Myself, and my own heart, and heart's blood, when
I thus encompass him * * *
Each for the other thus,
And in that other for his dearer self."

BANIM—IN "DAMON AND PYTHIAS."

"*And at the last ten thousand crowns*
They offered him to save:
Gernutus said, 'I will no gold,
My forfeit I will have.'"

THE BALLAD OF GERNUTUS.

"*Gentle deed*
Makes gentle bleid."

OLD SCOTTISH PROVERB.

"*Anguish is come upon me, because my life is yet whole in me.* * * * *I was sure that he could not live, after that he was fallen.*"—II SAMUEL, *i*, *9*, *10*.

Persons Represented.

DUKE OF VENICE.

ANTONIO, *the Merchant of Venice, Friend to Bassanio.*

BASSANIO, *Friend to Antonio.*

GRATIANO,
LORENZO,
SALARINO,
SOLANIO,
SALERIO,
} *Venetian Gentlemen, Friends to Antonio and Bassanio.*

SHYLOCK, *a Jew.*

TUBAL, *a Jew, Friend to Shylock.*

LAUNCELOT GOBBO, *Servant to Shylock.*

OLD GOBBO, *Father to Launcelot.*

LEONARDO, *Servant to Bassanio.*

BALTHAZAR, *Servant to Portia.*

PORTIA, *a rich Heiress.*

NERISSA, *her Friend and Companion.*

JESSICA, *Daughter to Shylock.*

MAGNIFICOES OF VENICE, OFFICERS OF THE COURT OF JUSTICE, LORDS, LADIES *and* ATTENDANTS.

Place and Time.

SCENE.—*Partly in Venice, and partly at Portia's villa, named Belmont, on the adjacent main-land.*

PERIOD.—*The Sixteenth Century.*

TIME OF ACTION.—*A little more than three months.*

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Act First.

Scene First.—VENICE. A STREET.

[*Enter Antonio, Salarino, and Solanio.*

Ant.

In sooth, I know not why I am so sad:
It wearies me; you say it wearies you:
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 't is made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Salarino.

Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies with portly sail
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Solanio.

Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would

Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass to know where sits the wind;
Peering into maps for ports, and piers, and roads;
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make sad.

Salarino.

My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run
But I should think of shallows and of flats,
And see her wealthy Andrew docked in sand,
Veiling her high top lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial.
Shall I have the thought
To think on this? and shall I lack the thought,
That such a thing, bechanced, would make me sad?
But tell not me; I know Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

Ant.

Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.

Salarino.

Why, then you are in love.

Ant.

Fie, fie!

Salarino.

Not in love neither? Then let us say, you are sad
Because you are not merry. And 't were as easy
For you to laugh, and leap, and say you are merry
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh like parrots at a bagpiper;
And others of such vinegar aspect,
That they 'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Solanio.

Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare you well;
We leave you now with better company.

Salarino.

I would have stayed till I had made you merry, [*Crosses.*
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Ant.

Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it your own business calls on you,
And you embrace th' occasion to depart.

[*Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano* L. 3 E.

Salarino. [*To them.*

Good-morrow, my good lords.

Bass.

Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? Say, when?
You grow exceeding strange: Must it be so?

Salarino.

We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.
[*Exeunt Salarino and Solanio* R. 1. E.

Lor.

My lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,
We two will leave you; but at dinner-time
I pray you have in mind where we must meet.

Bass.

I will not fail you.

Gra.

You look not well, signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellously changed.

Ant.

I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

Gra.

Let me play the Fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man whose blood is warm within
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks,—
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dressed in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit:
As who should say, "I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!"

O, my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing; when, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I 'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not with this melancholy bait,
For this fool-gudgeon, this opinion.
Come, good Lorenzo:—Fare ye well a while;
I 'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor.

Well, we will leave you, then, till dinner-time:
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra.

Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

Ant.

Farewell: I 'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gra.

Thanks, i' faith; for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.
[*Exeunt Gratiano and Lorenzo* R.

Ant.

Is that any thing now?

Bass.

Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you have them, they are not worth the search.

Ant.

Well, tell me now, what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promised to tell me of?

Bass.

'T is not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridged
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most in money and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant.

I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And, if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assured
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlocked to your occasions.

Bass.

In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advised watch
To find the other forth; and, by adventuring both,
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self-way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant.

You know me well, and herein spend but time,
To wind about my love with circumstance;

And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have.
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it: therefore speak.

Bass.

In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wond'rous virtues. Sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages:
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renownèd suitors.
O, my Antonio! had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate.

Ant.

Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea;
Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum: therefore, go forth;
Try what my credit can in Venice do;
That shall be racked, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake.

[*Exeunt, Antonio* L., *and Bassanio* R.

Scene Second.—BELMONT. A ROOM IN PORTIA'S HOUSE.

[*Enter Portia and Nerissa.*

Por.

By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is a-weary of this great world.

Ner.

You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are. And yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing. It is no small happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por.

Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Ner.

They would be better, if well followed.

Por.

If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions. I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband:—O me, the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Ner.

Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men at their death have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests, of gold, silver, and lead (whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you), will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Por.

I pray thee, overname them; and as thou namest them I will describe them; and according to my description level at my affection.

Ner.

First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por.

Ay, that 's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts that he can shoe him himself. I am much afraid my lady his mother played false with a smith.

Ner.

Then, is there the County Palatine.

Por.

He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, "An you will not have me, choose." He hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. Heaven defend me from these two!

Ner.

How say you by the French lord, Monsieur le Bon?

Por.

Heaven made him, and therefore let him pass for a man.

Ner.

How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por.

Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst he is little better than a beast. An the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner.

If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por.

Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket: for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it.

Ner.

You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords; they have acquainted me with their determinations: which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit; unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por.

If I live to be as old as Sibylla I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I wish them a fair departure.

Ner.

Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Por.

Yes, yes; it was Bassanio; as I think, so was he called.

Ner.

True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por.

I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

[*Enter Balthazar* L. 1. E.

How now? what news? [*To him.*

Bal.

The four strangers seek you, madam, to take their leave; and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco; who brings word the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

Por.

If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me.

Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before. [*To Balthazar.*

Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt* L. 1. E.

Scene Third.—VENICE. A STREET.

[*Enter Bassanio and Shylock* R. U. E.

Shy.

Three thousand ducats,—well.

Bass.

Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy.

For three months,—well.

Bass.

For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy.

Antonio shall become bound,—well.

Bass.

May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

Shy.

Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bass.

Your answer to that.

Shy.

Antonio is a good man.

Bass.

Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy.

O no, no, no, no;—my meaning in saying he is a good man is, to have you understand me that he is sufficient: yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England; and other ventures he hath, squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves; I mean, pirates; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks: the man is, notwithstanding, sufficient;—three thousand ducats;—I think I may take his bond.

Bass.

Be assured you may.

Shy.

I will be assured I may; and that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

Bass.

If it please you to dine with us.

Shy.

Yes, to smell pork! to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into! I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you.—What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

Bass.

This is signior Antonio. [*Exit Bassanio* L. 1. E.

Shy.

How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a Christian:
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe
If I forgive him!

[*Re-enter Bassanio with Antonio* L. 1. E.

Bass.

Shylock, do you hear?

Shy.

I am debating of my present store:
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me. But, soft; how many months
Do you desire?
Rest you fair, good signior: [*To Antonio.*
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant.

Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I 'll break a custom: — Is he yet possessed
How much you would? [*To Bassanio.*

Shy.

Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Ant.

And for three months. [*To Shylock.*

Shy.

I had forgot, — three months; you told me so.
[*To Bassanio.*
Well then, your bond; and, let me see.
But hear you. [*To Antonio.*
Methought you said, you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

Ant.

I do never use it.

Shy.

When Jacob grazed his uncle Laban's sheep, —
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf)
The third possessor; ay, he was the third.

Ant.

And what of him? did he take interest?

Shy.

No, not take interest; not, as you would say,
Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromised,
That all the eanlings which were streaked and pied
Should fall as Jacob's hire,
The skilful shepherd pilled me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,

He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes,
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning-time
Fall parti-coloured lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest;
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Ant.

This was a venture, sir, that Jacob served for;
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But swayed and fashioned by the hand of Heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?

Shy.

I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast.

Ant.

Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

Shy. [*Aside.*

Three thousand ducats,—'t is a good round sum.
Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

Ant.

Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you?

Shy.

Signior Antonio, many a time, and oft
In the Rialto, you have rated me
About my monies, and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For suff'rance is the badge of all our tribe:
[*Showing his yellow cap.*

You call me "misbeliever," "cut-throat dog,"
And spet upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well, then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to, then; you come to me, and you say
"Shylock, we would have monies;" You say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold; monies is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
"Hath a dog money? is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?" or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this,—
"Fair sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last;
You spurned me such a day; another time
You called me dog; and for these courtesies
I 'll lend you thus much monies?"

Ant.

I am as like to call thee so again,
To spet on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; (for when did friendship take
A breed of barren metal of his friend?)
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who, if he break, thou may'st with better face
Exact the penalties.

Shy.

Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love;
Forget the shames that you have stained me with;
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my monies, and you 'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.

Ant.

This were kindness.

Shy.

This kindness will I show:
Go with me to a notary: seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are
Expressed in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant.

Content, in faith; I 'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. [*Coming down.*

You shall not seal to such a bond for me;
I 'll rather dwell in my necessity.

Ant.

Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:
Within these two months, that 's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy.

O father Abraham! what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this;
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour I extend this friendship;
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

Ant.

Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

my conscience, my conscience is a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment; I will run.

[*Enter Old Gobbo, with a basket*, R. 1. E.

Gob.

Master, young man, you, I pray you; which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. [*Aside.*

O heavens, this is my true-begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not: I will try confusions with him.

Gob.

Master, young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun.

Turn upon your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob.

By sonties, 't will be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot that dwells with him dwell with him, or no?

Laun.

Talk you of young master Launcelot?—Mark me now—[*Aside.*]—now will I raise the waters: [*To Gobbo.*]—Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob.

No master, sir, but a poor man's son: his father, though I say 't, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, heaven be thanked, well to live.

Laun.

Well, let his father be what 'a will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

Gob.

Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

Laun.

But I pray you, *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you, talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob.

Of Launcelot, an 't please your mastership.

Laun.

Ergo, master Launcelot; talk not of master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning) is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob.

Marry, heaven forbid; the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. [*Aside.*

Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop?—[*To Gobbo.*] Do you know me, father?

Gob.

Alack the day! I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy (heaven rest his soul!) alive or dead?

Laun.

Do you not know me, father?

Gob.

Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

Laun.

Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: Give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may; but, in the end, truth will out. [*Launcelot kneels with his back towards Gobbo.*

Gob.

Pray you, sir, stand up; I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun.

Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob.

I cannot think you are my son.

Laun.

I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and I am sure Margery, your wife, is my mother.

Gob.

Her name is Margery, indeed; I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipped might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin, my phill-horse, has on his tail.

Laun.

It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward; I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face, when I last saw him.

Gob.

Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now?

Laun.

Well, well; but for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew. Give him a present? give him a halter! I am famished in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I serve not him, I will run as far as heaven has any ground.—O rare fortune! here comes the man;—to him, father; for I am a Jew if I serve the Jew any longer.

[*Enter Bassanio, with Leonardo and another Servant* R. U. E.

Bass. [*To Servant.*

See these letters delivered: put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

[*Gives letters. Exit Servant.*

Laun.

To him, father.

Gob.

Heaven bless your worship! [*To Bassanio.*

Bass.

Gramercy! wouldst thou aught with me?

Gob.

Here's my son, sir, a poor boy——

Laun.

Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify——

Gob.

He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve——

Laun.

Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire, as my father shall specify ——

Gob.

His master and he (saving your worship's reverence) are scarce cater-cousins ——

Laun.

To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being I hope an old man, shall frutify unto you ——

Gob.

I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is ——

Laun.

In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

Bass.

One speak for both:—What would you?

Laun.

Serve you, sir.

Gob.

That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. [*To Launcelot.*

I know thee well; thou hast obtained thy suit:
Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day,
And hath preferred thee, if it be preferment,
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun.

The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir; you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass.

Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy son:—
Take leave of thy old master, and inquire
My lodging out:—give him a livery. [*To Leonardo.*
More guarded than his fellows': see it done.
[*Bassanio and Leonardo retire up.*

Laun. [*To Gobbo.*

Father, in:—I cannot get a service,—no!—I have ne'er a tongue in my head!—Well [*looking on his palm*]; if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune.—Go to, here 's a simple line of life! here 's a small trifle of wives: Alas, fifteen wives is nothing; eleven widows and nine maids, is a simple coming-in for one man: and then, to 'scape drowning thrice; and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed; here are simple 'scapes! Well, if fortune be a woman, she 's a good wench for this gear.—Father, come. I 'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Exeunt Launcelot and Old Gobbo into house* R. *Bassanio and Leonardo come down.*

Bass.

I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this;
These things being bought, and orderly bestowed,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best-esteemed acquaintance: hie thee, go.
[*Exit Bassanio* L. 1. E.

Leon.

My best endeavours shall be done herein.
[*Enter Gratiano.*

Gra. [*To Leonardo.*

Where 's your master?

Leon.

Yonder, sir, he walks. [*Exit Leonardo* R.

Gra.

Signior Bassanio—— [*Re-enter Bassanio* L.

Bass.

Gratiano!

Gra.

I have a suit to you.

Bass.

You have obtained it.

Gra.

You must not deny me: I must go with you to Belmont.

Bass.

Why, then you must.—But hear thee, Gratiano;
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why, there they show
Something too liberal:—Pray thee take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild behaviour,
I be misconstrued in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

Gra.

Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is saying hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh and say amen;
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam,—never trust me more.

Bass.

Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra.

Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not gauge me
By what we do to-night.

Bass.

No, that were pity;
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment. But fare you well,
I have some business.

Gra.

And I must to Lorenzo and the rest;
But we will visit you at supper-time.

[*Exeunt Bassanio* L. 1. E., *and Gratiano* L. U. E.

[*Enter Jessica and Launcelot from house* R.

Jes.

I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so;
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.
But fare thee well: there is a ducat for thee:
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:
Give him this letter; do it secretly,
And so farewell; I would not have my father
See me in talk with thee.

Laun.

Adieu!—tears exhibit my tongue. Most beautiful Pagan,—most sweet Jew! If a Christian did not play the knave and get thee, I am much deceived. But, adieu! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit: adieu!

Jes.

Farewell, good Launcelot. [*Exit Launcelot.*
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,
To be ashamed to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife;
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife.

[*Exit into house* R.

Scene Second.—VENICE. A STREET.

[*Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salarino, and Solanio*
L. 1. E.

Lor.

Nay, we will slink away in supper-time;
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

Gra.

We have not made good preparation.

Salarino.

We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.

Solanio.

'T is vile, unless it may be quaintly ordered;
And better, in my mind, not undertook.

Lor.

'T is now but four o'clock; we have two hours
To furnish us.—
[*Enter Launcelot, with a letter*, L. 1. E.
Friend Launcelot, what 's the news?

Laun.

An it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify. [*Delivers letter.*

Lor.

I know the hand: in faith, 't is a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra.

Love-news, in faith.

Laun.

By your leave, sir. [*Going.*

Lor.

Whither goest thou?

Laun.

Marry, sir, to bid my old master, the Jew, to sup to-night with my new master, the Christian.

Lor. [*Giving a piece of money.*

Hold here, take this:—tell gentle Jessica,
I will not fail her;—speak it privately:
Go. [*Exit Launcelot* R
Gentlemen,
Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer.

Salarino.

Ay, marry, I 'll be gone about it straight.

Solanio.

And so will I.

Lor.

Meet me and Gratiano
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Salarino.

'T is good we do so.
[*Exeunt Salarino and Solanio* R. 1. E.

Gra.

Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

Lor.

I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed
How I shall take her from her father's house;
What gold and jewels she is furnished with;
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,

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Unless she do it under this excuse,—
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me; peruse this as thou goest:
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer.

[*Exeunt Gratiano and Lorenzo* L. 1. E.

Scene Third.—A STREET BEFORE SHYLOCK'S HOUSE. DUSK.

[*Enter Shylock and Launcelot from house* R.

Shy.

Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:
What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandize,
As thou hast done with me;—What, Jessica!—
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out;—
Why, Jessica, I say!

Laun.

Why, Jessica!

Shy.

Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Laun.

Your worship was wont to tell me I could do nothing without bidding.

[*Enter Jessica from house.*

Jes.

Call you? What is your will?

Shy.

I am bid forth to supper, Jessica;
There are my keys.—But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:

But yet I 'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian. — Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house: — I am right loath to go;
There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun.

I beseech you, sir, go; my young master doth expect your reproach.

Shy.

So do I his.

Laun.

And they have conspired together; — I will not say, you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on Black-Monday last, at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year in the afternoon.

Shy.

What! are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica:
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squeaking of the wry-necked fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street,
To gaze on Christian fools with varnished faces:
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements;
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house. — By Jacob's staff I swear,
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:
But I will go. — Go you before me, sirrah; [*To Launcelot.*
Say, I will come.

[*Shylock crosses toward house.*

Laun.

I will go before, sir. —
Mistress, look out at window for all this; [*To Jessica.*
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [*Exit Launcelot* R. 1. E.

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Shy.

What says that fool of Hagar's offspring? ha?

Jes.

His words were, Farewell, mistress; nothing else.

Shy.

The patch is kind enough; but a huge feeder,
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild cat: drones hive not with me;
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrowed purse.—Well, Jessica, go in;
Perhaps I will return immediately;
Do as I bid you: Shut doors after you:
Fast bind, fast find;
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind.

[*Exit Shylock* R. I. E.

Jes. [*Alone.*

Farewell; and if my fortune be not crossed,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit into house.*

[*Enter Gratiano and Salarino, masked,* L. U. E.

Gra.

This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo
Desired us to make stand.

Salarino.

His hour is almost past.

Gra.

And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Salarino.

O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont
To keep obligèd faith unforfeited!

Gra.

That ever holds.

[*Enter Lorenzo in Gondola*, L. U. E.

Salarino.

Here comes Lorenzo.

Lor.

Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode:
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait.
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I 'll watch as long for you then. — Approach;
Here dwells my father Jew.

[*A song is sometimes introduced here.*]

[*Enter Jessica to window.*

Jes.

Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I 'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lor.

Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jes.

Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed;
For who love I so much? And now who knows
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lor.

Heaven, and my thoughts, are witness that thou art!

Jes.

Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.

[*Throwing casket.*

Lor.

Come at once;
For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are stayed for at Bassanio's feast.

Jes.

I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.
[*Exit from window.*

Gra.

Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.

Lor.

Beshrew me, but I love her heartily:
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath proved herself;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placèd in my constant soul.
[*Enter Jessica.*
What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen; away!
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.
[*They embark in gondola. Music as it starts.*

CURTAIN.

Act Third.

VENICE. A STREET.

[*Enter Salarino and Solanio* L. U. E.

Salarino.

Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail;
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.

Solanio.

The villain Jew with outcries raised the duke,
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

Salarino.

He came too late, the ship was under sail:
But there the duke was given to understand
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica;
Besides, Antonio certified the duke,
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

Solanio.

I never heard a passion so confused,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
"My daughter!—O my ducats!—O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian?—O my Christian ducats!—
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

Salarino.

Marry, well remembered: I reasoned with a Frenchman yesterday, who told me that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow seas,—the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word.

Solanio.

I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever knapped ginger, or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!

Salarino.

Come, the full stop.

Solanio.

Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salarino.

I would it might prove the end of his losses!

Solanio.

Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

[*They cross to* R. *Enter Shylock* L. U. E.

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

Shy.

You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salarino.

That 's certain. I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Solanio.

And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy.

She is damned for it.

Salarino.

That 's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy.

My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Salarino.

But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy.

There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that was used to come so smug upon the mart.—Let him look to his bond! he was wont to call me usurer;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy;—let him look to his bond!

Salarino.

Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh? What 's that good for?

Shy.

To bait fish withal! if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what 's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villainy you teach me I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Solanio.

Here comes another of the tribe: a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[*Exeunt Solanio and Salarino* R. I. E. *Enter Tubal* L. I. E.

Shy.

How now, Tubal? what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub.

I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy.

Why, there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now:—two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels.—I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, so:—and I know not what 's spent in the search. Why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my shedding.

Tub.

Yes, other men have ill luck too. Antonio, as I heard in Genoa——

Shy.

What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub.

Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy.

I thank God! I thank God! Is it true? is it true?

Tub.

I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy.

I thank thee, good Tubal;—Good news, good news! ha! ha! Where? in Genoa?

Tub.

Your daughter spent in Genoa, as, I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

Shy.

Thou stick'st a dagger in me!—I shall never see my gold again. Fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub.

There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy.

I am very glad of it. I 'll plague him; I 'll torture him. I am glad of it.

Tub.

One of them showed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy.

Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub.

But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy.

Nay, that 's true, that 's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before: I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice I can make what merchandise I will. Go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*

CURTAIN.

Act Fourth.

Scene First. { BELMONT. A ROOM IN PORTIA'S HOUSE. THREE CASKETS,—GOLD, SILVER AND LEAD,—ON TABLE, C. BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, AND ATTENDANTS DISCOVERED.

Bass.

I am enjoined by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 't was I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage; lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Por.

To these injunctions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Bass.

And so have I addressed me: Fortune now
To my heart's hope!

Por.

I pray you, tarry; pause a day or two,
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company; therefore, forbear a while:
There 's something tells me, but it is not love,
I would not lose you; and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality.

I could teach you
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;
So will I never be: so may you miss me;
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn.
I speak too long; but 't is to peize the time,
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bass.

Let me choose;
For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por.

Upon the rack, Bassanio? then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass.

None but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love.

Por.

Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak anything.

Bass.

Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

Por.

Well then, confess, and live.

Bass.

Confess and love
Had been the very sum of my confession.
O happy torment, when my torturer

Doth teach me answers for deliverance:
Come, let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por.

Away then.
I am locked in one of them;
If you do love me you will find me out.
Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof. [*They retire.*
Let music sound, while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,
And watery death-bed for him. [*Music.*
Now he goes with no less presence, but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea monster! I stand for sacrifice;
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared visages, come forth to view
The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!
Live thou, I live: with much more dismay
I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.

Bass.

Some good direct my judgment! — Let me see. —
"Who chooseth me shall gain
What many men desire." } [*Reads on casket.*
That may be meant
Of the fool multitude that choose by show.
The world is still deceived with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being seasoned with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damnèd error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?

Thus ornament is but the guilèd shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty.
Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee.

"Who chooseth me shall get
As much as he deserves." } [*Reads on second casket.*

And well said, too: for who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit?
O, that estates, degrees, and offices
Were not derived corruptly! and that clear honour
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover that stand bare!
How many be commanded that command!
And how much honour
Picked from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varnished!
"Much as he deserves."
I'll not assume desert.

"Who chooseth me must give
And hazard all he hath." } [*Reads on third casket.*

I'll none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man. But thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threat'nest than dost promise aught,
Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I. Joy be the consequence!

Por.

How all the other passions fleet to air!
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy;
I feel too much thy blessing; make it less,
For fear I surfeit!

Bass.

What find I here? [*Opening the leaden casket.*
Fair Portia's counterfeit?
What demi-god hath come so near creation?
Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seemed they in motion? Here are severed lips,
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hair
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh t' entrap the hearts of men
Faster than gnats in cobwebs; but her eyes!
How could he see them? having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfurnished.
Yet look, how far the substance
Of my praise doth wrong his shadow
In underprising it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance.
Here's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

"You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true:
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new.
If you be well pleased with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss." } *Reads on scroll.*

A gentle scroll. — Fair lady, by your leave: [*To Portia.*
I come by note, to give and to receive;
Yet doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirmed, signed, ratified by you.

[*He kneels and kisses her hand. — Music ceases.*

Por.

You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though, for myself alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more rich;
That, only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account. But now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself
Are yours, my lord. I give them with this ring;
Which, when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass.

Madam, you have bereft me of all words;
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins:
But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
O, then be bold to say, Bassanio 's dead.

Ner.

My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy! Good joy, my lord and lady!

Gra.

My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish,
For I am sure you can wish none from me:

And when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bass.

With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gra.

I thank your lordship; you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You loved, I loved; for intermission
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there;
And so did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing here, until I sweat again,
And swearing, till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love, at last, — if promise last, —
I got a promise of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achieved her mistress.

Por.

Is this true, Nerissa?

Ner.

Madam, it is, so you stand pleased withal.

Bass.

And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gra.

Yes, faith, my lord.

Bass.

Our feast shall be much honoured in your marriage.

Gra.

But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his infidel?
What! and my old Venetian friend, Salerio?
[*Enter Lorenzo and Jessica; after them Salerio,*
L. 1. E.

Bass.

Lorenzo, and Salerio, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome:—By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por.

So do I, my lord;
They are entirely welcome.

Lor.

I thank your honour:— [*To Portia.*
For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

Salerio.

I did, my lord,
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives Bassanio a letter.*

Bass.

Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.

Salerio.

Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate. [*Bassanio opens letter.*

Gra.

Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her welcome.
[*Nerissa goes to Jessica.*

Your hand, Salerio. What 's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons; we have won the fleece.

Salerio.

I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost!

Por.

There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper
That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek;
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse?—
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of any thing
That this same paper brings you.

Bass.

O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins,—I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engaged myself to a dear friend,
Engaged my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Salerio?
Have all his ventures failed? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

Salerio.

Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man.
He plies the duke at morning, and at night,
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Por.

Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?

Bass.

The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best conditioned and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por.

What sum owes he the Jew?

Bass.

For me, three thousand ducats.

Por.

What, no more?
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through my Bassanio's fault.
Then, love, away to Venice to your friend;

For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over;
When it is paid, bring your true friend along:
My maid Nerissa, and myself, meantime
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away;
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer;
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. [*Reads.*

"Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death: notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter."

Por.

O love, despatch all business, and be gone.

Bass.

Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste; but, till I come again,
No bed shall ere be guilty of my stay,
Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt* R.

Lor.

Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of godlike amity; which appears most strongly

In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But, if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord, your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work,
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por.

I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now:
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things.
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house,
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breathed a secret vow
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return:
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition,
The which my love, and some necessity,
Now lays upon you.

Lor.

Madam, with all my heart,
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por.

My people will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself:
And so, farewell till we shall meet again.

Lor.

Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!

Jes.

I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por.

I thank you for your wish, and am well pleased
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.
[*Exeunt Jessica and Lorenzo* L. 1. E. *Enter Balthazar* R. 1. E.
Now, Balthazar,
As I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man
In speed to Padua; see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagined speed
Unto the tranect, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice;—waste no time in words,
But get thee gone; I shall be there before thee.

Balth.

Madam, I go with all convenient speed. [*Exit* R. 1. E.

Por.

Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand
That you yet know not of: we 'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.

Ner.

Shall they see us?

Por.

They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;

And speak between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice; and speak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died:
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear I've discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging jacks
Which I will practise:
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day.

CURTAIN.

Act Fifth.

Scene First. { VENICE. A COURT OF JUSTICE. THE DUKE, THE MAGNIFICOES, ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALARINO, SOLANIO, SALERIO, AND OTHERS DISCOVERED.

Duke.

What, is Antonio here?

Ant.

Ready, so please your grace.

Duke.

I am sorry for thee; thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Ant.

I have heard
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury; and am armed
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke.

Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Solanio.

He 's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

[*Enter Shylock* R. 1. E.

Duke.

Make room, and let him stand before our face.
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then, 't is thought,
Thou 'lt show thy mercy and remorse, more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty:
And where thou now exact'st the penalty
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh),
Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,
But, touched with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enough to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never trained
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy.

I have possessed your grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.
You 'll ask me why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats. I 'll not answer that:
But, say, it is my humour: Is it answered?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answered yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat:

Now, for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be rendered,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodged hate, and a certain loathing,
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answered?

Bass.

This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy.

I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bass.

Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Shy.

Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bass.

Every offence is not a hate at first.

Shy.

What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

Ant.

I pray you, think you question with the Jew:
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;

You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what 's harder?)
His Jewish heart:—Therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no further means,
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bass.

For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

Shy.

If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them,—I would have my bond.

Duke.

How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?

Shy.

What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchased slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them:—Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burthens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be seasoned with such viands? You will answer,
The slaves are ours:—So do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; 't is mine, and I will have it:
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I stand for judgment: answer, shall I have it?

Duke.

Upon my power, I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learnèd doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Salarino.

My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke.

Bring us the letters; call the messenger.
[*Exeunt Solanio and Salarino.*

Bass.

Good cheer, Antonio! What, man! courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Ant.

I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me:
You cannot better be employed, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.
[*Re-enter Solanio and Salarino with Nerissa, who is dressed like a lawyer's clerk. Shylock kneels to whet his knife.*

Duke. [*To Nerissa.*

Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Ner.

From both, my lord: Bellario greets your grace.
[*Presents a letter, and then sits at table* c.

Bass. [*To Shylock.*

Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Shy.

To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

Gra.

Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen.
Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shy.

No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra.

O, be thou damned, inexorable dog!
And for thy life let justice be accused.
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Governed a wolf, who, hanged for human slaughter
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallowed dam,
Infused itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starved, and ravenous.

Shy.

Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.

Duke.

This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learnèd doctor to our court:
Where is he?

Ner. [*Rises.*

He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you 'll admit him.

Duke.

With all my heart:—Go, some of you,
And give him courteous conduct to this place.—
[*Exeunt Salarino, Solanio, and Gratiano* R. I. E.
Meantime, the court shall hear Bellario's letter. [*Reads.*

"Your grace shall understand that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick: but in the instant that your

messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthazar: I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turned o'er many books together: he is furnished with my opinion; which, bettered with his own learning (the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend), comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation."

You hear the learned Bellario what he writes:
[*Re-enter Gratiano.*
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—
[*Re-enter Salarino and Solanio, with Portia, who is dressed like a Doctor of Laws.*
Give me your hand: Came you from old Bellario?

Por.

I did, my lord.

Duke.

You are welcome: take your place. [*Portia goes to desk* R.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?

Por.

I am informèd throughly of the cause.
Which is the Merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke.

Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.
[*Antonio and Shylock advance.*

Por.

Is your name Shylock?

Shy.

Shylock is my name.

Por.

Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.—
You stand within his danger, do you not? [*To Antonio.*

Ant.

Ay, so he says.

Por.

Do you confess the bond?

Ant.

I do.

Por.

Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy.

On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

Por.

The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'T is mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptered sway,
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;

And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy.

My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por.

Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass.

Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, thrice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por.

It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
'T will be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state:—it cannot be.

Shy.

A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how do I honour thee!

Por.

I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy.

Here 't is, most reverend doctor; here it is.

[*Gives bond to Portia.*

Por.

Shylock, there 's thrice thy money offered thee.

Shy.

An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.

Por.

Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart:—Be merciful;
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

Shy.

When it is paid according to the tenour.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law; your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

Ant.

Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.

Por.

Why, then, thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife——

Shy.

O noble judge! O excellent young man!

Por.

For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy.

'T is very true: O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

Por.

Therefore, lay bare your bosom.

Shy. [*Takes bond from Portia.*

Ay, his breast:
So says the bond;—Doth it not, noble judge?—
Nearest his heart,—those are the very words.
[*Returns bond to Portia.*

Por.

It is so. Are there balance here to weigh the flesh?

Shy.

I have them ready.

Por.

Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shy. [*Takes bond from Portia.*

Is it so nominated in the bond?

Por.

It is not so expressed; but what of that?
'T were good you do so much for charity.

Shy.

I cannot find it; 't is not in the bond.
[*Returns bond to Portia.*

Por. [*To Antonio.*

Come, merchant, have you anything to say?

Ant.

But little; I am armed, and well prepared.—
Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!
[*Portia leaves desk, crosses to the Duke, confers with him, and shows bond.*
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you,
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use
To let the wretchèd man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty; from which ling'ring penance
Of such a misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Say, how I loved you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I 'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bass.

Antonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteemed above thy life;
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.
[*During this speech Portia returns to desk.*

Gra.

I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love;
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

Shy.

These be the Christian husbands! I have a daughter;
Would any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian! [*Aside.*
We trifle time; I pray thee pursue sentence.

Por.

A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine;
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy.

Most rightful judge!

Por.

And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy.

Most learnèd judge!—
A sentence! come, prepare!
[*To Antonio, who advances to* C. *and kneels. All shrink back.*

Por.

Tarry a little;—there is something else.—
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
[*All start.*
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh:
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.
[*All express delight. Antonio rises and embraces Bassanio.*

Gra.

O upright judge!—Mark, Jew!—O learnèd judge!

Shy.

Is that the law?

Por.

Thyself shall see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assured
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

Gra.

O learnèd judge!—Mark, Jew;—a learnèd judge!

Shy.

I take this offer then,—pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Bass.

Here is the money. [*Gratiano interposes.*

Por.

Soft!
The Jew shall have all justice;—soft;—no haste;—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra.

O Jew! an upright judge, a learnèd judge!

Por. [*To Shylock.*

Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more,
Or less, than a just pound,—be it but so much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple,—nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,—
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra.

A second Daniel; a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por.

Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

Shy.

Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass.

I have it ready for thee; here it is.
[*Shylock takes a bag of money; Gratiano seizes and takes it from him.*

Por.

He hath refused it in the open court;
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

Gra.

[*Pushing Shylock towards* L.
A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy.

Shall I not have barely my principal?

Por.

Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
[*Portia comes from desk, gives bond to Shylock, and goes to table* C.
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy.

Why, then the devil give him good of it!
I 'll stay no longer question.
[*Going* R. *Gratiano stops him.*

Por.

Tarry, Jew;
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—
If it be proved against an alien,

That by direct, or indirect, attempts,
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st:
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That, indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contrived against the very life,
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurred
The danger formerly by me rehearsed.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

Gra.

[*Shylock is about to kneel; Gratiano holds him by the shoulder, during the rest of this speech, and then drops him.*

Beg that thou may'st have leave to hang thyself:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore, thou must be hanged at the state's charge.

Duke.

That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por.

Ay, for the state; not for Antonio.

Shy.

Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por.

What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

[*Shylock rises.*

Gra.

A halter gratis; nothing else, for heaven's sake!

Ant.

So please my lord the duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter;
Two things provided more,—that, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possessed,
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

Duke.

He shall do this; or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronouncèd here.

Por. [*Advances. To Shylock.*

Art thou contented, Jew; what dost thou say?

Shy.

I am content.

Por. [*Goes up.*

Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy.

I pray you give me leave to go from hence:
I am not well. Send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

Duke.

Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra.

[*As Shylock is going, Gratiano seizes his left arm.*

In christ'ning, thou shalt have two godfathers;
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[*Exit Shylock* R. I. E.

Duke. [*To Portia.*

Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

Por.

I humbly do desire your grace of pardon.
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duke.

I am sorry that your leisure serves you not. —
Antonio, gratify this gentleman,
For in my mind you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt Duke and Attendants.*

Bass.

Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Ant.

And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

Por.

He is well paid that is well satisfied;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied.
I pray you, know me when we meet again.

Bass.

Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee.

Por.

Well, for your love, I'll take this ring from you.
Do not draw back your hand: I'll take no more,
And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bass.

This ring, good sir, — alas, it is a trifle;
I will not shame myself to give you this.

Por.

I will have nothing else but only this;
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

Bass.

There's more depends on this than on the value:
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you;
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

Por.

I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg, and now methinks
You teach me how a beggar should be answered.

Bass.

Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

Por.

That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserved this ring,
She would not hold out enemy forever
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!

[*Exeunt Portia and Nerissa*

Ant.

My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring;
Let his deservings, and my love withal,
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.

Bass.

Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him;
Give him the ring. Away! make haste!
And in the morning early will we both
Fly towards Belmont. Come, Antonio.

CURTAIN.

Act Sixth.

THE GARDEN AT BELMONT.

[*Enter Jessica and Launcelot. — Lorenzo at distance.*

Laun.

Yes, truly: for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore I promise you, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: therefore be of good cheer; for truly, I think — you are damned. There 's but one hope in it that can do you any good, and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

Jes.

And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun.

Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jes.

That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed; so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Laun.

Truly, then, I fear you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother. Well, you are gone both ways.

Jes.

I shall be saved by my husband: he hath made me a Christian.

Laun.

Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enough before; e'en as many as could well live one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs; if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Jes.

I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say.

Lor. [*Comes down.*

I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes.

Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo. Launcelot and I are out; he tells me flatly there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter.

Lor.

Go in, sirrah! bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun.

That is done, sir: they have all stomachs.

Lor.

Goodly lord, what a wit-snapper are you! Then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun.

That is done too, sir; only cover is the word.

Lor.

Will you cover then, sir?

Laun.

Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor.

Yet more quarrelling with occasion? Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning. Go to thy fellows, bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun.

For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern.

[*Exit Launcelot.*

Lor.

The moon shines bright. In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise; in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sighed his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jes.

In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismayed away.

Lor.

In such a night
Stood Dido, with a willow in her hand,
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jes.

In such a night
Medea gathered the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

Lor.

In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.

Jes.

In such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well:
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor.

And in such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave her!

Jes.

I would outnight you, did nobody come;
But hark! I hear the footing of a man.

[*Enter Balthazar and servants.*

Lor.

Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Bal.

A friend.

Lor.

A friend? What friend? Your name, I pray you, friend.

Bal.

Balthazar is my name; and I bring word
My mistress will, before the break of day,
Be here at Belmont. She doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor.

But who comes with her?

Bal.

None but a holy hermit and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet returned?

Lor.

He is not, nor we have not heard from him. —
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Laun. [*Without.*

Sola, sola, too ha, ho, sola, sola!

Lor.

Who calls? [*Enter Launcelot.*

Laun.

Sola! did you see Master Lorenzo and Mistress Lorenzo? Sola, sola!

Lor.

Leave holloaing, man, here.

Laun.

Sola! Where? where?

Lor.

Here.

Laun.

Tell him there 's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news: my master will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*

Lor.

Sweet soul, let 's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter; why should we go in?
My friend Balthazar, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air.
[*Exit Balthazar.*
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears. Soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold!
There 's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins.
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.
Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn:
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music. [*Music.*

Jes.

I am never merry when I hear music.

Lor.

The reason is, your spirits are attentive.
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood:
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to modest gaze
By the sweet power of music.
Therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus, —
Let no such man be trusted.
Mark the music. [*Enter Portia and Nerissa.*

Por.

That light we see burning in my hall,
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner.

When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.

Por.

So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as the king

Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters.
Music! hark!

Ner.

It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por.

Nothing is good, I see, without respect:
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner.

Silence bestows that virtue on it, madame.

Por.

The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark
When neither is attended; and I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than a wren.
How many things by season seasoned are
To their right praise and true perfection!
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd. [*Music ceases.*

Lor.

That is the voice, or I am much deceived,
Of Portia.

Por.

He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

Lor.

Dear lady, welcome home.

Por.

We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they returned?

Lor.

Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before
To signify their coming.

Por.

Go in, Nerissa:
Give order to my servants that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;
Nor you, Lorenzo; Jessica, nor you. [*Trumpet.*

Lor.

Your husband is at hand: I hear his trumpet.
We are no tell-tales, madam: fear you not.

Por.

This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick;
It looks a little paler: 't is a day
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

[*Enter Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano, and their followers.*

Bass.

We should hold day with the antipodes
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Por.

Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me.
But God sort all! You are welcome home, my lord.

Bass.

I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my friend.
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por.

You should in all sense be much bound to him;
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Ant.

No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por.

Sir, you are very welcome to our house.
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

Gra. [*To Nerissa.*

By yonder moon I swear you do me wrong:
In faith I gave it to the judge's clerk.

Por.

A quarrel, ho, already? What 's the matter?

Gra.

About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give to me; whose posy was,
For all the world, like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, "Love me, and leave me not."

Ner.

What talk you of the posy, or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death,
And that it should lie with you in your grave.

Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths
You should have been respective, and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk! but well I know
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on his face
That had it.

Gra.

He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner.

Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra.

Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth, —
A kind of boy: a little scrubbed boy
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk! —
A prating boy, that begged it as a fee;
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por.

You are to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift, —
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And riveted so with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands:
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now in faith, Gratiano,
You gave your wife too unkind a cause of grief;
An 't were to me, I should be mad at it.

Bass. [*Aside*

Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear I lost the ring defending it.

Gra.

My lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begged it, and indeed
Deserved it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains, he begged mine;
And neither man nor master would take aught
But the two rings.

Por.

What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you received of me?

Bass.

If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see my finger
Hath not a ring upon it, — it is gone.

Por.

Even so void is your false heart of truth.

Bass.

Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Por.

If you had known the value of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to retain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
Nerissa teaches me what to believe:
I'll die for 't, but some woman had the ring.

Bass.

No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforced to send it after him.
I was beset with shame and courtesy:
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady,
And by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think you would have begged
The ring of me, to give the worthy doctor.

Por.

Let not that doctor e'er come near my house;
Since he hath got the jewel that I loved,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you:
I'll not deny him anything I have.

Ant.

I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Por.

Sir, grieve not you: you are welcome, notwithstanding.

Bass.

Portia, forgive me this enforcèd wrong;
And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself, —

Por.

Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself;
In each eye, one. Swear by your double self,
And there 's an oath of credit.

Bass.

Nay, but hear me.
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Ant.

I once did lend my body for his wealth,
Which but for him that had your husband's ring
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

Por.

Then you shall be his surety: give him this,
And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant.

Here, Lord Bassanio: swear to keep this ring.

Bass. [*Amazed.*

By heaven! it is the same I gave the doctor!

Por.

You are all amazed.
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find that Portia was the doctor,
Nerissa, there, her clerk. Unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly.

Bass.

Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra.

Were you the clerk, and I knew you not?

Por.

It is almost morning,
And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied
Of these events at full: let us go in;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

CURTAIN.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

APPENDIX.

I.—The Persecution of the Jews.

"The Helots of Sparta, the Pariahs of India, the Ghiaours of Turkey, the Negroes of America, have suffered less than the Jews in Christian Europe. This unhappy people have had to bewail their fate during centuries of prejudice, not extinguished even in our times, which renders the children responsible for the good or bad actions of their parents. In the eyes of Christian nations this people was always the same populace who demanded of Pilate the murder of God in His mortality. Every Christian had against the Jew a personal grievance, and retained a feeling of enmity against him on account of the crime committed by Judas. The Israelite was thrust out from the pale of humanity; it was an act of piety to injure, molest, and ill-treat him. Different governments, far from checking the popular prejudice, encouraged and sanctioned it. From the year 615 the Council of Paris had declared the Jews to be incapable of performing any civil function; other councils had forbidden them to work for Christians; royal edicts had interdicted them the right to possess landed property. Thus harassed by legislation, hunted away from trade, spurned from the paths of industry, excommunicated from the fields of labor, the Jew had to tax his ingenuity to be enabled to exist. He eluded by cunning the code that proposed to starve him; he converted all his property into ready money and traded in specie; he accumulated gold, monopolized the sale of it, and obtained whatever price he asked for it—he became a usurer. This degrading commerce, to which the Christian had forcibly reduced him, was used by him against the Christian, and the overflowings of the cup of his despair were employed as the instrument of his revenge. The Christian had forbidden him to obtain an honest livelihood; he made, at the expense of the Christian, an inordinate and unjust profit. The Christian would ruin him; he enriched himself by the ruin of the Christian.

"But this very success was fatal to the Israelites. The opulence of the infidels excited the cupidity of the faithful. Was a Catholic lord, prince, or baron embarrassed in his finance, without having recourse to the form of any legal process he seized some moneyed man from the tribe, and exacted money from him by torture. Thus, in the year 1210, John, King of England, *borrowed* ten thousand marks of a Hebrew, in Bristol, by causing ten of his teeth to be extracted. The Jew was as a princely and fertile farm that was well cultivated by the despot. According to Matthew Paris, this same John, being in want of ready money, lent on hire for several years to his brother Richard all the Jews on his estates, *ut quos rex excoriaverat, comes eviscerarel*, so that, after being fleeced by the king, they should be stripped of what was left them by the earl; it was but a circumstance of the most trifling nature. In 1262 the lords revolted against Henry III, and only obtained the support of the people by promising them the pillage of the Jewish quarter in London. Three hundred houses were sacked and seven hundred persons, men, women, and children, were assassinated. The triumphant populace exercised during that year sovereign rights. France was not less tender to the Jews than England. In order to prevent their escaping confiscation by abjuration, St. Louis caused the Synod of Melun to confirm the edict which confiscated to the benefit of the *seigneur* the property of every converted Israelite. At the same time, with atrocious contradiction, the *pious king* permitted, in Paris and the provinces, the massacre of all the Israelites who refused to be converted. In Brie, Touraine, Anjou, Poitou, and Maine two thousand five hundred Jews were massacred. This took place during the Easter week of the year of grace 1238—that is to say, if I am not mistaken, three hundred and thirty-four years before Saint Bartholomew. One thus sees that it is not only by date that Louis IX is a predecessor of Charles IX. The Valois caused the Jews to be the victims of a skilful process of periodical depredation; every now and then they were exiled to be plundered and then were recalled to be robbed. The Catholic kings turned the reprobates to account as ingeniously as the very Christian kings. They were dispossessed of their property, then allowed again to enrich themselves, to be again despoiled. The upright Torquemada put an end to this sanguinary system: he demanded of Ferdinand the perpetual banishment of all the Jews who had not abjured their faith at the expiration of four months. The

Jews, informed of this, offered the king thirty thousand ducats for his consent to allow them to remain. Ferdinand hesitated to sign the decree, when the monk entered, crucifix in hand, exclaiming: 'Judas Iscariot sold his God for thirty deniers; you—you would sell him for thirty thousand!" The king signed, and according to Mariana's calculation, eight hundred thousand Hebrews were expatriated. What became of them? Seek for them in misery, in distress, in epidemics, in pestilence, in famine; seek for them in the tempests of the ocean; seek for them from the lions of Atlas; ask for them from the men of Portugal.

"Decimated by massacre at Lisbon, hunted by the edict of Charles VI from France, from England by the statute of Edward I, from Germany by the rescript of Maximilian I, the circumcised crept their way to the north of Europe, to the furthest part of Bohemia, to Mecklenburg and Poland. Here and there, however, some liberal and sovereign states admitted them: Metz, Nuremburg, Florence, and Venice. Pontificial Rome, in permitting their sojourn, drew on them the enormous bolt of the Ghetto. But even in these tolerant cities the Israelites were compelled to wear the badge of infamy; they were obliged to be dressed in the degrading attire ordered by the Council of Basle; a rowel on the shoulder or the breast, and the yellow cap which everywhere distinguished them for the hootings of the children and the barkings of the dogs. For a moment the unfortunate race had a gleam of hope: they thought that the Reformation would release them from the anathema through which they were prostrated by Catholicism. They requested permission to enter those German States that had thrown off their allegiance to the Holy See. Luther opposed this. The excommunicated excommunicated the accursed. They implored of Queen Elizabeth their recall to England. Elizabeth refused, and her refusal increased her popularity. Protestantism, instead of allaying the prejudices then existing against the Jews, fanaticized them: Protestants sought to prove their orthodoxy in exaggerating the horror they entertained against the pretended murderers of Christ. Their zealous credulity lent additional strength to the old stories accusing the Jews of poisoning rivers and fountains, of communicating leprosy, and of sacrificing at their Passover children stolen from Christians. The poets repeated in verse the calumnies that the preachers reiterated in prose. The stage-boards of the theatre echoed the pulpits of the church. In

1590 Christopher Marlowe caused the troop of the 'Cockpit' to perform a drama in which a certain Jew of Malta, called Barabbas (the name is well chosen), poisons all the inmates of a convent in order that he may assure the poisoning of his daughter Abigail, who has been recently converted.

* * * * * * * * * * *

"In giving to the conduct of Shylock the motive that elevates heroes —patriotism—in furnishing him with excuses not only for his personal grief but for the secular troubles of an entire people, Shakespeare has thereby amnestied the Jew. It is not Shylock who is impeached by the judgment of Portia; in reality that judgment condemns the law of retaliation, that rigorous justice which is but a rigorous injustice, that vindictive legislation which had been promulgated in all edicts of sovereigns, and applied without mercy by all judicial constituted authorities—parliaments, special commissions, prevotal courts, assize courts, star chambers; it is directed against that system of reprisals which torments, racks, quarters, hangs, decapitates, assassinates the assassin, washes blood with blood, and punishes a fault by the commission of a crime. The condemned is not the Jew, it is Judaism. Such, in fact, is the actual import of the pronounced sentence. Shylock has gained what is better than his cause—he has gained the cause of an entire people. He has caused the unknown rights of his race to be recognized, and enabled them to prevail by the exemplary condemnation of that exterminatory code which hitherto had kept them in abeyance."

VICTOR HUGO.

II.—THE CHARACTER OF SHYLOCK.

"When heaven sends a prophet like Shakespeare to an ignorant world, it commissions him not merely to teach us how to read. Shakespeare's mission was neither to preach nor to teach; and if ever he did desire to act the schoolmaster, it was to the Christians and not the Jews that he addressed the lesson of 'The Merchant of Venice.' Due respect to Shylock's Judaism! a morality that despises all trivial passions. But there is something grand and sublime in his nature, which looks down with haughty scorn upon his meanness. Shylock is an exalted Jew and an avenging angel. He has reached such a height of sensibility that he is capable of doing a magnanimous deed—not in

the way of mere usury, to increase his gains, but for the benefit of mankind. He desires to revenge his abused and down-trodden race upon its tormentors, the Christians. We despise in Shylock the devil of avarice; but the distressed and suffering man we pity; and we admire and even love the avenger of inhuman persecution. * * * Who can say that Shylock would really have executed his threat! We do not forget the sacrifice that he is willing to make to his revenge. Shylock will give all, and more than all—that profit which to the Jew is more than possession—for his revenge. He has trusted to the gods of vengeance, to the wild winds and the cruel sea, and they have not deceived him. Nor must we be misled by Shylock's saying that he hates Antonio—

> "'For that in low simplicity,
> He lends out money gratis, and brings down
> The rate of usance here with us in Venice.'

Shylock did not hate Antonio for that. The Christian mercantile and commercial world of Venice surely was not composed of only good and noble Antonios; and one man, be he ever so rich, cannot reduce the value of money. No; Shylock is a Jew: he feels a secret shame in sacrificing money to a phantasy; he wants to excuse his conduct to himself—and the excuse that he finds is couched in the words we have quoted. He does not persecute the foe of usury in Antonio: but the foe of his faith he persecutes, and in his feverish infatuation he sacrifices wealth to an airy fancy. The actor who would personate Shylock may herein find the key to the character. The blood-thirsty hatred of the Jew should terrify us, as every mad fanaticism naturally does; but Shylock must not be so interpreted as to awaken disgust and aversion, as does a loathsome bodily disease. Shylock's execrable avarice, and the spasms into which self-interest hurls his soul, may revolt us; but the Jew must not herein be made ridiculous. In the presence of a very demon it is no time for laughter. Now, to show us the god in the demon, to pass through a desert of sin wherein, not far distant, murmurs concealed a well-spring of love—this, surely, is a sufficiently hard and great task for the actor. Shakespeare, unlike common men and common poets, who desire to make everything pleasant to their feelings and conformable to their notions of art, does not mingle elements like a chemist, representing clear characters,

these lovely, those hateful, these attractive, those repulsive: this Shakespeare never does. He sides with no party. He ascribes the palm only to virtue. He lets his characters quarrel among themselves and never mingles in the quarrel. He has explained the nature of the Jew's hatred of the Christian and equally laid bare the springs of the Christian's hatred of the Jew. Why should not Shylock hate Antonio —hate him the more for his very nobility? Antonio is a good, noble, generous man, but not to the Jew. Him he abuses at all times. Even at the very moment of asking his aid he cannot conceal his contempt for Shylock. The good, the noble Antonio, who is willing to sacrifice everything upon the altar of friendship, cannot even speak a kind word to the Jew. After all this, a scapegrace of a Christian runs away with Shylock's daughter; and she, intending to become a Christian, enters upon conversion by despising her father because he is a Jew. Such injustice, such cruelty might well convert the nature of a dove into that of a dragon. In his hatred of the Christian Shylock revenges upon himself insulted virtue. He throws away money to avenge his race, and he learns and teaches that gold is not, as the Jews would have it, the monarch of the world, but that love is mightier than avarice, even in a Jew.

"Whenever I read Shakespeare it grieves me that he does not live in our age, to make it clear to us. Events seem unreal, when the great master is wanting, to state them to us in a great manner. A character which that great poet has not described to us, because it was unknown to him, is like a book without a title, that we must read before we can know its subject. It often happens that great periods have no great historians, nor poets, nor artists, capable of worthily describing or representing them. The great events are too grand, too restless, or too busy to pose quietly before common artists. These can but briefly snatch their outlines, or must wait till the time be dead, in order to make a lifeless cast. But, before an artist like Shakespeare, times stand still, well knowing that nature owes its immortality to art. How would Shakespeare have described *our* Shylocks, the great Christian Shylocks, with badges of their order upon their gaberdines? How would he have described those paper-flying Shylocks, without gaberdines, who hold in notes the flesh and blood of nations, and who do not make paper out of rags but rags out of paper? How would he have portrayed those profligates to whom God is a minister of finance,

who said, 'Be created,' and lo! there was a world of paper; Adam the first banker; Paradise a blessed place of State papers; the fall of man the first fall of stocks; the day of judgment an ultimatum? A Shakespeare would have unveiled the mysterious ways of these great brokers of exchange between nature and art, who stake the gold of the one against the paper of the other. What did that Venetian Shylock do! He gave three thousand ducats for a poor pound of Christian flesh. That, at least, was dearly bought. But our Shylocks demand, for one small eighth, entire Hellas."

LUDWIG BÖRNE.

III.—MACKLIN'S RESTORATION OF SHYLOCK.

"Macklin, being freed from all pecuniary engagements with his manager, found himself more at liberty to look after the theatrical concerns of the company, which at this time Fleetwood entirely committed to his care. In this pursuit he did not neglect his own reputation. He very properly considered he was then in a situation which, by assiduity and enterprise, might add something to his rising fame as an actor, which at no other time of his life before he had such an opportunity of attempting, and that 'there was no lucky minute after the *first* opportunity.' He therefore cast about in his mind what new part he should adopt, and to this purpose carefully looked over the stock list, as well as several obsolete plays, to find out one which he thought appropriate to his own powers and conception.

"Chance presented 'The Merchant of Venice' to his notice, which, however, strange now to conceive, had laid upon the shelf since the year 1701, to make room for an alteration from the same play, by Lord Lansdowne, called 'The Jew of Venice,' in which the celebrated Dogget performed the Jew almost in the style of broad farce. Macklin saw this part with other eyes, and very much to the credit of his taste and understanding, as well as a proper estimation of his own powers, he found he could rebuild a reputation by reviving the original of Shakespeare, and playing the character of Shylock in a different manner. The attempt was arduous and subject to many miscarriages, and in particular to public prejudice; but a consciousness of being right will generally give great confidence. Macklin felt this consciousness, and was determined on the trial.

"As soon as resolved he communicated his design to the manager, who gave his consent to bringing it out merely as a revival piece, which might bring money to the treasury. The play was therefore announced to be in preparation, and Macklin, who always loved the character of a Theatrical Drill Sergeant, now entered into it with all his heart and mind, by casting the parts himself, ordering frequent rehearsals, etc., etc.; but when he came to affix to himself the character of Shylock and intimated his design to play it *seriously*, the laugh was universal. His best friends shook their heads at the attempt, whilst his rivals chuckled in secret, and flattered him with ideas of success, the surer to work out his destruction.

"His keen observation and suspicious temper clearly saw the train that was laying for him, which he not only seemingly overlooked, but so far assisted that at every rehearsal, whilst he enjoined the rest of the performers to do their best, he himself played both under his voice and general powers, carefully reserving his fire till the night of representation. His fellow performers were by his conduct completely trapped, insomuch that many of them threw off all reserve, and publicly said, 'that this hot-headed, conceited Irishman, who had got some little reputation in a few parts, had now availed himself of the manager's favor to bring himself and the Theatre into disgrace.'

"Fleetwood heard this, and seriously applied to Macklin to give up the part; but the latter was too conscious of his own excellence to lose such an opportunity. He frankly told the manager that he was deceiving a set of men who envied him, but that he would pledge his life on the success of the play, and that in the end it would be highly serviceable to them both.

"The long-expected night at last arrived [January 11, 1741], and the house was crowded from top to bottom with the first company in town. The two front rows of the pit, as usual, were full of critics, 'Who, sir' (said the veteran), 'I eyed through the slit of the curtain, and was glad to see there, as I wished in such a cause to be tried by a *special jury*. When I made my appearance in the green-room, dressed for the part, with my red hat on my head, my piqued beard, loose black gown, etc., and with a confidence which I never before assumed, the performers all stared at one another, and evidently with a stare of disappointment. Well, sir, hitherto all was right—till the last bell rung —then, I confess, my heart began to beat a little: however, I mustered

up all the courage I could, and, recommending my cause to Providence, threw myself boldly on the stage, and was received by one of the loudest thunders of applause I ever before experienced.

"'The opening scenes being rather tame and level, I could not expect much applause; but I found myself well listened to—I could hear distinctly in the pit the words, "Very well—very well, indeed. This man seems to know what he is about," etc., etc. These encomiums warmed me, but did not overset me. I knew where I should have the pull, which was in the third act, and reserved myself accordingly. At this period I threw out all my fire, and as the contrasted passions of joy for the merchant's losses and grief for the elopement of Jessica open a fine field for an actor's powers, I had the good fortune to please beyond my warmest expectations. The whole house was in an uproar of applause, and I was obliged to pause between the speeches to give it vent, so as to be heard. When I went behind the scenes after this act, the Manager met me and complimented me very highly on my performance, and significantly added: "Macklin, you was right at last." My brethren in the green-room joined in his eulogium, but with different views. He was thinking of the increase of his treasury, they only for saving appearances, wishing at the same time that I had broken my neck in the attempt. The trial scene wound up the fulness of my reputation; here I was well listened to, and here I made such a silent yet forcible impression on my audience that I retired from this great attempt most perfectly satisfied.

"'On my return to the green-room, after the play was over, it was crowded with nobility and critics, who all complimented me in the warmest and unbounded manner, and the situation I felt myself in, I must confess, was one of the most flattering and intoxicating of my whole life. No money—no title could purchase what I felt. And let no man tell me after this what fame will not inspire a man to do, and how far the attainment of it will not remunerate his greatest labors. By G—d, sir, although I was not worth fifty pounds in the world at that time, yet, let me tell you, I was *Charles the Great* for that night.'

"A few days afterwards Macklin received an invitation from Lord Bolingbroke to dine with him at Battersea. He attended the rendezvous, and there found Pope and a select party, who complimented him very highly on the part of Shylock, and questioned him about many little particulars relative to his getting up the play, etc. Pope particu-

larly asked him why he wore a *red hat*, and he answered, because he had read that Jews in Italy, particularly in Venice, wore hats of that color. 'And pray, Mr. Macklin,' said Pope, 'do players in general take such pains?' 'I do not know, sir, that they do; but as I had staked my reputation on the character, I was determined to spare no trouble in getting at the best information. Pope nodded, and said, 'It was very laudable.'

"Macklin took this play for his benefit on the nineteenth night, and had an overflowing audience. Several noblemen of the first distinction took what is commonly called *gold* tickets, and Lord Bolingbroke made him a present of twenty guineas.

"The play had a successful run through the whole of the season, and for many seasons afterwards; it established his reputation as an actor, and not a little added to his discernment as a critic, in reviving a piece which, perhaps, except for his research, might have been lost to the stage forever."

COOKE'S LIFE OF MACKLIN.

IV.—COSTUME FOR "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

The dresses suitable to be worn in representing "The Merchant of Venice" are Venetian, of the time of Shakespeare. The garments of the Duke of Venice, in the sixteenth century, according to Cæsar Vecellio, were usually composed of cloth of silver, cloth of gold, and crimson velvet. The cap, robe, and mantle were of the same color. On days sacred to the Holy Virgin the Duke appeared in white. "He hath his head covered with a thin coif," says an old writer, "and on his forehead he wears a crimson kind of mitre, with a gold border, and behind it turns up in form of a horn; on his shoulders he carries ermine skins, to the middle; on his feet he wears embroidered sandals, tied with gold buttons, and about his middle a most rich belt, embroidered with costly jewels." Vecellio says that the Duke wore, not sandals, but slippers. The three chiefs of the Council of Ten wore red gowns, with long sleeves, either of cloth, camlet, or damask, according to the weather, with a flap of the same color over their left shoulders; also red stockings and slippers. The rest of the Ten wore black camlet gowns with long sleeves. The young nobles in general wore gowns of black cloth faced with black taffeta. Little black caps

of felt were worn, without brims. The doublet—cut to fit closely to the body—was made of rich black taffeta or satin, and trimmed with costly lace. The Knights of St. Mark wore red apparel under their black gowns. "Young lovers," says Vecellio, "wear generally a doublet and breeches of satin, tabby, or other silk, cut or slashed, in the form of crosses or stars, through which slashes is seen the lining, of colored taffeta; gold buttons, a lace ruff, a bonnet of rich velvet or silk, with an ornamental band, a silk cloak, and silk stockings, Spanish morocco shoes, a flower in one hand and their gloves and handkerchief in the other." This habit was commonly worn by young noblemen previous to the time—in their eighteenth or twentieth year—when they put on the gown with sleeves, called "a comito." In the costume of the ladies of Venice a distinguishing peculiarity was the veil, which was worn very long. Wives and widows wore black veils, and this custom was imitated by courtesans. Wives, however, also wore white veils edged with lace. Maids wore thin silk veils, either white or yellowish. The veils of the Jewish women were yellow, but in other respects their costume was not exceptional. All Italian women in this period wore train dresses, of satin, silk, or other material, with high, pointed corsage, ruff, long puffed sleeves, and embroidered stomacher. The dress of a doctor of laws consisted of an upper robe of black damask cloth, velvet, or silk, an under robe of black silk, with a silk sash, the ends of the sash hanging down to the middle of the leg, stockings of black cloth or velvet, and a cap of velvet or silk. The Jews, according to Vecellio, wore dresses identical with those of the Venetians, but were distinguished by the yellow bonnet or cap—the badge of suffrance—which they were by law enjoined to carry as a mark of their disgraced condition. It is not known that the "Jewish gaberdine" differed from the Venetian gown. Strict accuracy in dressing this play—as in some other pieces—might lead to comical results. A tasteful allowance in these matters is not only allowable but necessary.

WILLIAM WINTER.

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